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A Magazine for Canadian Women

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Wheelan

In This Issue: Women in the Pulpit—A Discussion of Ordination—By Ernest Thomas, D.D.



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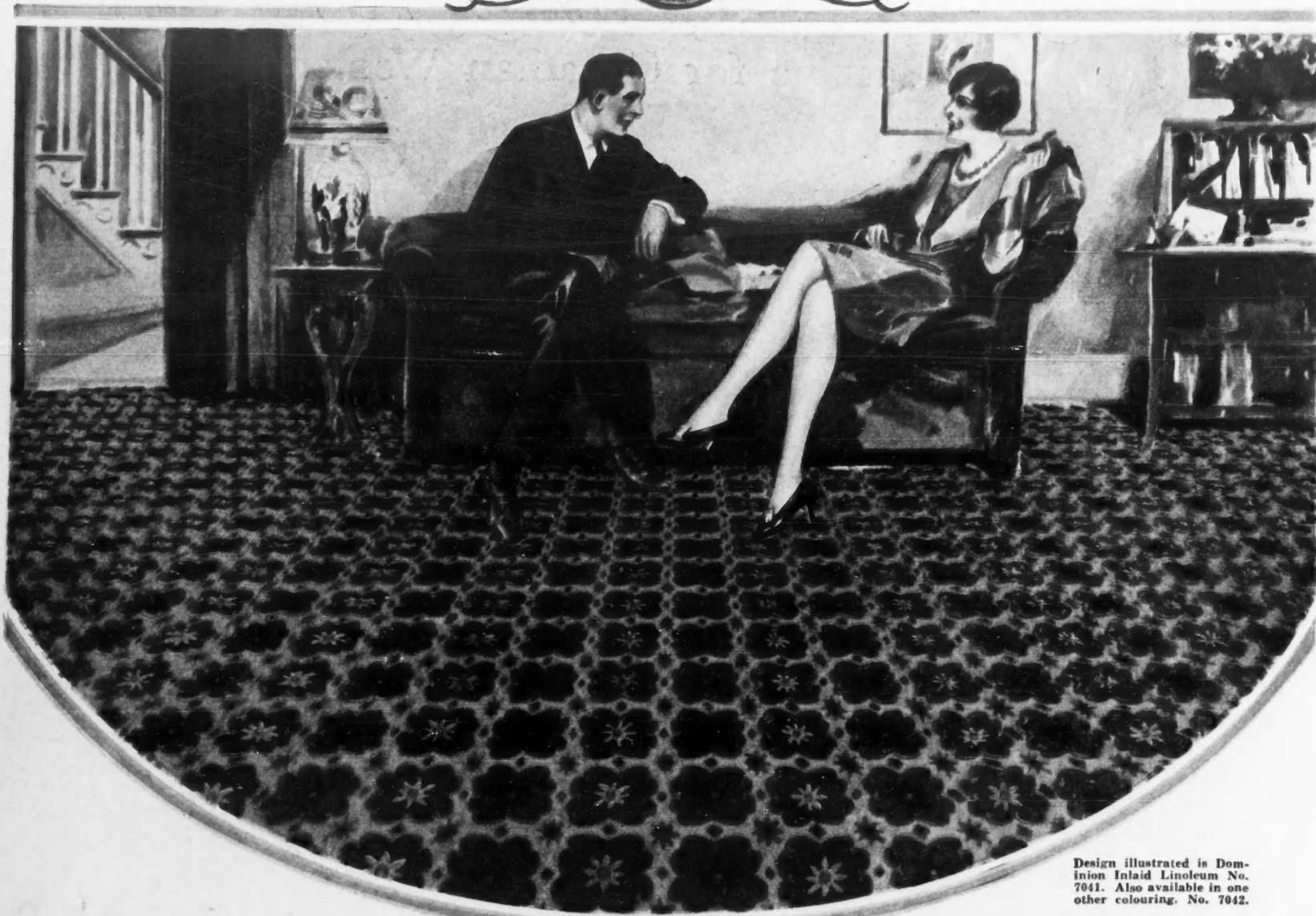
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Volume I.

OCTOBER 1928

Number 8

Illustrated by
ORISON MACPHERSON



Marianna sniffed. "The hole was a big one, Deacon. It will cost you fifty cents," said she. "Besides I had to fade the seat so the match would be better."

LITTLE SOULS

A Powerful Two-Part Story of Human Values

By LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

MARIANNA was queer. There was no doubt of that. Queer, at least, judged by the standards of yesterday. She had a fondness for cats, and admitted having no regrets for her childless condition. She was very neat and clean but, having quite a squint and a curious way of sniffing, she was never much for looks. Just the same it was thought she had once had a comely figure. Now, however, she stooped a little from continual washing and water-carrying, and her hands that once must have been small, were always wrinkled and red.

But to return to her queerness. She never went to church, no matter how the good ladies she worked for urged it upon her. Marianna sniffed, good-naturedly knocked off a dime from her day's wages as a concession to such goodness, and let it go at that. She never ate meat, yet she always kept two pigs in her little back garden—a black pig and a white pig. When they were good and fat she drove them to the next village and gave them to Toby Snell, a good-for-nothing Lofotten fisherman. Then she bought two more little pigs—a white one, and a black one, and so

the thing began again. Toby never visited Marianna, that, the ladies of Grenbo knew very well. But, asked about it Marianna merely sniffed, said that pork was very welcome to the Lofotten fisherman, and that she really knew nothing about him.

Nor was this all of her queerness. She grew herbs in her garden and all manner of weeds. What she did with them nobody knew. And it is quite true she had a scandalous way of talking to her pigs. "How are you to-day, my little soul?" she would say to the white pig, "and you, brother?" to the black one. And the pigs would grunt and poke their noses through the fence quite as though they approved of it.

Ingeman, the Deacon, caught her at it on a day he was come to fetch the trousers she had mended for him. "My

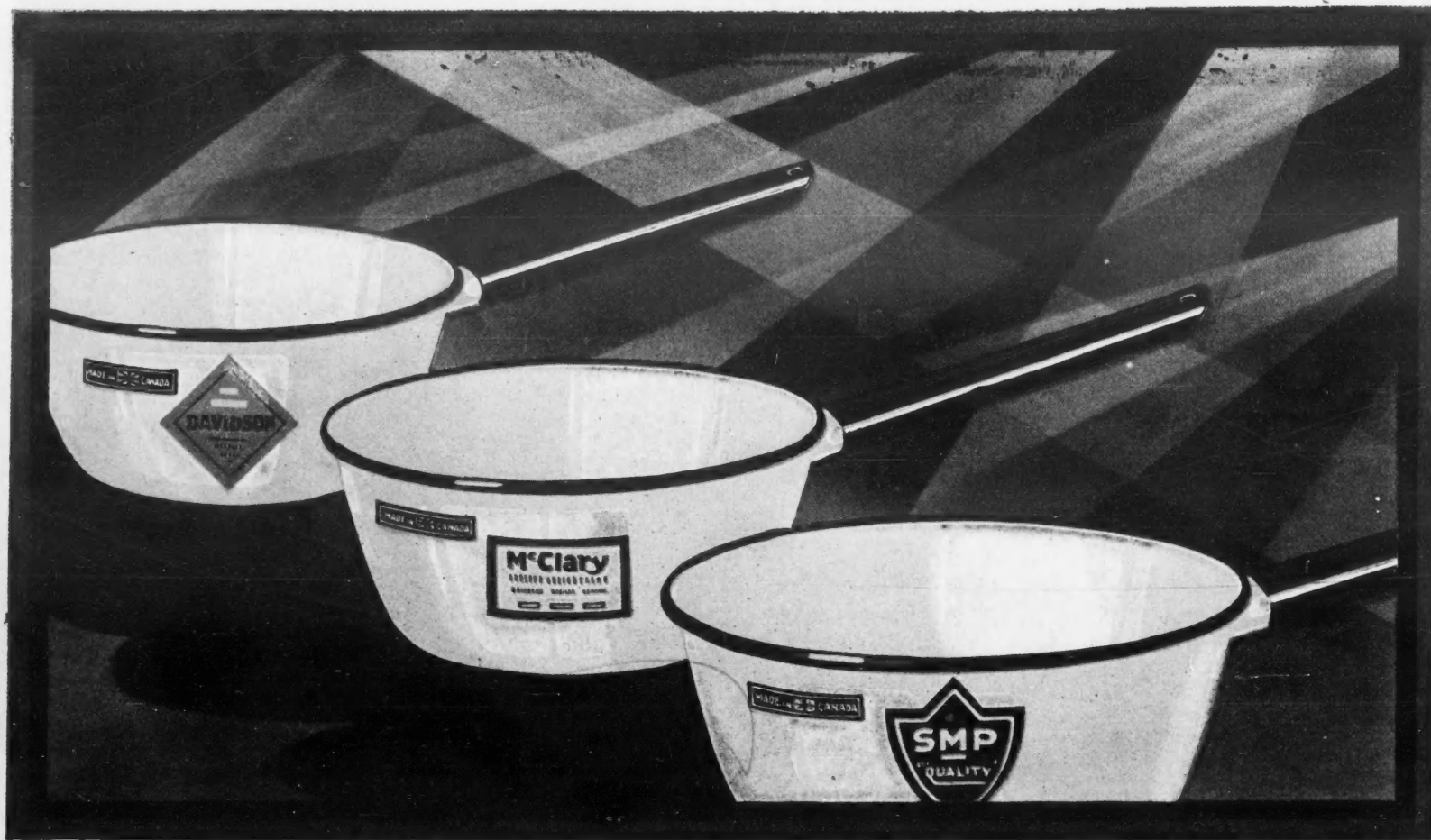
good Marianna, is it decent do you think, to address a pig as if it had a soul?"

Marianna sniffed. "The hole was a big one, Deacon. It will cost you fifty cents," said she. "Besides, I had to fade the seat so the match would be better. Patches always are a worry with their brightness."

"Yes, yes, of course," the good Deacon agreed, something flustered. He had a suspicion that Marianna was accusing him of stinginess—the trousers were very old. "Yes, of course. But the pigs! Now, you must know, Marianna, that the Creator in His wisdom gave souls only to human beings. Is it reverent, then, to address them as you do? Pigs, my dear Marianna, are only pigs."

At that Marianna smiled. And when she smiled it was really curious how pleasant she could appear; like a rough headland seen in a mist at sea. "Ingeman, it's true. Pigs are pigs. . . Now that I think of it, forty cents would do me. Yes, Ingeman, pigs are pigs."

And the Deacon counted out four dimes into her old red hands, well content with himself, his tact, and the patch on his trousers.



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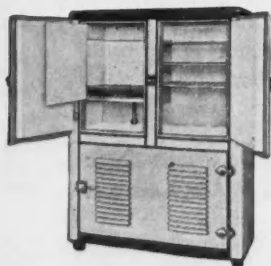
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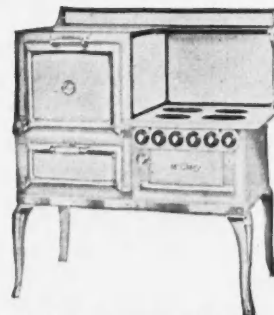
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FAMOUS OLD CANADIAN NAMES WITH A GUARANTEE BEHIND THEM



opiates which were part of his very soul, twinkled again, maybe?"

thump, and this time the minister himself flung down from his study. Very red in the face was the good pastor, an ink smudge on his nose and his graying hair all on end. In one hand he held a razor strop and in the other a part of his sermon.

"Vilhelmina, which one is it this time—" he shouted, "which one, which one? Speak, woman, you are not always so dumb!" And then he saw old Marianna, unaffected and calmly polishing the glasses. The effect was curious. The strap went behind his back and a sheepish smile struggled to his face. "Well, well, Marianna, so you're here again."

"Yes, Pastor." The sniff was not at all antagonistic. "Yes, I'm here. When you ring I'll come to dust the study."

Poor man, he stood there bewildered. Berta looked at him from behind her mother's skirts, a taunting gleam in her young eyes. Selma and Solvie stood in the corner with downcast eyes as if the sight of this flustered father shamed them. Fru Bing wept into her handkerchief. The pastor looked like a man just regaining consciousness in the midst of shipwreck.

Marianna sniffed. "It's fine weather for the potatoes," said she, nodding at the window. "Fine as ever I see."

He sighed, thrust the strap in his pocket, looked at the page number of the sheet in his hand. It was only the third—and this was to be a special sermon. Plainly there was something he wanted to say, wanted to hear, felt in need of. But the sudden peace 'round him had a paralyzing effect. Fortunately, the baby had no doubt felt strange in the hush also. With calculated cunning he had crept to the sideboard and clambered upon a chair, but there luck left him. With a coveted dish of pickles in his fingers, he fell to the floor in ignominious defeat.

Unbelievable as it may seem, the good Pastor laughed. "Ah," said he to Marianna as he righted his youngest and wiped the vinegar from his round little face. "It's as the

saying goes, Marianna, boys are only boys."

Old Marianna smiled and there was a twinkle in her crooked eyes. "That's so, Pastor . . . that's so. Boys are boys."

With a pat at his wife's shoulder the good man turned to go. It was incredible, but now it seemed that the sermon was shaping nicely in his mind. At the top of the stairs he called down lightly. "Call me at three, my dear Vilhelmina. I have a visit to make." And once again the study door shut—but not with a bang.

THAT Sunday it rained and Marianna spent a quiet day in the house. In the morning she fed the pigs, sympathized with them over the inclemency of the weather and assured their little souls that the sun lurked behind the clouds. Then she unrolled the dress Dame Christine had given her with an eye to its deficiencies and a thought as to how it should be remade. It wasn't bad at all, which, curious to say, affected the old woman strangely. "Well, well," said she to her yellow Tabby, "is it as bad as that?" An altogether topsy-turvy view to take, as you must admit.

Later in the day, she took down from a big shelf that ran the width of the kitchen just above her old-fashioned stove, several wire trays containing hundreds of little plants nicely dried and aromatic. These she tied in neat little bundles and packed away in an empty shoe box. There were twelve of these shoe boxes under Marianna's bed, and the sight of them pleased her greatly. This done, she cooked herself a pot of coffee, ate a roll and fed her cats. In the evening she opened an old book; a very irreligious book I'm afraid, for she chuckled over it exceedingly. While she read, the cats rolled in a fresh supply of catnip and then, flanked on either side of their queer mistress, fell to delightful slumber.

Marianna considered the sleek black, yellow and gray creatures with a fond eye when her reading was done, and seeing them curled in lazy repose, a curious warmth passed over her body. "Cats," said she as she turned back the coverlet of her bed, "are a deal of comfort." So ended the day.

Monday was raw, but a steady wind was driving the clouds away. Marianna had a keen weather eye. It promised a good day for drying and with a light step she set out through the mud for Fru Jensen's house on the far edge of the village.

Fru Jensen was the daughter of a Danish ship-builder and she never let the villagers forget it. In size she was rather small, inclined to corpulence, and a little gray at the temples. Her color, however, was very good and her teeth chalk-white—so white, in fact, that when her thin lips turned back in a smile, one was disagreeably reminded of the canine tribe. Fortunately, Fru Jensen had far too much dignity to indulge in many smiles. She had a way of sighing that was itself an art. Soul-shaking, deep-rooted sighs that induced a dozen fancies and suspicions. Such a sigh greeted Marianna that morning.

"Aah Hii," sighed the doctor's lady. "It's as I told Oscar, the rain has beaten down all the cabbage plants. Marianna, if you please, see that my dressing gown is kept from too hot water." Fru Jensen always gave her orders in this diplomatic way. "And yes, we really must not let Papa's woollens shrink. The last suit has certainly got into too much heat somehow."

"Well," said Marianna, "that's the way with wool."

"Aah Hiii!" came the sigh again, deep and gusty like a wind from a cavern. "Aaah Hiii! the Doctor has just come home from the Ping's. Poor Lena Bing! Do you know, Marianna, I remember her when she was young and in boarding school. Poor, poor Lena Bing!"

Marianna sniffed and made a terrible racket adjusting the water pots on the huge iron range. "It's Knut, I suppose, with sour apples . . . or maybe Berta?" she intimated knowing better, but knowing also what was expected of her.

Fru Jensen sighed sorrowfully, put her hand to her heart and pretended a great disinclination to further conversation. "Doubtless the less said the better. A Doctor's confidences are sacred. Oh, poor Lena . . ." Out went her hands in a gesture of despair. "Marianna, it's not that I'm irreverent, but would you believe it, she's gone again!"

Marianna sent a shower of soap bits into the boiler, sniffed loudly and peered into the wood box. "When?" she asked at last and began to sort the colored clothes from the white.

Fru Jensen lifted her hands in horror. "My good Marianna, you would hardly expect me to be indelicate enough to ask *that*! Herre Gud, no! I, a shipbuilder's daughter?"

"Well," said Marianna stubbornly, "Women is women, being so whatever their fathers were, shipbuilders or sailors."

Fru Jensen smiled her thin lofty smile. "My good Marianna, I'm not expecting you to understand the viewpoint of a lady. Naturally not. Oh, yes, now that I think of it—I have a cape that I meant to give you long ago. It's to the worthy poor we should give, I always say to Oscar and, as you know, he is heart and soul in all I think and do. We both understand, Marianna, the bitter struggle and the loneliness of your life. Now, as I said, we really must see to it that the washing is out before noon. It argues such bad house-keeping when the wash is late."

"It does that," said Marianna and plunged into the suds.

Perhaps an hour later the doctor's gig drove up and the little man, dapper and gray, dashed into the house in evident excitement. "Nina," he cried, "Nina? Where are you, Nina?"

Nina betrayed her presence in the easy-chair before the hearth, by that long-drawn miracle of a sigh. "What is it now, Oscar? You know, my dear, how bad excitement is for me!" Again the sigh.

Dr. Jensen alone, perhaps, of the world was immune to his Nina's sighs. "Get up woman," said he. (He was an excitable little body anyway.) "Get up, for God's sake, and help me get my emergency things together. I don't seem to find a damn thing." And 'round and 'round he went, his black bag in hand, sweeping bottles and cottons and a terrifying array of scissors and scalpels into its gaping mouth.

"Marianna, Marianna," cried Fru Jensen. "Come here quickly, Marianna. You see what a state my poor Oscar is in? It's as I say, they work him to death. He is so put upon, my poor dear Oscar!"

Poor dear Oscar had recovered himself somewhat in that whirling activity. He glared at his wife, his gray whiskers bristling angrily. "Work!" he shouted unreasonably. "Work! Why damn it, woman, it's work, and nothing but work that keeps me alive!"

Marianna smiled; retrieved the doctor's hat from the corner where he had flung it, and with that and a little case of opiates which were a part of his very soul, twinkled at him with her crooked eyes. "It's not so bad, Doctor—work. And is it a leg again, maybe?"

Dr. Jensen laughed. "No, Marianna, it's Ingeman's nephew. Seems the young fool accused Vilmar of short weights in the store—cheating the customers to steal food for the brood at home."

"Ingeman's Tomi said that?" wheezed Marianna, "Ingeman's Tomi?"

"Well, of course I don't say it's true . . . though the Stroms are an awful improvident lot."

Marianna's sniff approximated a snort. "Ja, improvident—but is it Vilmar, then, is in the need of a doctor?"

"Herre Gud, no!" snapped the doctor running for the door. "Nothing of the kind, but he threw poor Tomi right through the plate glass window. . . . Herre Gud, yes, he's an awful sight!"

That night on her way home, Marianna stopped at the Stroms'. The house was a giddy affair, apparently leaning in all directions at once. The impression it gave was curious, to say the least. It looked for all the world as if this indecision as to where it should fall was all that kept it upright and to-gether. Marianna confided to her pigs one day that the Strom house was like a married woman.

INSIDE, the place was a terror. Furniture there was none. But since the two boys had begun working and had come to adolescent years, some little improvements were visible. There were boxes covered with straw mattresses along the walls, and the stove was at least safe on a ledge of bricks. (Formerly it had hung upright on three uncertain legs.) In the centre of the room was a long pine table bare of covering and littered with jam pails, sardine tins and crusts of bread. By the one window, in a black rocker, sat Matilda Strom. Usually she was amiability incarnate, but to-day, even her fat face looked like a moon darkened by an uncharitable cloud. Under the table three dirty children, scarcely more than babies, played at rolling a rounded stone, while perilously near lay the new baby, contentedly nursing a whiskey bottle half full of sweetened barley water.

"Well, Matilda," began Marianna, sniffing eloquently as she slipped into a seat near her friend, "and how is it going to-day?"

Matilda shifted her fat bulk unhappily. "You wouldn't think it, Marianna," she answered in a remarkably sweet voice, "how nice we were getting along. Always sugar for the coffee and the baby no trouble at all, and now don't Vilmar pitch that good-for-nothing out the window." Matilda was no good at vehemence or harshness, but so far was she goaded now that she flared up with righteous anger. "Such a foolishness, Marianna, as if Vilmar shouldn't know that pitching his boss' nephew out the window would get him nothing. So now, of course, it's no job he has and Papa gone again on one of his weak spells." Matilda always referred to Johan's whiskey bouts as "weak spells."

"And Hans?"

"Oh, Hans, the little pot! Didn't he say to Herr Jergens that his Papa was not . . . well, not what Jergens said, and then didn't Jergens say he was a mouthy fellow and not to be trusted? Now Marianna, I ask you, is it true that my little Hans is a bad boy for sticking up for poor Papa?"

Marianna only sniffed, but while Matilda dragged out her mild complaint she had been eyeing the shelves behind the stove. There seemed very little on them; very little, that is, save empty tins. On the stove, however, stood a greasy pot full of vegetable soup. To-night at least, the Stroms were safe from their old enemy.

The thought was comforting. Marianna smiled. "Now, Matilda, don't fret. Life's life and that's sure, and it's mostly this and that—"

Just there her sentence was lost in (Continued on page 68)

But Marianna, would you believe it, laughed behind the good man's back and winked at the white pig in his clean little sty. "Little soul," said she, "our brother spoke better than he knew." And, as I live, the little white pig wrinkled his snout in a very good imitation of a Sunday smile.

Marianna, you will now agree, was not quite right in her head. That, too, was the opinion of her countrymen and doubtless accounts for their willingness to overlook her queerness and to underpay her labors. Nonetheless she seemed very happy, and never left Grenbo except to drive the pigs to Toby. Her little thatched cottage stood on the edge of the village. Behind it was a ridge of hills and beyond that the big pine forest. In winter it must have been very lonely, but Marianna never complained of it, nor yet of the long walks to the several homes she served.

On Mondays she washed for Fru Jensen, the Doctor's wife. On Tuesday she ironed. On Thursday and Friday she did the same for Dame Christine and Hilda. On Saturdays she cleaned the parsonage, bathed the six children and helped to fry "Fatiman" for the Sabbath guests. On Sundays she stayed home with her cats, and on Wednesdays did the village mending. Marianna was useful, there was no denying that. Even the midwife had recourse to her help when business was rushing. Besides, she was a great comfort to the ladies she served. To her they talked as to no one else. Why not? What mattered it if one admitted the shortcomings of a husband or a lover to old Marianna?

"Now it beats me," began Dame Christine, the baker's lady, one Thursday morning as she counted out the linen, the socks and the towels, "how that Julius Ren can shut his eyes to bald fact. Of course, you don't see what's going on in church, Marianna, since you never go there, no matter how I urge it, but if you did—even you would know how true it is. Elma simply ogles Hendrick. Now, it's all very well to say—as my sister Hilda foolishly does—that it's innocent flirtation. Hendrick is my brother-in-law and a rich man to boot. I won't have him led into temptation by this painter's lady."

Marianna sniffed. "There's a hole in this table cloth, Dame Christine—like a little burn."

"Herre Gud!" shouted Christine. "It's that Hendrick again. Always he's smoking, that man, always it's my best linen he burns! Never mind, Marianna, put it aside to be mended. As I said, it's a crime. Absent-minded, that's Hendrick. With a crook of her finger that woman could make him do anything. 'A pretty wife has that painter,' I said to him only last night; and would you believe it, Marianna, he didn't know what I was talking about."

"Will you have salt in the water for Milly's dress?" asked Marianna, sniffing loudly.

"The pink one? Yes. Oh, that Milly! Just like her father, that's Milly. What do you think, it's to Oslo she wants to go, that young one, to study music. Can you beat it? But that was Peter in his youth—now here, now there; never satisfied when things were going good. Thank Heaven Papa left his money as he did. How else do you think I could have this shop and hire a pastry cook from Denmark?"

"The Stroms' baby came last night," ventured Marianna, rubbing for dear life on a white baker's smock.

Dame Christine made a noise that sounded like the hiss of an angry kettle. "God forbid I should be irreverent, but it's a mess I say. There's too many Stroms now!"

Very seldom did Marianna effect an opinion. Now, however, she shook the smock free from its wet folds, scanned it for possible molasses stains and with a very definite sniff, retorted quite sharply; "Vilmar isn't so bad. There's worse, Dame Christine."

"Herre Gud! that wild one? If he don't drink like his Papa, I'm no judge. With that curly head and roving eyes?"

Marianna was in a queer mood indeed. "I washed the dishes at the Frolic, Saturday night. It was a sight to see that boy dance. Such a singer, too! Now that I think of it, the best piece of all was the Finger Dance. . . . Milly and Vilmar."

Dame Christine drew in her breath sharply. To see her, one would have thought the breath her last. But thanks to stout stays and a resolute mind, she remained intact. She even smiled—crookedly, it is true, but with determination. "My good Marianna, I clean forgot it, but I've a dress upstairs, my last year's cashmere. I meant to give it to you long ago. Don't let me forget it when you go. Oh, yes, that foolish dance! Of course there was nobody, that is anybody, there. As I understand it, the Girls' Guild gave it for the benefit of somebody or other. A foolish thing, Marianna, not worth repeating. Girls are girls, you know, Marianna."

And again that smile of Marianna's wiped away ugliness. "Yes, that's so, Dame Christine. Girls are girls."

That Saturday Marianna found Fru Bing in tears. Tomi, a child of three, had just broken the teapot from the



Marianna smiled, retrieved the doctor's hat from the corner where he had flung it, and with that and a little case of at him with her crooked eyes. "It's not so bad, Doctor—work, and is it a leg

best china set—all because Herr Bing had insisted on serving lunch to that painter's lady. And added to this she felt very ill, so ill in fact, that she didn't wonder but what it was another baby. She didn't in the least want another baby, and she didn't care how sinful it was to say so. So far as she could see there was no sense at all in the way God made people. And at best it was bad enough to be a woman.

Marianna's crooked eyes took in the situation well enough. The house was very untidy and smelled mildly of camphorated oil, smoked fish, and ammonia water. Friday's dishes were piled on the kitchen table and those of to-day lay scattered willy nilly, any place where little hands had left them. Jens and Knut, red-cheeked young rascals, were playing at ball in the porch; Solve and Selma, the twins, tugged and pleaded in an effort to separate the two youngest, who were fighting and scratching in a corner of the dining-room. Fru Bing simply sat in her rocker and wept. Upstairs in the study something made a terrible crash and a door flew open.

"Vilhelmina," came the Pastor's voice sharply. "Vilhelmina, can't you keep the children quiet? For an hour, at least, I've been stranded in the gospel." And bang went the door again.

Marianna, soaping a great pan of water, sniffed vociferously. "Pigs," said she with conviction, "are pigs."

"What did you say?" asked poor Fru Bing hopefully. But old Marianna made such a clatter with the dishes as she plunged them in the water that the question went unheeded. Moreover, the children were now in a ring about her. They were a nuisance, those young ones. To keep them from being altogether a hindrance, old Marianna set them to sorting the dishes on the table beside her.

"Let the little ones have the spoons," said she, "and if you take anything else I'll jounce you in the water," she admonished the small mischiefs emphatically.

Selma was quite a minx, bright-eyed and thoughtful.

"Fru Ren holds her finger so," she illustrated, lifting a blue china cup daintily, "and Papa likes it, I know; he smiled every time!"

"Selma!" groaned her mother. "Where ever did you get the way of such talk? Your dear father has no eyes for vanity. How should he—him a minister of God?"

Solve always defended her sister. Here was a harsher nature, but a like quick perception. "It's true just the same, Mamma. He smiles at her all the time—in church and out. And in the grocer's, Fru Ingeman told Fru Christine when they were picking out a dress for Milly, that 'all men are alike—even the dear Pastor has an eye for a pretty face'."

"Oh, Herre Gud!" wailed Fru Bing, "I know I shall faint. Marianna put on the coffee pot. Solve, you wicked, wicked child, how can you listen to such talk? And Marianna, would you believe, when Deacon Ingeman had the fever last winter it was my poor Olaf that sat up with him night after night."

"Folks is folks," sniffed Marianna. "Did you know there was a crack in the sugar bowl, Fru Bing? It's best to careful with it, I'd say."

"The sugar bowl, too? Always it is something—a shoe, a sock, a sugar bowl. Marianna, what I'm to do with another to care for I don't know."

"The Lord will provide," piped Berta, grinning like the imp she was. "The Lord will provide, the Lord will provide."

Fru Bing shot from her chair, forgetful of threatening faintness, caught hold of the five-year-old prophetess and smacked the most substantial part of her anatomy soundly. The result was disastrous. The baby screamed in sympathy, Selma knocked over a platter, and Berta, of course, sent up such a yell that even the Golden Gates must have rattled in sympathy.

In any event, from that direction came a significant

MANY argue that women should be ordained like men when they possess the same qualifications. Precisely so, others would reply, but when do they share similar qualifications? Ordination has always meant a lifelong renunciation of all competing interests and all activities directed to private gain. Some churches have felt it needful even to exclude the competing claims of the family, and whatever the evils associated with this course, it has some obvious advantages. But that policy is a matter of discipline and convenience, not of doctrine. Other communions have gone so far as to require marriage as a condition of entrance on some forms of ministry. But marriage has effects very different in the case of women. Normally it leads to parenthood and here the difference becomes pronounced. The claims of motherhood simply debar a woman from that entire devotion to the church which ordination involves. If it be true that some men disregard this sacred exclusiveness, the case is stronger against further disregard of the obligation. The early church met the situation by prescribing an age limit for ministering women, so arranged that even within this limited ministry, motherhood and family life could not compete with the church.

Many people hold that there are deep-seated traditions and emotional attitudes which must be taken into account. To call these "prejudices" does not dispose of them as serious factors. Any complete education of the young, aims to create prejudices in favor of certain forms of conduct and against others. We seek to build up habits based, not on the analysis of one's own experience, but on the controlling sense of "playing the game." Indeed, prejudices are labor-saving aids to practical living. Our concern at present is what we are to do in the existing situation where we face some such prejudices against a ministry of women. Many think that the power of an attractive woman preacher with all her subtle sex appeal, is an asset to be utilized for religion; others fear the complicated emotions awakened in such an experience, and fear that symptoms are masked in such conditions. Certainly any church incurs a grave responsibility if, without serious consideration, it flaunts this traditional attitude which shrinks from the idea of ordained women.

When one considers existing practice among the churches, one finds that only one of the large historic churches has ordained women on an equality with men. The British Wesleyan Methodist Church has extended to women the rites of ordination, within the last few months. Some minor subdivisions of Methodism have done so, but these bodies hold what others would regard as a loose doctrine of ordination itself. The Northern Baptist Convention in the United States, the Congregationalists, the Christian and the Disciple Churches have followed in the same way. The Methodist Episcopal Church has recently made arrangements for a certain qualified ordination, which does not convey the full status of the male ministers, but does authorize the performance of acts otherwise withheld. Yet this church has for many years had women acting as pastors or assistant pastors. One of these, Dr. Anna H. Shaw, having been refused ordination by her own church, obtained it later from the Protestant Methodist Church. British Presbyterians through their supreme court, favored ordination of women, but in the closer deliberation of the Presbyteries the proposal was rejected. The United Church of Canada is now considering a report of a commission recommending the creation of an ordained diaconate as meeting the practical situation without involving a break in historic continuity or increased difference from other churches whose fellowship is sought.

In early centuries the church had many female deacons; and in some cases they carried the Blessed Sacrament to women, as male deacons did to men. In manifold activities women definitely set apart for the purpose, if not ordained in the full sense of that word as used above, rendered ceaseless ministry to the constituency of the church. The United Church commission suggests the reviving of this "diaconate" of women highly trained and of worthy character. While the administration of baptism has never been restricted to the ordained priesthood, the supreme corporate act of the church in the Holy Communion has always been so restricted. Recently in some smaller sects this limitation had been disregarded. Some minor bodies have tended to obscure the difference between the officially authorized ministry commissioned by ordination, and the spontaneous and voluntary ministries of devoted women. Except in such bodies, and in the one large communion previously mentioned, the consensus has hitherto been against ordaining women to the full "ministry of the word and sacraments." But many people believe that consensus to be undergoing a change. So far as information is now available, the voting of presbyteries in the United Church indicates a widespread disposition to recognize women as

proper candidates for the ministry, while at the same time advising against any definite action in that direction at the present time. There appears to be slight support for immediate action of the kind proposed.

DO WOMEN wish ordination? The concrete fact which caused the United Church to submit the question to presbyteries, was the proposal to ordain Miss Lydia Gruchy of Saskatchewan. There are some workers now engaged in the service of the church in the Mission Field and in educational work for whom ordination—if granted to women at all—would almost certainly be extended. But investigation found extremely little desire for ordination. The proposal is largely academic and emanates chiefly from men and women given to doctrinaire policies. Representative women of the church, able to speak for those who might be candidates for ordination, insisted that the real demand is for something else—They ask the full and effective representation of women in the actual courts of the church where they may shape its thought, temper and policy. They find no substitute for this desired place of influence for many women, in the opening of the ordained ministry to the few. The commission therefore pointed out that, as in the case of some other communions, all courts of the church could be opened to women just as to men. Indeed, except in exceptional cases, they are already eligible for such positions. Women rather resent for instance, that this matter of such deep interest to themselves should be determined by bodies almost wholly composed of men. The discussion, however, is quite serious on the part of some splendid women. For instance, Miss Dorothy Kilpatrick, a distinguished missionary worker and author in India, addressed the General Council on the subject and pointed out the mistake which would be made if the case were settled on the basis of a moving appeal made on behalf of some striking personality. Miss Kilpatrick, who is a daughter of the famous professor who recently retired from his chair in Knox College, and sister of the pastor of Chalmers Church, Ottawa, asked that the case be settled dispassionately, saying that she and others looked forward to the time when by no side issue, but through the wide open front door of the church, would they enter into the fellowship of the ministry. But so far as one can judge by the reports made public, there has been a regrettable lack of high and serious discussion. In some places, indeed, the debate was well sustained and dealt with real issues, but too often the whole matter was viewed as it affects the present situation in the United Church, itself only just finding itself. The proposal to admit women to sessions and all courts of the church has received the support of a great majority of the presbyteries which have voted on it; but whether this will constitute a majority of the whole is yet uncertain. Apparently many presbyteries have ignored the matter.

The complete returns of the vote are not yet all available, and there is room for suspicion that about one third of the presbyteries have taken no action on the main issue of ordination. It is safe to say that there is no prospect of a majority of presbyteries sustaining either the proposal to admit women to the full ministry, or the committee's compromise of ordaining them to the diaconate. Indeed there is evidence that the committee's proposal was completely misunderstood in many places, and it looks as if the vote were taken under the most confused idea of the whole proposal. But there is still marked difference in local color between east and west. Some of the most thorough-going opposition to the whole trend towards feminism, has emanated from western presbyteries; and some equally pronounced support—deliberate and sympathetic support—has come from the east. Yet it remains true that the west was far more friendly to change than the east. One might estimate the opinion of those who have voted as divided into three approximately equal parts. There are those who favor the abolition of all sex differentiation; some would resist any change whatever in that direction; yet others favor a movement toward that end, but shrink from disturbing the church at this stage by forcing the matter of woman's ordination to a formal vote. This last section is found equally distributed east and west. Much depends on the actual significance of this last section. Does it represent mere evasion or postponement, or does it express actual willingness to proceed to ordination of women as soon as the

church is somewhat more settled and self-conscious? No one can tell yet what it means.

Yet come what change may, there is still a tremendous field of work in the church open to women. Through the Victorian age constitutional change filled a large place in the thought of people, only to lead to disenchantment. Shuffling of votes and rearrangements of figures have been found to yield little creative power. Even the extension of franchise to women has not produced any very marked change in the actual political situation. But the real power of women in the life of the church has at no time been in doubt. The presence of a few women in the ranks of the ordained ministry will have slight effect, though this appears an irrelevant remark to the devotee of theoretical equality. Even under the discriminating handicap, some British women have achieved great power. No woman has more influence since we had women electors and members of the House of Parliament than had Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Garrett or Mrs. Butler. As against Maude Royden in the pulpit to-day, one thinks of Mrs. Josephine Butler, who helped to change the whole moral standard of the last generation. The theoretical plea of the doctrinaire advocate must be heeded and taken to heart, but it is easy to give too great importance to the formal extension of ordination to women already as powerful as they are gifted.

One must recognize the strength of the conservative communions. Though men like Canon Raven advocate the ordination of women in the Church of England, the opposition there is overwhelming. The Catholic school, now predominant in the courts of that church, has produced a serious literature in opposition to the proposal; but there are many who look for some kind of ordination being extended to include sisters now known as deaconesses. Within the Roman communion, however, there is no prospect whatever of any such change. Yet it is there that feminism has found its earliest and fullest development and the recent papal utterance is a timely reminder that feminism does not depend on this project. The extended influence of women in the courts of the church might be more effective than the granting of ordination to the few who might seek it.

An interesting method of meeting objections was adopted by the British Wesleyan Conference. The text of the main resolution declares that women may offer themselves as candidates for the ministry on the same terms and subject to the same regulations as men. But it expressly provides that in the case of a woman, marriage will be equivalent to resignation. This is justified on the grounds that wifehood and motherhood constitute a career in themselves. Thus, the limitation is not prompted by any thought of inferiority, but by an exalted conception of a woman's normal life.

The only serious division of opinion was seen on this special provision, but on its being understood, the proposal was adopted by an overwhelming majority. Fortunately, this decision is not likely to be neutralized by the unification of British Methodism which was made certain by action of the same conference. (Continued on page 52)



The access of women to the pulpit is not in debate. No one challenges the ability of some women to preach, nor their right to do so.

Ordination of women—will it mean a wider ministry for women, or a mere doctrinaire triumph for the cause of feminism?

Women in the Pulpit And in the Innermost Sanctum

By ERNEST THOMAS, D.D.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the proposal in the United Church to ordain to the ministry a capable, godly and well trained woman. She meets all the requirements laid down for a male minister except that she is not a male. But the proposal opens up the whole question of the ministry of women and close study is being given to the subject. This is called for because there is widespread confusion of the proposal with quite different matters.

The access of women to the pulpit is not in debate. No one challenges the ability of some women to preach, nor their right to do so. Teaching and public speaking are not refused women even now in most churches. Even in the Roman communion one would have strictly to define preaching in order to show that women were barred from that activity. But there has ever been a clear distinction between the free expression of thought in teaching or preaching on the one hand, and official or authoritative exposition of the doctrine of the church by specially appointed persons on the other. The present discussion does not affect the former, but is concerned with the latter. Should women be ordained as ministers, and thus, besides other functions, be authorized to carry on this official ministry? Ordination

imposes limitations, while the freedom of lay or licensed preaching and teaching may offer wider scope. No one forbids this wider ministry.

Sex equality is not in debate, nor has there ever been any serious challenge of the spiritual equality of the sexes within the church. Throughout most of her history the church has vigorously promoted reverence for womanhood and the exaltation of the Blessed Virgin Mary has tempered what would otherwise be the hard and masculine Divinity of some modern forms of Puritan christianity. But equality of status is not now involved—only the appropriate method of service which will allow women to express this equality. One pauses on being reminded that the pagan religions which were displaced by christianity did sanction women in the priesthood, for there were many priestesses. About such official women there hovered traditions which may have affected the early church in its failure to perpetuate the office.

We who are pre-occupied with the idea of preaching, may miss the full significance of ordination. The task of the christian minister has ever been concerned with priesthood as well as preaching. Even those communions which most reject the word, preserve the function of the priest. The

minister mediates the corporate life to its members, and he also mediates the knowledge of God to the worshipping group. Carlyle reminds us that the priest is the "uniter of men with the unseen holy," and the effective discharge of this task has always seemed to call for some authoritative accrediting of the person entrusted with the office.

Ordination is not needed to allow anyone to preach or teach; but acts which express the corporate life of the Christian society obviously require some corporate recognition. The minister is a symbolic person, both conveying and committing the corporate Christian society. Ordination has always been an act of transmitting this authority to speak and act as the organ of the church. And one of the most important forms in which this corporate life is expressed is in bringing to the sinner the assurance of reconciliation with God as experienced in the forgiving fellowship of the church. Those who in varying forms cherish the Catholic tradition of confession and emancipation through forgiveness, tell us that women shrink from the idea of confessing to a female priest. And, whatever we of other communions may call the kind of conversation which leads to this end, we have to deal with the same psychological facts.

What more charming feminine hobby—one might ask—than the cultivation of an exquisite form of needlework? One may not be artistically gifted; one's talent may be only "that capacity for taking infinite pains," which makes for perfection, but something artistically worthy and beautiful may come of it.

OUR new Canadians are making many forms of European handiwork an every-day affair in Canada to-day. For instance, a very interesting form of tapestry work has been introduced from Sweden. It is carried out in a variation of the tapestry stitch (which is slanting from left to right), a straight up-and-down over-cast in a straight line. An examination of the wall hanging reproduced at the left of the left-hand page, shows clearly the setting on of the design in wool. The background is not filled in, but left in natural material where the design does not carry through. The effect is most original and decorative.

The Italian cross-stitch, that is now such a popular feature of imported linens, is being made to quite an extent in Canada by Italian women who have been able to employ spare time in this native embroidery. There is nothing simpler than the cross-stitch, though the Italian design, chiefly heraldic, is the note of "difference" which gives these pieces their originality. (Hippogriffs, wyverns, cockatrices, dragons and gryphons are to be found for design-copying purposes in any book of heraldry procurable at the public library).

Less intricate are the beautiful patterns which Italo-Canadians revive in outline and filling stitch. An example of this work is shown on the left-hand page. The pattern has a distinct renaissance flavor. Inspiration for this type of embroidery may be taken from any piece of Italian brocade.

The Russian and Ukrainian women excel in cross stitch, of course. Red and black are the favorite colors, and many beautiful conventional and whimsical subjects are developed in this fundamentally simple but vastly elastic medium. The piece at the lower left of the left hand page, is a table cloth made in Canada by a Russian woman. The towel or "polotientze" at the upper right of the right hand page is part of the Russian collection of a young Russo-Canadian, Victor Blochin, Esq., who has furnished his Canadian house of Canadian materials in the Russian manner. It represents the old Russian legend of "Hospitality Overdone."

The Finns are a Scandinavian people who, among the peasantry, have developed the domestic handicraft idea to a great degree. I remember once a Finnish dressmaker telling me of her own recollections of planning a wardrobe

as a young girl. "My sister and I had one sheep apiece," she said, "and on their backs walked around our dresses for the winter. We washed and sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun the thread, wove the cloth—and last, considered it child's play to cut out and sew a mere dress!" If any misfortune befell the wool-bearer, it might come to pass that a second would be forthcoming from the family flock, but as a rule, only one could be spared for such frivolity as a new winter frock!

The Finnish curtain here shown, at the lower left hand corner of the right hand page, has a history almost as primitive as the winter frock! Its linen was also woven by the worker, though in Canada—and the design worked in wool thereon. Its color scheme is bold and striking—something that the people who come from cold climates seem to appreciate and glory in reproducing. Canada needs such color! The prairie needs it, the cities need it, and if our new citizens can be encouraged to continue to produce it, we shall be endlessly enriched in spirit and in warm aesthetic satisfaction thereby.

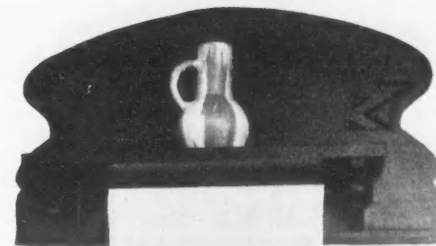
Another Finnish piece subdued in comparison to this vivid curtain, is the table cover at the lower right of the left hand page. An outline stitch in color, and a chaste white filling and latticing within the outline, complete the design shown.

The sofa cushion, though reproduced here in mere black and white, shows the depths of its coloring and richness of texture. It is made by a Norwegian in Canada in characteristic colors and pattern.

Another Scandinavian piece is the table cloth done in wools and silver threads, shown at the lower right of the right hand page.

Lace-making and cut work are among the more dexterous crafts which have come to Canada with our foreign population lately. An exquisite example of Point de Venise and cut work is here shown in a

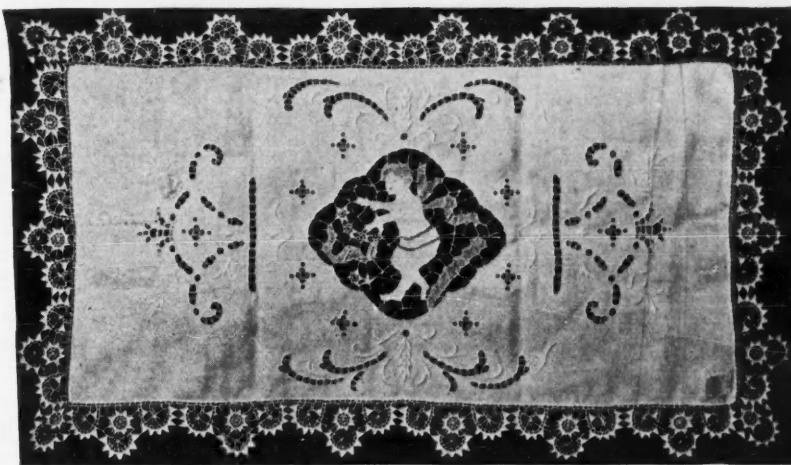
(Continued on page 60)



A whimsical Russian legend on a towel or "polotientze." From the collection of Victor Blochin, Esq., Aurora, Ont.



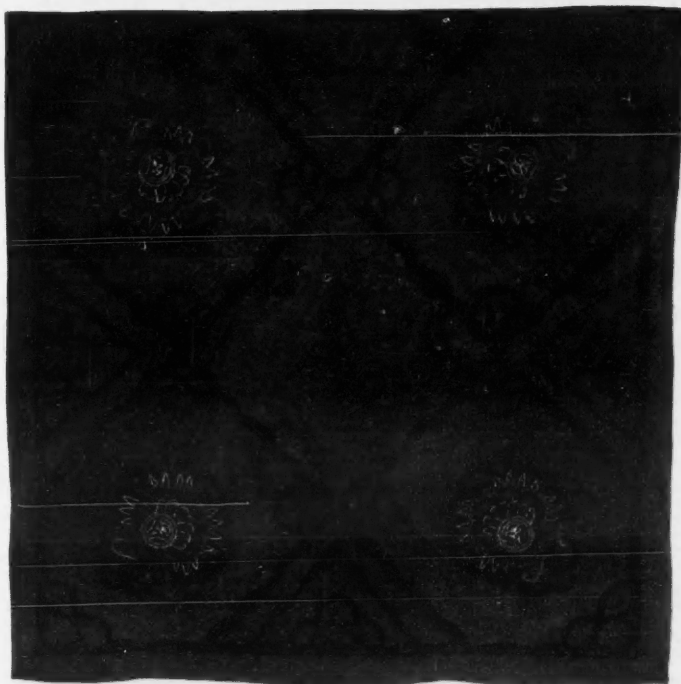
Armenian cut work and Point de Venise are among the more dexterous crafts introduced into Canada.



A brilliant Norwegian cushion in characteristic type, color and design. Though reproduced here in mere black and white, it shows the depth of its coloring and richness of texture. Like the Finnish curtain it is bold and striking—something that the people who come from cold countries appreciate and glory in reproducing.



A Finnish curtain of linen woven in Canada and worked in brilliant wools is a rich piece of color embroidery.

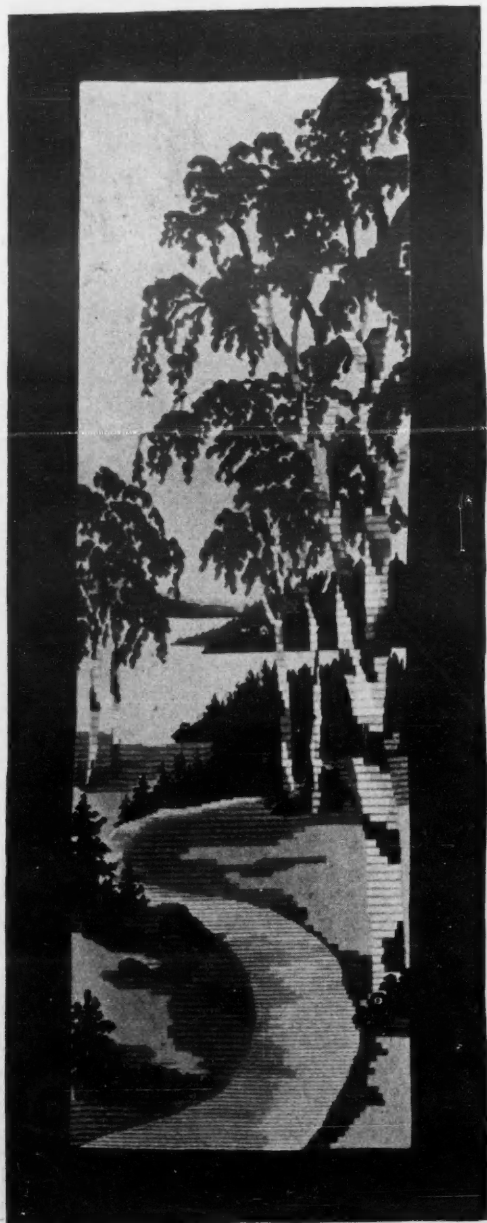


A Scandinavian table cloth worked in wools and silver threads. It has almost an East-Indian appearance.

Creating a Nation's Handicrafts

The Pastime Work of the Nations in Canada

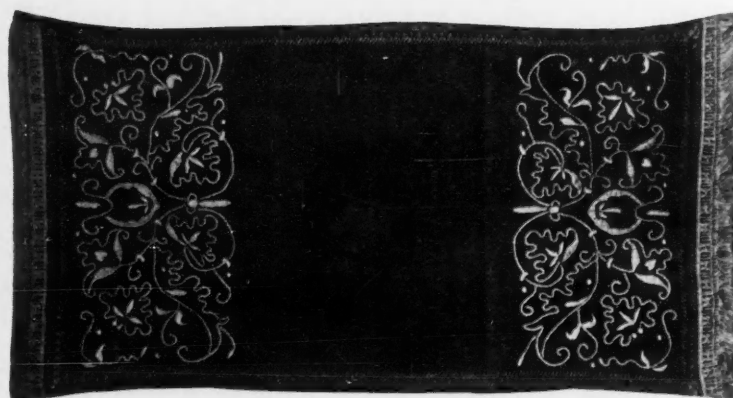
By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON



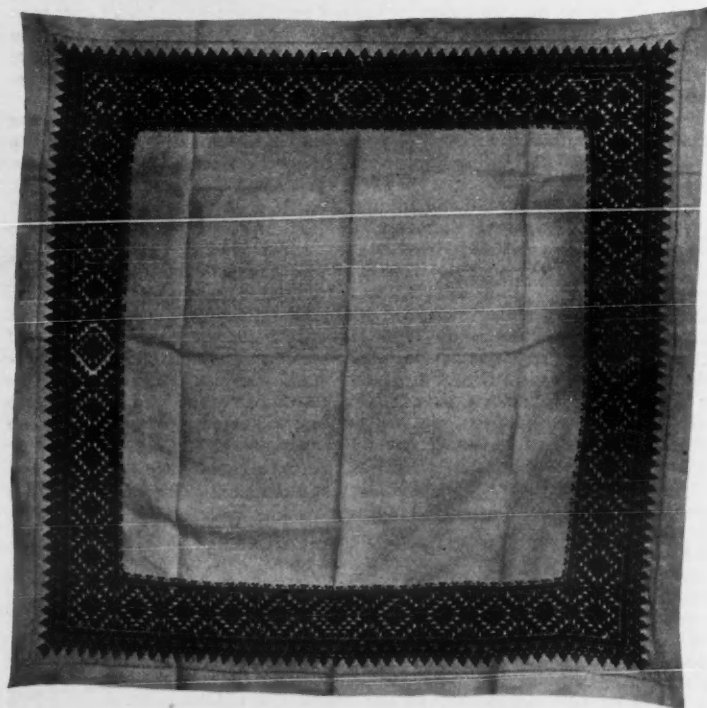
A variation of tapestry in a wall hanging by a Swedish craftswoman in Canada. The background is not filled in, and close examination shows clearly the setting on of the design in wool. The effect is most original and decorative.



Italian cross-stitch in a table cover, designed and worked by an Italian needlewoman in Canada. This typical Italian embroidery is now exceedingly popular in the shops, but is so simple that anyone could reproduce it by referring to easily available heraldic designs.

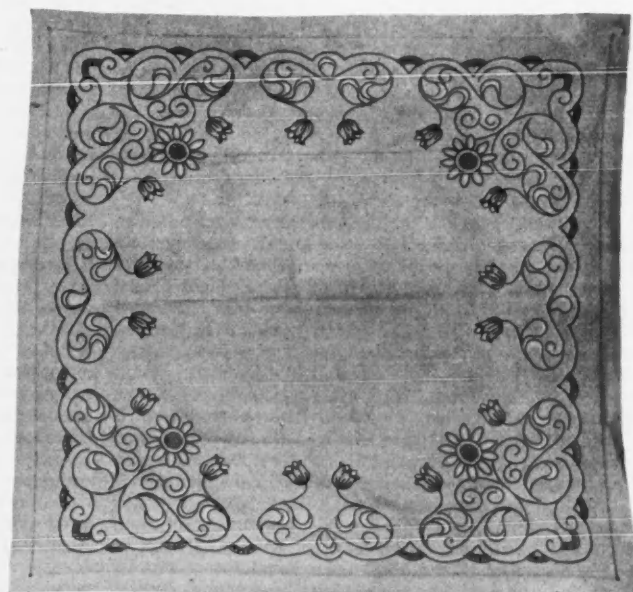


An old Italian brocade design carried out in outline and filling stitch by an Italo-Canadian. The pattern has a distinct renaissance flavor. Inspiration for this type of design may be taken from the worn patterns of many old fabrics.



The vivid blacks and reds of the Russian cross-stitch, fine and intricate, in a Canadian table cover. The Russian and Ukrainian women excel in this stitch, and many beautiful conventional and whimsical subjects are developed in this fundamentally simple medium.

From Russia and the Scandinavian countries comes a natural aptitude for brilliant color combinations. Canada needs such color! The prairie needs it, the cities need it, and if our new citizens can be encouraged to continue to produce it, we shall be endlessly enriched in spirit and in warm aesthetic satisfaction thereby.



A dainty Finnish table cover worked in Canada. Its outlines are in color, its fillings and latticings of white. The Finns are a Scandinavian people who have developed the domestic handicraft idea to a great degree. This piece is very subdued in comparison to the brilliant Finnish curtain opposite.

IN THE first article on "Creating a Nation's Handicrafts" which appeared in the July *Chatelaine*, the aspects of handicraft as a home industry in Canada were more or less defined in the homespun-making of the French-Canadian population, as well as in the general popularity of home-weaving throughout the country.

But handicraft is not necessarily an occupational activity—it may be as wholeheartedly a play-time recreation—and it is as a pastime and a fascinating hobby that the greatest needlewomen have developed it to a high art. Sitting by their embroidery tapestry frames the women of past centuries stitched the patterns which were to establish the decorative motifs of their times. Their work was the product of a creative and for that, more enjoyable leisure.

dowdy and silly. It was amazing that Irving Keyes didn't prefer her; but since he didn't—

Robin shivered a little and sat down by the west window in the moonlight. The window was open, and the faint, cold sweet perfumes of night drifted in—blent with the whiff of Michael Stanislaw's pipe, neither faint nor sweet, but very alluring. Once, when she was eighteen she had had a fleeting fancy for Irving Keyes—and he knew it. Even yet he was attractive—until he spoke. But his funny vulgar stories and his great haw-haws! And his love for practical jokes! He still thought it a joke to stick out his foot and trip somebody up. And he still thought it wit to call eggs cackleberries.

Irving Keyes had been heard to boast that he had got everything he wanted in life. And now he wanted Robin Lyle. Robin thought he would get that too, despite his roars of laughter and the jigarees on his house.

What else was there for her? Arnold Clive? No! She shivered again. Austere, religious Arnold with his face of a fanatic; high, narrow brow, deep-set intolerant eyes; merciless mouth—quite out of the question! And, after all, she liked Irving very well.

She looked over at Owl's Roost. What a nice, gentle little old house it was; a nice lazy old house—a house that had folded its hands and said, "I will rest." It had none of the Lyle efficiency and up-to-dateness about it, with a sly little eyebrow window above the porch roof and the magic of trees around it. She loved the trees around Owl's Roost. There were no trees around George's house. Myra thought shade unsanitary.

Michael was smoking his pipe at the fence with an orchard full of mysterious moonlit delights behind him. Robin wished she could go down and talk with him. She had sometimes talked with him over the fence. Not often; and yet she felt curiously well acquainted with him. They had laughed together the first time they had talked and when two people have laughed—really laughed—together they are good friends for life.

Though Michael did not laugh much. If anything, he was bitter. But there was something stimulating and pungent about his bitterness—like chokecherries. They puckered your mouth horribly, but still you hankered for them.

"I wonder what he is thinking of," thought Robin.

She knew she only thought it. Yet a voice drifted up to her from the orchard.

"I'm thinking how very silvery that dark cloud must be on the moon side," said the voice. "Come down here and help me watch it leaving the moon. It's as good as an eclipse."

Robin flew downstairs, out of the side door and along the brick walk, worn by many feet. Michael was hanging over the fence. First Peter sat hunched up beside him, and Second Peter smoothed about his shoulder. First Peter always let Robin stroke him, but Second Peter swore at her. Second Peter was not to be hoodwinked.

Robin stood beside

Michael on the other side of the fence, where the moonlight would lie white as snow on the flagged walk when the cloud passed. She had never been through the fence. There was no gate between the Lyle yard and the old orchard, lying fragrant and velvety under the enchantment of night.

They stood there together in a wonderful silence until the cloud had passed.

"He who has seen the full moon break forth from behind a dark cloud at night, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world," quoted Michael, whacking his pipe on the fence and putting it in his pocket. "Wasn't it worth watching, Miss Lyle?"

If there was one thing she hated more than another, it was having Michael call her "Miss Lyle." She hated it so much that she answered "Yes," stiffly and unenthusiastically.

"It's impossible to avoid the conclusion that something is bothering you," said Michael. "Tell First Peter about it and I'll listen in."

A perfectly crazy impulse mastered Robin. She would tell him. She had to tell somebody.

"I can't make up my mind which of two men to marry," she said bluntly.

Michael was silent for an appreciable space. All the sounds audible were First Peter purring and a dog taking the countryside into his confidence two farms away. His silence got on Robin's nerves.

"That wasn't quite true," she said crossly. "There are two—but there's only one I could really consider possible. And the trouble is I don't want to marry him—or anyone," she added hastily, telling a second tarradiddle.

"Then why marry him?" said Michael. "Why marry at all if you don't want to, in this day of woman's emancipation?"

"The trouble is—I'm not emancipated," sighed Robin, wishing that First Peter would stop purring. It was outrageous that a cat should be so blatantly happy. Though why shouldn't he be happy? Couldn't he sit on Michael's shoulder and snuggle his nose against Michael's face? Wasn't he doing it now, darn him! Yet she was still talking on. "I'm twenty years behind the times. I'm thirty-three and I'm not trained to do anything. I've no special gift. I can't sew or teach or pound a typewriter. All I can do, or want to do, is keep house. And I must marry—or room with Gladys."

"Do you think Irving Keyes would be a more agreeable room-mate?" said Michael sarcastically—though she had not said anything about Irving Keyes.

"Well, he won't plaster my dressing table with powder—or raise Cain when he can't find his hair pins—or yell to Baal if he has chilblains—or look in the mirror the same time I do—*purposely*," said Robin defiantly.

"I think I see what you're up against," said Michael, beginning to fill his pipe again.

"You don't—not fully—a man couldn't," snapped Robin. "Gladys will talk me to death about her beaux. Gladys thinks there's no fun in having a beau unless you can tell everybody about him and what he said and what he did. She'll laugh at my funny old pictures with big sleeves and hats high on the head. She'll come in and wake me up in the wee sma's. She'll insist on having the most awful silver pig with a blue velvet pin cushion in his back on my table. She'll bring her rampagous school chums in and chitter-chatter for hours. And everything will be either wonderful or priceless. I'll never be alone any more," concluded Robin pathetically.

"That gets me," said Michael. "And the alternative is Irving Keyes. A handsome fellow with gobs of money. Why don't you like him?"

"I do. But I don't feel like marrying him, for several reasons."

"For instance—"

"He likes bread thick, and I like it thin," said Robin flippantly. She felt she had been absurd in telling Michael as much as she had.

"Every proper man likes bread thick. I've no sympathy with you there."

"Our taste in jokes is entirely different."

"Ah, that's serious," said Michael, not sounding serious.

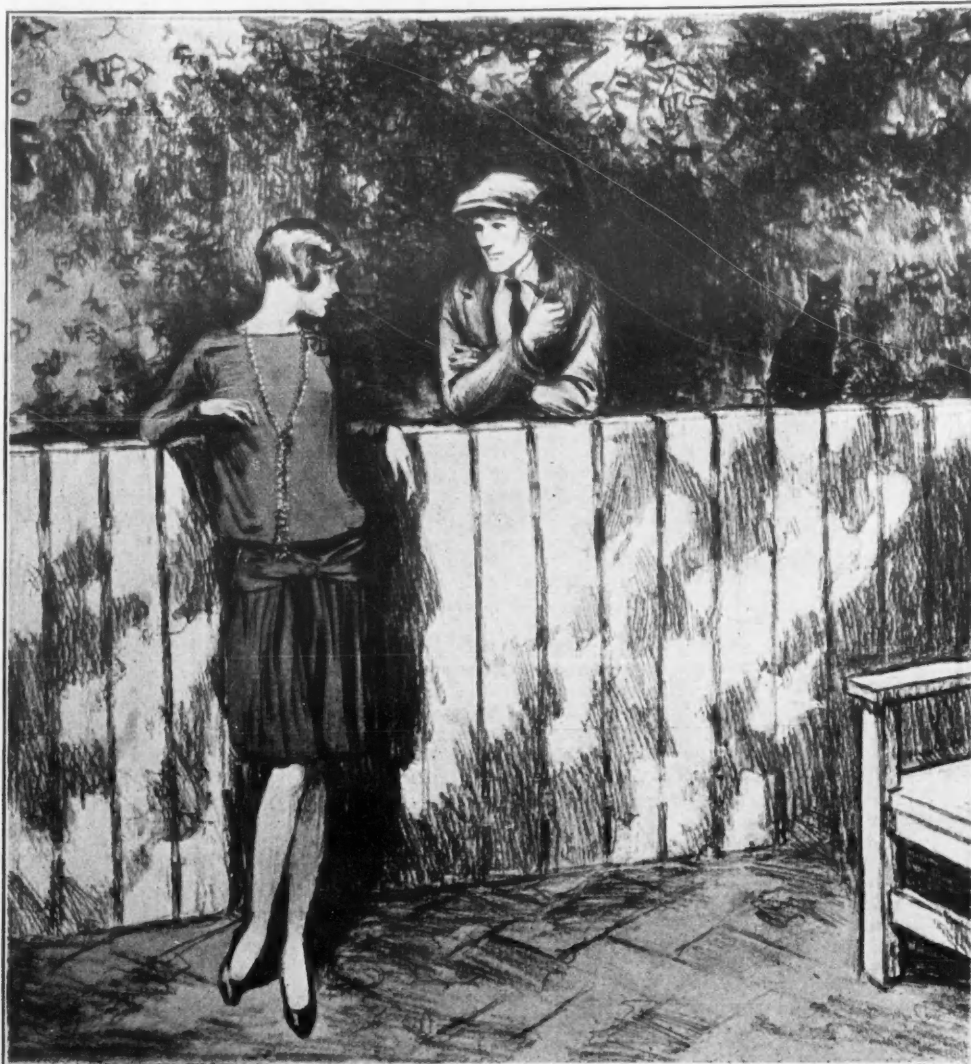
"And—" Robin looked at another

(Continued on page 40)



Robin went to her room—the only spot on earth she had ever been able to call her own, and, as always when she went into it, the peace and dignity and beauty of it seemed to envelop her like a charm.

Illustrated by
NORMAN
BORCHARDT



Michael was hanging over the fence. First Peter sat hunched up beside him, and Second Peter smoothed about his shoulder. First Peter always let Robin stroke him but Second Peter swore at her. Second Peter was not to be hood-winked.

BUT—but," said Robin Lyle blankly, "that is impossible, Myra."

In the bright lexicon of Mrs. George Lyle there was no such word as impossible.

"Not at all," she said briskly. "In fact it's necessary. The twins must have a room to themselves now. The boys will have Grandma's room. So of course Gladys must room with you. That big west room is large enough for a dozen, I'm sure."

There was a note of dissatisfaction in Myra Lyle's voice. She had always been secretly resentful that Robin should have that big sunny room—the only room with a fireplace. Myra wanted it for a guest-room. But as long as Grandma Lyle lived one could do nothing about it. And in some matters George was stubborn, though generally his wife led him 'round by the ear.

Robin continued to look blank. Yet she said nothing more. She had not lived sixteen years under the same roof with Myra Lyle without learning the futility of saying anything—even when her mother was alive. And now that her mother was dead, there would be no check on Myra. George simply did not count—George who had always thought, thought still, and would continue to think, that Robin must be "brought up".

Her silence and her blankness worried Myra a bit. Myra could not understand silence—could not understand anyone who did not think at the top of her voice and empty her feelings out to the dregs. Of course, Robin had always been a sly, secretive thing.

"Why should you mind sharing your room with Gladys?" she demanded, answering Robin's silence. "I'd think you'd like to have a young life so near you to keep you from growing old."

"I don't mind growing old if I can be left to do it in peace," said Robin. "I'm sure I won't like rooming with a young girl."

"Well, it won't be for long. I think Irving Keyes will see to that."

There was a smirk on Myra's face which had the same effect on Robin that a dig in the ribs with Myra's fat elbow would have had. In fact, she could not endure it. She turned and went out of the room, in silence. Myra sighed—she had "put up" with that for sixteen years. Then Myra smiled. Irving Keyes! And a widower always meant

A Dinner of Herbs

Being the choice of a young woman who preferred that portion to a feast of reason

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

business. Myra went back to her sewing. Things were working out very nicely. Grandma was out of the way at last; and Robin would soon be off their hands. A good match, too—one the clan would approve of! George had been foolish to think Robin had a notion of Michael Stanislaws—Michael who was poor and hadn't even the decency to be ashamed of it. Shell-shocked in the war, with a lean brown face, scarred by shrapnel, and a leg that wasn't much use, he was just baching it over at Owl's Roost and pottering round his show dahlias, with two black cats forever at his heels. No, no, Robin was no fool. But she must be told not to dilly-dally with her good fortune. Before her mother's death there had been some talk of Irving Keyes' interest in Blanche Foster, a handsome girl much younger than Robin. Myra found it hard to believe that anyone could prefer pale, old-maidish Robin to her. Yet, as Irving Keyes seemed to be blessedly inclined that way, Robin must be made to understand that she must not let him slip through her fingers—again. She would never have such another chance. A well-to-do merchant with the most expensive car in the village and a house with more ornamentation on it than any house in the country! Myra sighed and wondered why fate had given her only a farmer. She felt she would have shone as a general merchant's wife.

"As soon as Robin is married," she decided, "I'll give Gladys the guest-room and have the west room done over."

ROBIN went to her room—the only spot on earth she had ever been able to call her own. And, as always when she went into it, the peace and dignity and beauty of it

seemed to envelop her like a charm. She was in a different world—a world where George and Myra could not quarrel and

the hired girl be impertinent to her, and the everlasting noise and racket of the household died away at its threshold like the spent wave of a troubled sea. For years all that had supported her through

the drudgery of days spent waiting on a querulous invalid, was the certainty of finding herself alone in her dear room at night where dreams gave some mysterious strength for another day.

The north window looked down on leagues of rippled sea and distant, misty, fairy-like coasts. Between it and the sand-dunes was only a dwindling grove of ragged old spruces.

The west window looked out on Owl's Roost, with its orchard and garden, where First and Second Peter prowled darkly, and Michael himself played his violin at hours when all decent people should be in bed. Sometimes, too, he ate his slender meals in the orchard, under an enormous apple-tree, never dreaming that Robin Lyle was watching him from her window and wishing shamelessly that she might play "Thou" to this crust of bread and jug of milk. Nor was the book of verse wanting. Michael read as he ate, propping his book up against the jug.

And now all this would be taken from her. She knew exactly what rooming with Gladys and her shrieking chums would mean. No more dreaming; no more shadowy hours of listening to Michael's stormy music in the orchard; no more early dawns watching the silent mysterious ships drift by the dunes to the harbor; never again alone with the night.

No, she could not endure it. Even sleek, prosperous Irving Keyes would be

better than that.

"Life isn't fair," said Robin drearily, as if there was any use in saying it.

She went to the glass and looked at herself. She looked at her straight, black, bobbed hair, dark-blue eyes and white, heart-shaped face; at her wide mouth quirked up at the corners so that she always seemed to be laughing even when very sad. And she thought of Blanche Foster's red-gold hair and flashing black eyes and brilliant complexion. Blanche Foster who had always made Robin feel old and



Forcefully, both speakers drew a vision of the economic and social pressure sending life overseas to seek the wider and freer opportunities of life in a new land. Because this was the greatest impelling force in migration, both women stressed certain related facts—the need of careful selective processes lest one section of the shifting tide should be those who had “gone under” in the fast flowing streams of life in their own countries, and the desirability of doing all in our power to facilitate the migration of those sturdy, strong, and courageous enough to seek the high adventure, “on their own”. Miss Kydd, in a concise summary of the early British settlements in Ontario and the West, brought home the forceful fact that it was these attributes in the pioneers that had made their story what it was.

Charmingly, she illustrated what she meant, by the story of an Irish family of thirteen, whom she had seen passing through the canteen, maintained by the Montreal I.O.D.E. chapters, at the Bonaventure Station in that city. Stooping over one of the wee girls, a mite of seven, she had given her some velvet violets off her own coat, saying “These are for luck.”

Wide-eyed and serious, the child queried, “Will they really bring us ‘luck’? That is what we want in Canada, just ‘luck’.”

That, Miss Kydd urged, was the spirit we wanted in our new citizens. “Luck,” they sought—the high-adventuring souls of them! And “luck,” we must attempt to throw in their pathway.

Miss Whitton, too, called for a courage that would not be daunted in a day or year, that would hold on through hope defeated, and be happy to see its dream realized over a generation. Within the Daughters of the Empire's own meeting (for each group also discussed the problems within their own organization), she found two remarkable responses to her plea for this long view of migration. One member, now the representative of a flourishing chapter, rose and stated that all through the discussion she had been wondering whether she had courage herself to tell what she now proposed to say. Her story was one of migration to Canada some twenty-two years ago, of sorrow, suffering, unemployment, almost poverty, hatred of Canada, and despair and bitterness that found strong expression. Disaster reached its climax, and loneliness its blackest depths with the death of her husband. Her need became known, and the friendly “strange” Canadians closed about her. Help, kindness, assistance and friendship were found. To-day, with the dark years of twenty years ago a memory only, she stood up, the delegate of a chapter, the mother of a

happy grown family, and an enthusiastic advocate in her own part of Ireland, of immigration to Canada.

When the spontaneous applause that followed her story subsided, across the room, another delegate rose. Her story was of a British family placed near Calgary. Loneliness, hard times, bitterness drove them East to Halifax seeking a winter sailing home. There, they stopped to earn the wherewithal for their passage money. Then, they met friendliness and help. They deferred departure and finally forgot their plan. To-day they are a Canadian family of which one son has returned to England as the Rhodes scholar to Oxford from his province.

THE question of the foreign-born Canadian arose, and from the president of the Daughters of the Empire for Alberta came striking testimony of practical and constructive effort in this field. There were no two opinions among these women, as to the necessity for restricting continental migration to the minimum, and for every encouragement to a preponderant but rigorously safeguarded migration from Great Britain. But, as the Alberta president pointed out, this policy had not been in force in the past, and solid areas of Canada were given over to settlements utterly unrelated in tradition to the basic stocks of Canada. They had been accepted in the past; they were here; they had made their contribution in opening new lands, and whatever our precautions for the future, those who had come under other policies were here, a part of the Canada of to-day. The Daughters of the Empire of Alberta are therefore providing a large number of scholarships annually, for the special summer school training under the Department of Education, of public school teachers, in the methods of instructing the foreign-born, and providing handsome cash prizes annually for the teachers, who in the opinion of their inspectors, render the finest service in *Canadianization* in their districts during the school term.

The women differentiated in speaking of the foreign-born, especially the Daughters of the Empire, from whom came unstinted praise for the splendid Norse settlements in Canada, especially among the Canadians descended from the Icelandic peoples in Manitoba, among whom there are many active workers in the I.O.D.E.

Again and again, the same principle could be discerned in this phase of the discussion, as in all others. It was a group of women. They were determined that two things should remain assured throughout this whole migration problem:

(1) That the standard of life maintained in Canada must not be endangered by too great migration, nor by migration

carelessly admitted without due physical, mental and moral safeguards.

(2) That the racial factor could not be eliminated from immigration, and all tides of life of other than the basic stocks of this land, should be admitted only in very minor proportion to the British migration, and should be so distributed in settlements as to avoid the creation of “solid blocks” of non-Canadian peoples.

And what was the end of these many “outgoings and incomings” of discussion?

Both groups endorsed with small changes the findings of the Council of Immigration of Women, and urged that the government of Canada summon this group regularly.

It was urged upon the government that a great deal more responsibility should be laid upon both nominators and nominees in the fulfillment of obligations relating to incoming immigrants.

Strong endorsement was given to the system of medical examination recently established abroad, and its extension to civil examination was urged.

Objection was registered to the migration of any unaccompanied children under school-leaving age, for placement in Canada.

Pungent criticism was recorded of the misleading nature of much literature being circulated abroad, for immigration recruitment, and pledged strong support to the government in any feasible plan for control of such activities.

The system of reduced and assisted passages was questioned and inquiry into the effect of its operation was urged.

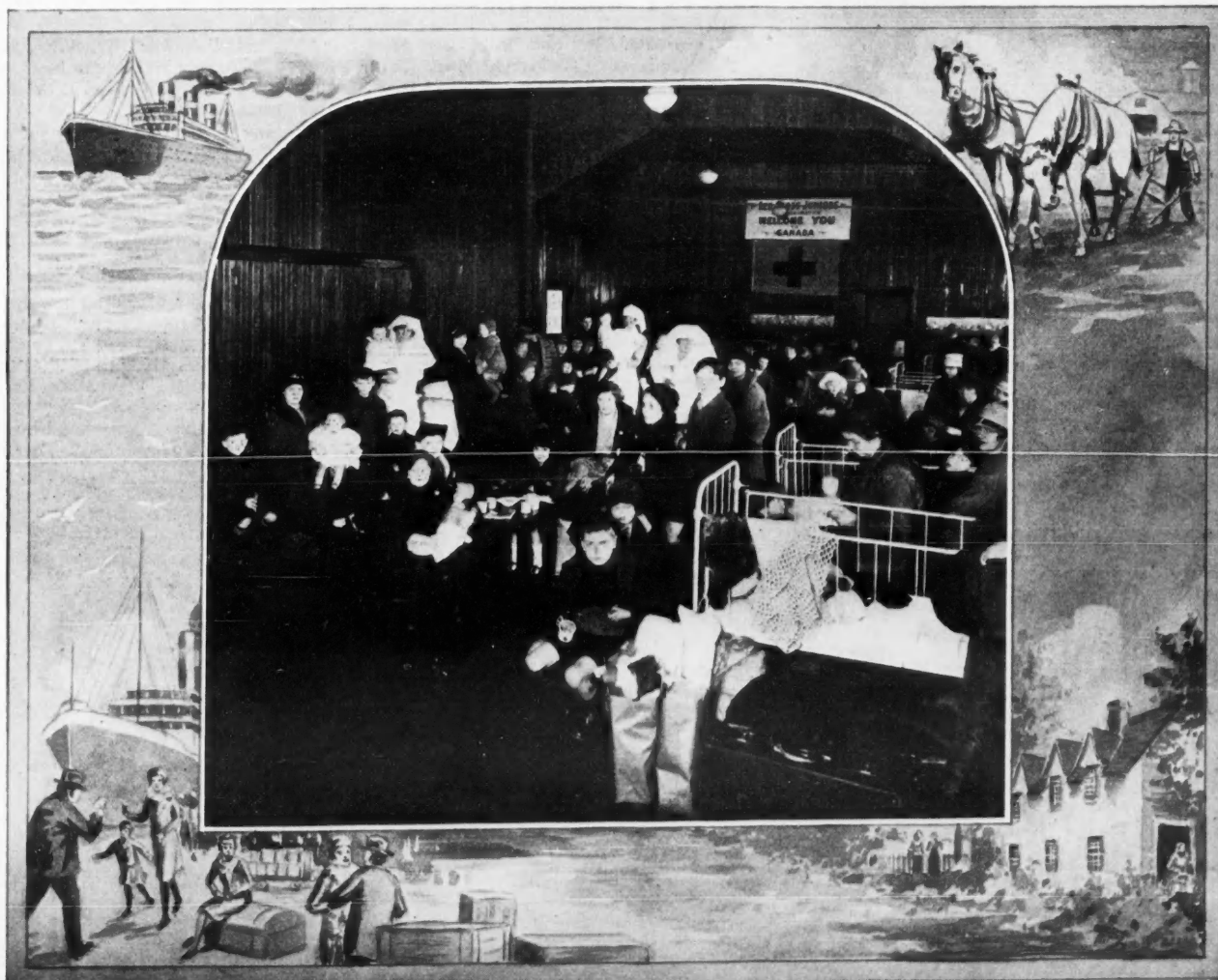
The Daughters of the Empire made a strong appeal to all parties to lift the question of naturalization out of and above politics, and to deal with it on the highest level of patriotism. In fact, the Daughters of the Empire summarized their whole attitude on the question of migration, at the present time, in a succinct synopsis that might well afford a starting point for the plans and discussions of organizations, other than their own, on this vital problem:

“In the first place, after careful review of the whole situation,” the pronouncement reads, “the National Chapter does not feel that an exceedingly heavy immigration to Canada is either necessary or extremely desirable, at the present time.

“Continued insistence on the quality, rather than the quantity of new population, should be the guiding principle in any approach to the problem.

“The increase in school attendance and the undoubtedly fair standard of living conditions prevailing across the Dominion, are all indicative of a (Continued on page 60)

The Red Cross makes the “incoming tide” welcome at Halifax. The work of examination and investigation is chiefly accomplished before sailing.



All across the country as much comfort as can be given to families travelling inland is extended through canteens maintained by local chapters of the I.O.D.E.

A fine family for Canada. "Luck" they sought—the high-adventuring souls of them! And luck we must attempt to throw in their pathway.



What we need is courage that will not be daunted in a day or a year, but will be happy to see its dream realized over a generation.

THE WOMEN TAKE UP MIGRATION

Two Great Women's Organizations "Puzzle It Out" Together

By "ONE WHO WAS PRESENT"

MARK TWAIN'S cynical commentary anent the weather seems singularly applicable to Canadian immigration. "Everybody says a lot, but no one does much about it." But now, we shall likely have action for "the women" are taking it up—and taking it up in earnest. Once or twice before, in comparatively recent years the women have "taken it up." Just after the war, they met in conclave in Ottawa, and Canada's splendid system for the migration of unaccompanied British women was evolved. The Council on the Immigration of Women was allowed to lapse after this work was established. But this winter, due to the insistence of a few of the more active women's groups, it was convened again in February. It would appear from its findings that it means to meet frequently and to good purpose.

And, for years "the women" have been urging medical examination overseas. Like most of us, they have said little, once it was granted, but anyone attending the meetings of the national bodies this year could see, with half an eye, that any party or government that attempts to discard or destroy the system, so recently established, will have a strong barrage of displeasure from a militant and convinced section of the electorate, in the woman voter.

So, now that the women are again taking a real and active interest in the migration problem, it may be stated, with some confidence, that things very definitely will "begin to happen." Immigration has had a large place on the agenda of practically every women's organization that has met in Canada, in the last six months, but probably transcending all the discussions in importance was that which brought together, in Toronto, in June, two of our most influential groups—the National Council of Women and the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. The platform of Convocation Hall, at the University of Toronto, was flanked by the national officers from coast to coast, almost every one of whom could tell a personal family story of heroism, courage, and attainment in the conquest of life in this new land. The speakers were themselves by pure coincidence, representative of related but different dominant forces, united in the story of Canada. The Reverend Dr. Slater, of St. Andrews Church, Toronto, in marvellously chosen English, richly "burred" by its North of Tweed heredity, drew a powerful and moving vision of the British heritage, and all that its ancient culture and glory meant, in the life of a new civilization. Through him, spoke all that fine scholarship, and high regard for the learning that is true wisdom, which the Scotsman has contributed to Canada. Then came the conveners of immigration of the two national organizations,—Miss Winnifred Kydd, M.A. (McGill University) and Miss Charlotte Whitton, M.A.

(Queen's). It was significant, said Mrs. J. A. Wilson, President of the National Council of Women, that both organizations should send two of their youngest national officers, to present for them a problem that was essentially that of the development of vigorous and courageous character in a young and energetic nation. Miss Kydd laughingly claimed equality of contribution in Canada's up-building for the Irish people, from whom she had sprung, as had Dr. Slater, for the Scots. Miss Whitton, following, jested that for the "third of the Trinity of Great Britain" she made no claim to an obvious supremacy. Her great grandfather had heard the call to high adventure, from the Yorkshire Dales, and had lived to justify abundantly, his faith in a slightly known Dominion. And on the platform, with the speakers, sat the Quebec Provincial President of the Daughters of the Empire, a scion of old France, and charming representative of the fourth great group, represented in what Miss Whitton described as the "basic stocks" of the country.

THERE are those who say that many of the women's organizations are inclined to jump to conclusions, based on superficial observation, or to be swayed too easily, by their outside social, financial or political affiliations. Such individuals would have been annoyed out of their complacent assumptions, by the "stride" with which these women walked into the intricate economic, social and racial ramifications of their subject, and they would have been equally disturbed by the close and understanding attention with which the audience followed.

While the relation of immigration to land settlement, to the development of natural resources, to greater business for the transportation systems, and all the usual economic ramifications of the problem were not ignored, these Canadian women looked at the incoming tide and its problems, essentially for what it was—a great current of new human life, with all the trials and struggles, joys and sorrows, weaknesses and strength, that are the every day intricate pattern through which mankind advances from the cradle to the grave. The group were Canadian women, proud in their heritage, jealous of its destiny, and not unmindful of the other factors involved, they plumbed the supreme fact that the new life entering Canada would inevitably be merged with the present life of their own generation. Viewed from this angle—and the logic of it cannot be gainsaid—the interest of women in the human factor of migration cannot but be a transcending one.

Someone has said that the decisive factor in the selection of immigration in one generation should be the degree of confidence and assurance with which intermarriage with our

own stock can be contemplated in the second generation, that is, after all, the great test of assimilability and true absorption into the life and institutions of the country. Again and again, one glimpsed this constant thought running through the minds of this group of Canada's women, as they discussed the problem. It undoubtedly motivated their attitude on the whole matter of medical and mental examination of the incoming stream; and the vision of home and family life involved, beyond question dictated their insistence that the problem was inexpressibly more than one of recruitment, examination and transportation of new settlers. "Immigration, settlement, education and absorption"—these were the four words that ran through and through the discussions, in a sort of visible and indivisible unity.

Perhaps, it was because of this insistence on the continuity of the processes of immigration and settlement, and of the indubitable relation of incoming life to the community life our children shall live in this land, that the discussion veered again and again to the reconciliation of the employment of newcomers with the need for employment of our own peoples, and to the desirability of the extension of land training and settlement facilities to our own youth. Emphasis was placed on the social and economic importance of the filling of emergency labor demands, such as winter lumbering operations, seeding and threshing needs, etc., by the transference at special transportation rates, of available labor from one part of Canada to another, and from one part of a province to another, rather than by the importation of new labor for which there was but a seasonal demand, or by the movement of labor over thousands of miles in Canada to centres where it would be unemployed in a few weeks.

Because of their appreciation of the intricacy of the question, both national groups were cautioned again and again by their conveners, on the danger of snap judgments on immigration proposals put before them. They were urged, nay, they were almost besought in the two reports, to study, study, study—before they expressed or committed themselves. The Conveners were evidently practising what they preached, for Miss Kydd incidentally referred to having read every debate that had taken place on immigration in the House of Commons since Confederation, and Miss Whitton's report showed detailed attention to immigration laws and administration both here and abroad.

But, both groups were also urged to do all in their power in the practical furtherance of sound migration and settlement work. And the reports showed that Canada's women were not found wanting in their efforts to welcome and assist this new population crowding in upon their life.



with whom they have not been acquainted. Of course I think 'twas rather kind of A. Catt Black to change his mind. He'd never think we'd change our color; he'll be surprised, I'll bet a dollar. But do not tell one Cat that night of how we painted black. They might be angry, they might scratch; of course we might scratch back. At parties one should be polite and never start a fight."

ON HALLOWE'EN the air was crisp, the frosty moon was bright, the ballroom, gaily decorated, made a gorgeous sight. A mousetail supper was prepared, enough for any crowd. The black cats who had done the work had reason to be proud. When all was done they washed their faces and practised making sweet grimaces. Some pretty paper hats they'd rented, one to each guest to be presented. (Zoom-ah! Zoom-ah! Zoom-ah! Zoom-ah!) That was the Black Cat Orchestra. Behind a row of catnip trees the players sat or stood at ease.

Said A. Catt Black, "Tis well we chose so large a place, for look at those cats coming in. And all black, too! Now really I never knew so many cats were black. It's queer that Tabby Gran is not here. I hope she'll come. I'd not offend for anything so good a friend. If she stays home to-night and cries, to-morrow I'll apologize."

"Come on now," said the other Blacks, "the dancing should begin, for we must entertain our guests—a lot are coming in. See all those handsome strangers! Each wears an orange bow! They've just arrived and none of us do they appear to know. You are the host so you should greet them with a welcome kind and sweet."

The strangers were the painted cats! Each one said, "Meow," politely. Then said Tabby Gran to A. Catt Black, "Dear Sir, it gives us pleasure to be here—we wear our finest fur. What a delightful orchestra!"

(Zoom-ah—Zoom-ah—Zoom-ah—Zoom-ah.)

The fun began. With leap and bounce they danced the Limbertwist as if they didn't weigh an ounce—not one cat one step missed. Then for the cats that wanted games there was a wiggly swing, and Hide-and-Seek, and Tag-

your-Tail and jumping through a ring, a game of Tom, Tom, Pullaway, and We-Go-Gathering-Mice-in-May.

Said A. Catt Black to Tabby Gran, "You're so much like another; a Tabby cat I know quite well might almost be your mother. When first to-night your voice I heard I thought it hers, upon my word—I don't know why she stayed at home, and all her friends: I thought they'd come."

"Is she at home?" said Tabby Gran, and then she smiled behind her fan. "Perhaps she's having fun as well as you; one cannot always tell." And then she smiled so very wide, she showed her mouth all pink inside.

"What's that?" she cried, "Oh, mercy me!" there was the queerest sound. A rumbling noise—a clanking, too—seemed rising from the ground. The ballroom then began to move! At first 'twas rather slow, the speed increased. Said A. Catt Black, "My friends, it's time to go. Now don't get panicky and shriek, this freight car has been here a week. How could I know that it would move on Hallowe'en? Oh do, do hurry off or it may take us on to Timbuctoo!"

They hurried, scrambled, leaped and found themselves all heaped upon the ground.

Then Granny Tab cried, "Safety first! We must not linger here! I see another moving train, it's coming very near. Up to the freight shed roofs we'll go, there is no safety here below."

And then she said, "It's just exactly like a Black to think that he could have a party on a railway track."

"Ah, ha!" snarled Mr. A. Catt Black, "you talk just like old Tab. You've played some horrid trick on us."

At Gran he made a grab. But Gran and all the painted cats leaped quickly on a barrel. "Now, now," she said to A. Catt Black, "please do not let us quarrel."

The barrel had a tilted lid. It tipped just then and in they slid!

"Meow! Meow! MEOW!" Oh how those painted cats did squawl—and the tortoiseshell, the white, Maltese and all. The barrel had some liquid in, which covered them just to the chin!

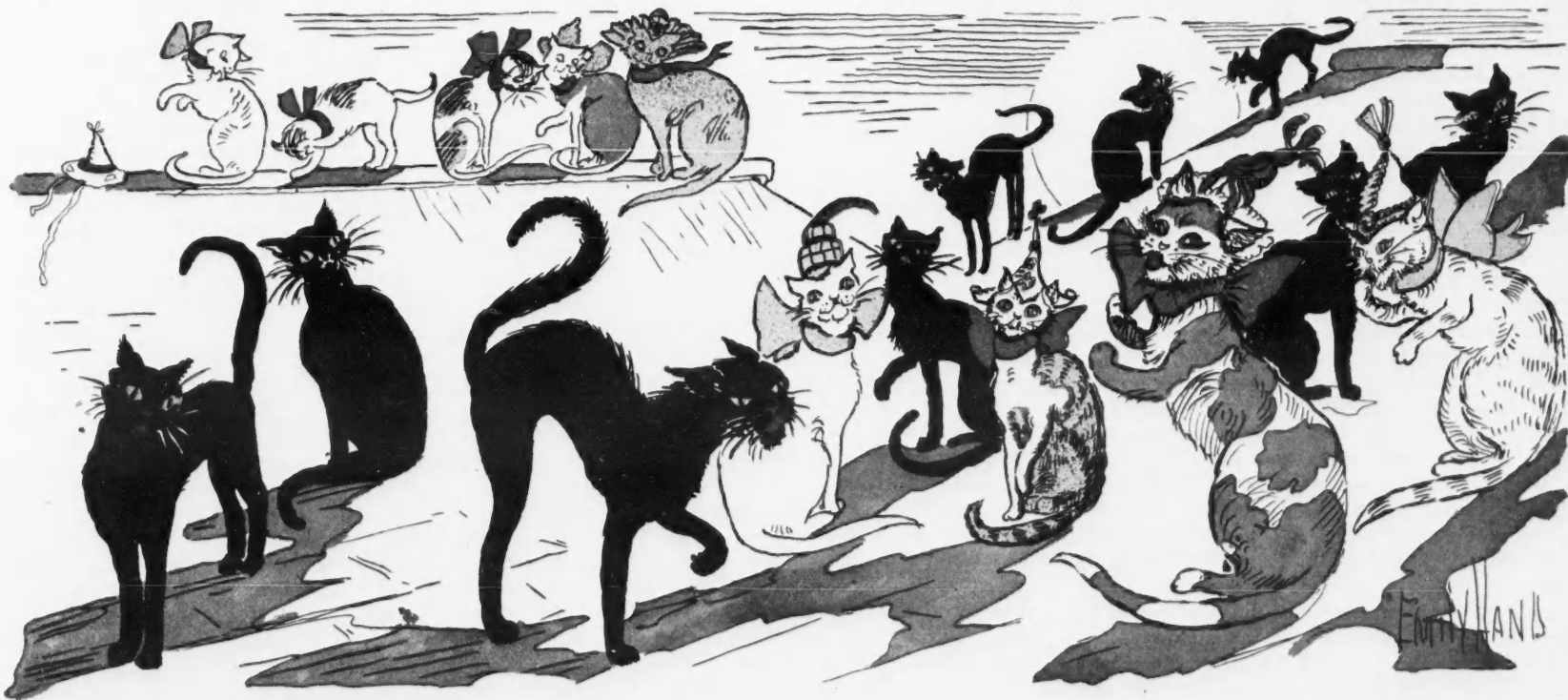
"My dears," now whispered Tabby Gran, "this must be gasoline; it is the very thing we need to make us nice and clean. What luck we always have my dears—be sure to wash behind your ears."

Said A. Catt Black, "What in the world is keeping them so quiet?" For cats in barrels usually make an awful riot. Can they be drowning? Mercy me!—What had we better do?" cried he.

The other Blacks began to shout and got a rope to haul them out. They hauled up one. It was all white! It had gone in all black! The helping cats were so surprised they almost tumbled back. Yet one by one they hauled them out and set them up in rows, and not one single cat was black, and all wore orange bows! The black cats all were half afraid. They stared and stared and stared!

Said Tabby Gran, "Dear friends there is no reason to be scared. You don't suppose we're ghosts of cats in orange bows and paper hats!"

To A. Catt Black she said, "Cheer up, and don't fly in a passion. The blame is on the people (Continued on page 69)"





The Black Cats' Halloween Party

by Emily Hand

"MY FRIENDS," said Mr. A. Catt Black, "we have nine lives—not one. Of mine already I've had eight, and I've been thinking just of late, I'd like to have some fun. The air is cool, the nights are clear and Hallowe'en will soon be here."

"I often think that jokes and pranks and tricks are meant for cats, and not for folk so queer that they don't like good mice and rats. So why should they have all the fun, the feasts and recreation, and cut us out and use us—for a decoration?"

"Come, one and all! Come big and small! Come, follow in my track! The only thing that bars you out is this—you must be black. Come, Blacks, a place to play we'll find. Now all you others stay behind."

The white, Maltese and tortoiseshell and tabby cats began to yell, "Meow! Meow! We don't know how to spend our Hallowe'en. Because we're spotted, white or gray, it seems we can't be seen."

"Hush! Hush, my dears," said Tabby Gran, "I think I've hit upon a plan—with this fine scheme 'twill take no time to get you all acquainted. I've heard it said things sometimes aren't as black as they are painted. That will be us! Now hurry! Hush! Get black enamel and a brush. Wait! Better get a brush apiece—then we can work more quickly. And bring some turpentine along—I've heard that paint runs thickly when near the bottom of the can. Now hurry back," said Tabby Gran.

When they returned she said, "My dears, we really must

try to be as quick as possible, for paint takes time to dry. It wouldn't do—I know I'd faint if I should see the sign "WET PAINT" tied to the tail of one of us, or if our feet make tracks, when we go out on Hallowe'en to play with those proud Blacks."

When all were done she said, "My dears! I see one eye and several tails and whiskers that need touching up—we can't neglect the small details. Now hurry 'round—clean up the place—of black paint leave no single trace."

NOW A. Catt Black and his black friends had found a splendid place to have their party. Lots of room to scamper, dance and race.

They said, "It's not too close to town, there are no windows looking down, no fear of interference here. No fear of boots and bats thrown at us if we make a noise, no fear of 'Scoots!' and 'Scats!' A mouse tail supper is the thing, we each can twenty mousetails bring. Of course the place we'll decorate; we can if we work hard and late. Cut out and stuck on colored

papers, we'll have pink people cutting capers, for turn about is only fair—they'll do the same with us—so there! We shall have Jack O'Lanterns, too, if pumpkins can be found; that should be easy, for they grow just trailing on the ground. We might wear some upon our heads, they make a good disguise, when other cats find out it's us they'll get a great surprise. But if you're a Jack O'Lantern you mustn't sneeze or cough—or laugh or talk, for if you do your head might tumble off."

"See here," said Mr. A. Catt Black, "we must send invitations through all the town and round about to friends and to relations. In fact, to tell the truth," he said, "I've been a wee bit worried, but had no time to think of it, we all have been so hurried. To put the case quite mildly I feel a little shabby. Those other cats can't help it if they're white, Maltese or tabby."

Some of the Black cats said "Horray," and others said, "That's right! We'll have the invitations made and sent to-morrow night. We'll say, 'Come on and have some fun with no one to say scat! It isn't fair on Hallowe'en to be a lonesome cat.'"

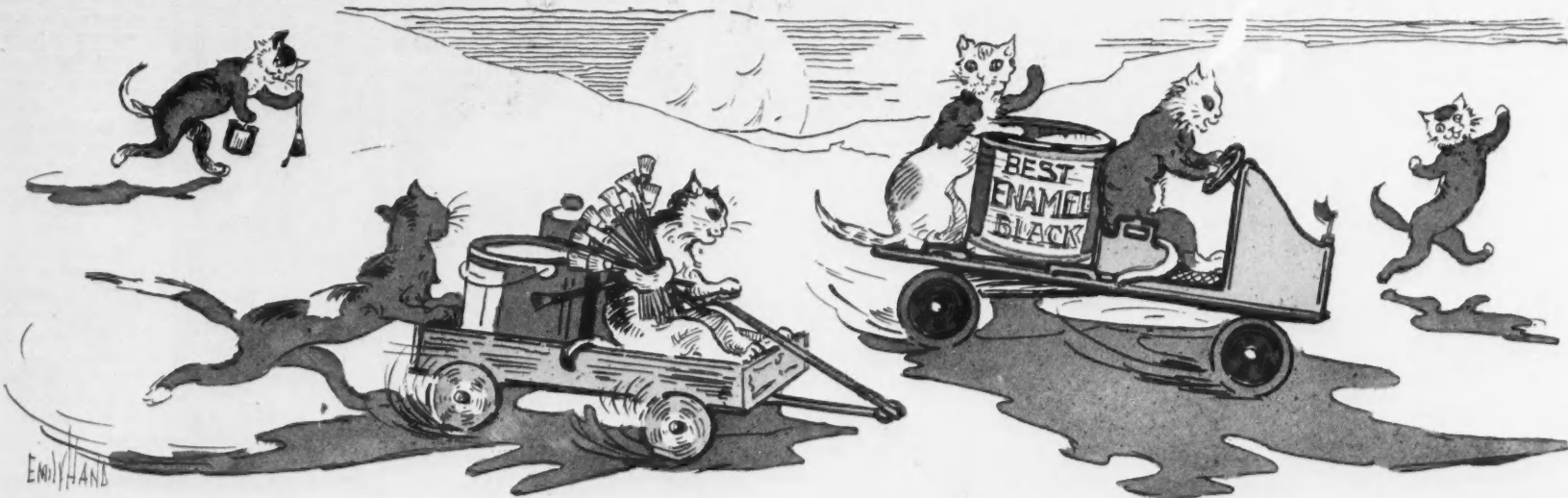
WHEN all the freshly painted cats were sitting up to dry, they were startled to hear Tabby Gran emit a little cry.

"My dears," she said, "What do you think? This is for us. —Well strike me pink! Those Blacks an invitation send to all of you and me. I'll read it to you and you'll see how queer black cats can be."

"Come on and have a little fun where no one will say scat! It isn't fair on Hallowe'en to be a lonesome cat. We don't care if you're tortoiseshell, a tabby or a white, Maltese or striped or spotted cat—come out and spend the night. From Corner A to Corner B you'll find a beaten track that leads right to the Ballroom Door (Signed Mr. A. Catt Black.)"

The painted cats began to cry, "Meow, meow, we're almost dry! Meow, Meow, for now there is no time to change us back into the colors we were before we turned to black."

"No need for that," said Tabby Gran, "I would not for the world miss anything so good as this! I'll have my tail and whiskers curled. We shall go just as we are—each wear an orange bow, so when we're with the real black cats each other we shall know. They won't know us. (You must not tell a single one we're painted). They'll think we all are cats





The West Wind
By Tom Thomson

FROM THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO

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AMONG the men of genius born in Canada, Tom Thomson (1877-1917) must be included. Although comparatively young when he met his untimely death, his original gifts had given him a unique place as a creative influence in Canadian art. He was born in Claremont, Ontario, in 1877, and one of the most interesting features of his career was that, as a painter, he was largely self-taught, although he studied decorative design to some extent. There has never been any other Canadian painter like him. Untouched by European traditions, he approached the subjects that he selected to treat with a unique degree of understanding and love. Tom Thomson wandered alone for the better part of every year in Algonquin Park, inured to hardship and reputed to be the best guide, fisherman and canoeist in the district. He lived through all the wonderful seasons in the wild lands, and knew intimately the things that you find in his pictures: swollen rivers, gaunt pines, melting ice and wind through the trees. He made many sketches, and when he began to exhibit them and his larger pictures, of which he did not finish as many as his fellow-countrymen could wish, he leapt into prominence as a new interpreter of the vivid Canadian landscape. He brought home to art enthusiasts, to a degree that had not been felt before, the brilliant light and coloring to be found in Canada's northern scenery.

Even in the dark days of the war, when men were accustomed to calamity, the news of his tragic death came as a tremendous shock. Tom Thomson was drowned in Algonquin Park during the summer of 1917. His admirers had looked to him to carry forward Canadian landscape painting to a point not yet realized. International recognition, in the larger sense, came to Tom Thomson in 1924, at Wembley, where his paintings, notably "The Jack Pine," caused a sensation among the art critics. His influence upon the modernist movement in Canada is very marked. It is hardly too much to say that a touch of his vitality is found almost everywhere in recent Canadian art.

THE DAY OF CANADIAN CRAFTSWOMEN

The Chatelaine Heralds Its Return

CANADA is becoming craft-conscious with growing whole-heartedness, and welcoming most sincerely the new foreign crafts which are being brought to the fore by various festivals and exhibits, but while we are making such an effort to preserve the native arts of our citizens of foreign extraction, it might be well to look to our own indigenous arts, remembering their noble history and those who continue them quietly and without ado, to this day.

Recently, at the festival held at Winnipeg exhibiting the brilliant work of Ukrainian and Scandinavian settlers, the greatest interest was caused by the demonstrations of Mitzie Anderson, a young Norwegian girl, who, having made a study of arts and crafts in Norway, was introducing, through the guidance of a Norwegian arts and crafts text-book, the process of dying from native flora—weeds, bark and moss.

This art, of course, has long been utilized by the Canadian *habitants* in getting their beloved "teints anciens," but it has been recorded and put on a working basis by at least one enterprising Canadian craftswoman, Miss Margaret Lowrie, of New Brunswick. Miss Lowrie's researches are original, and her recorded findings furnish a basis for a thorough-going system of domestic dyeing with even such homely bits of flotsam and jetsam as onion, rhubarb and apple peel! Recently, her dyed stuffs captured first prize at the exhibition at the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. It would be worth the while of the various women's institutes to distribute and broadcast recipes for home dyeing as Miss Lowrie has evolved them. Our findings are tucked away in isolated places, while our more enterprising national neighbors issue text-books on the subject and find us looking upon the art as something which we may learn from others!

We little know what treasure is lying about the country, until some event, perhaps like the "Old Tyme Quilt Show" which was held in Vancouver last spring, under the auspices of the Women's Institutes, makes us aware of our heritage. There were over three hundred quilts displayed—some of them hundreds of years old, of fabric woven from handspun thread. And in the midst of the exhibit sat eight old ladies indulging in what was once, and

sometimes still is, one of the delights of rural life—a quilting bee!

"I don't know what it is," said a friend of mine the other day, "but I've just got to make a quilt." And her quilt, like Aunt Jane of Kentucky's, is a medley of friendships, for she has taken "pieces" from every friend she has as a Canadian memento when she returns to England.

quilt patterns have been preserved in many cases only by passing from mother to daughter through the generations. In this form they may be cut out and pasted in a scrap book for reference and copying. We hope that they will inspire many of our readers to make at least one quilt. In any event, the whole series will prove a valuable record, and we take great pride in presenting it.

This morning I noted in the daily news the arrival to Canada of a great British needlewoman—her coming was heralded with considerable notice—perhaps even as much as a distinguished author or singer. Is not this craft-consciousness, I wonder?

In any event, there are crafts flourishing all over Canada which have sprung out of the country itself, and for which we owe no thanks save for our own resources and native ingenuity. Pottery is one of these on which we shall touch later in our "Creating a Nation's Handicrafts" series, but there are literally dozens of subjects on which we can place our hands—to show the multifarious and original ways in which our women of the cities and the countryside—women of leisure and women with a hundred tasks a day—are making themselves, in every sense of the word, Canadian craftswomen.



MY grandmother, a woman whose brother was a great inventor, was in her way as creative as the man of the family who designed the first airships on this continent, though she lived in the depths of the country, and though she had the care of six children. For, of a summer evening, she found relaxation in fashioning a snowball blossom of candlewax so perfectly,

that when the children set it in the bush with the other flowers, the bees came to it. Or through the long winter evenings, she would work on a small cobbler's last, deftly making the shoes which her little daughters would wear the following spring. I have seen one of them, and one would go far before finding a more beautiful piece of craftsmanship!

Anne Skeels Wilson

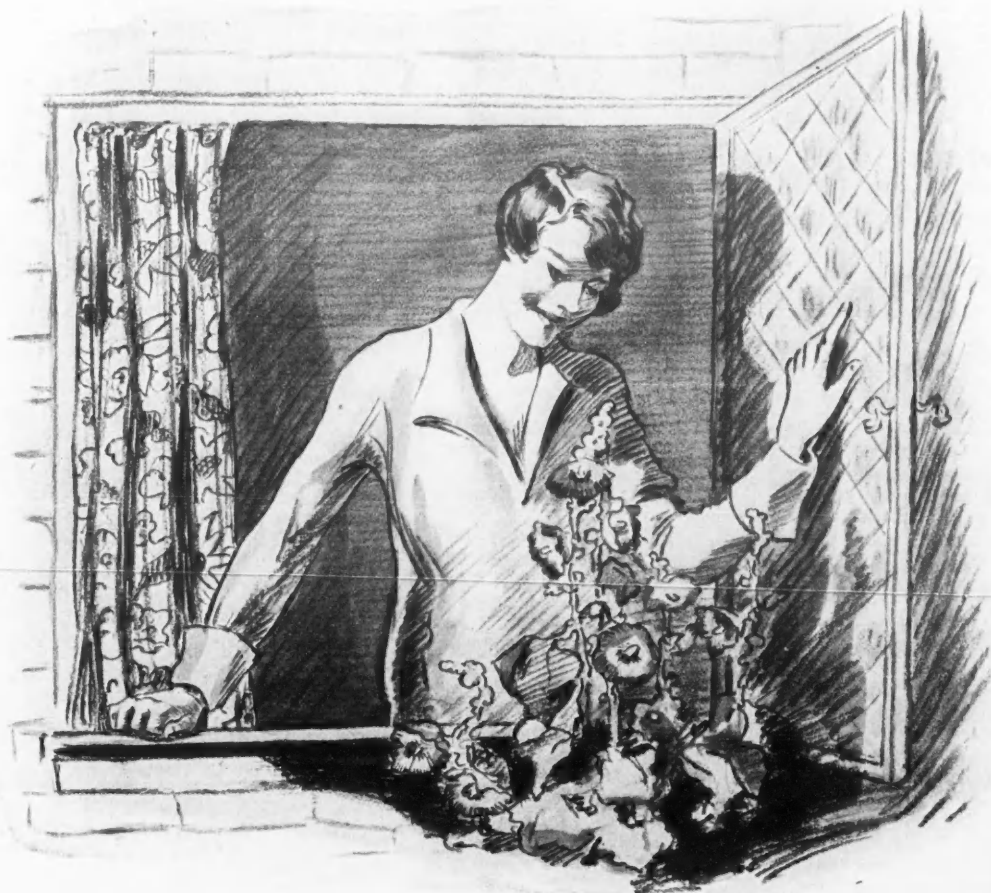


October
By Gostwick Roberts

To-day there is an autumn sound
Crisp and crunchy in the ground.
To-day there is an autumn smell,
Sharp and sweet within my dell.
To-day there is an autumn look,
Red and yellow in my nook.
From the brush comes drifting
through
Whisks of wood-smoke, bitter,
blue,
And the hoar-frosts crumpling
tread
Falls upon my bracken bed,
Turning it to copper-red.

Hers, being a crazy quilt, does not need to be quilted, but had it been an appliqué pattern, I know of a shop in Toronto which does nothing else but design and quilt coverlets. Surely there must be some craft-consciousness in an urban community which supports a business of that sort!

Meanwhile, with this issue, we are providing our readers with some actual traditional quilt patterns in exact cutting size. They will run over a period of time, and we ask every woman who even occasionally "takes up a needle" to save them. These old



Ventilate every room in the house every day. Pure air costs nothing; bad air is expensive. You will pay for it with colds, headaches and fatigue. Sleep in the fresh air, rest in the fresh air, and in the winter have a warm light coat and strong shoes for a walk each day.

Preparing for the Great Adventure

The Chatelaine's Mothercraft Department Discusses the Mother's Regimen.

By STELLA E. PINES, R.N.

SIR TRUBY KING opens his book, "The Expectant Mother," with the following:

"The normal woman is never safer, healthier, happier nor more uplifted than during pregnancy . . . Nature can always be relied on to do her part kindly and safely if the mother does hers . . . All that the past can do for the baby, all that 'heredity' can do, has been done nine months before its birth."

For no reason except illness, should the expectant mother shut herself indoors. True men and true women hold the highest esteem for the maternal state, and surely the opinion of all others does not matter! Moreover, thanks to the sensible clothing of to-day, pregnancy is not obvious.

The general health rules which the expectant mother needs to observe, are really only those which everyone should follow in order to maintain the highest standard of health. There is no great change in the normal manner of living, but the individual personal responsibility to maintain this fitness is accentuated because the expectant mother has another helpless life dependent on her actions and thoughts. To be constantly thinking of one's health is at all times prejudicial, but if good health habits are formed, this is not necessary.

Water Drinking

THE advantages of drinking an abundance of pure water are manifold. Water is the circulating medium from which the food is assimilated and distributed to all parts of the body, and is also an agent for dissolving and removing the waste products through the various organs of elimination. There is a continual and increased accumulation of waste matter which must be thrown off by the lungs, kidneys, skin and bowels, and the clogging of one channel of elimination throws more work on the other organs. We then get a defective link in the chain which acts through a low grade infection, with disastrous results.

Accordingly, the amount of pure fluid we drink each day helps determine whether the liquids circulating through

our tissues shall be pure, fresh and health-giving or impure, stale and morbid. It is just as important to supply an abundance of fresh water internally as to wash and bathe the external skin.

Bathing

COLD and cool sponging in the morning is an excellent habit. If properly done, it is always refreshing and tonic in nature. Even if a bath is not available, the whole skin surface of the body can be quickly sponged over with a cloth wrung out of a small basin of cold water, (or tepid water in the winter to take the chill off.) The whole process need not occupy more than three to five minutes, so do not say it is impossible to do because "I haven't time." There is always time for three minutes longer in bed! The application of cold water should be short and vigorous, followed by quick drying and dressing. If all is briskly carried out, there should be a glowing feeling and a pink reaction of the skin afterwards.

Women often say, "I should like to do it, but I never could take a cold bath. I'm cold for hours afterwards." If you have had the same experience, try this method. Stand with the feet in a basin of warm water, and sponge over quickly with luke warm water, grading it to cooler each day. *Be quick about it.*

A warm bath can be taken at night, which promotes sound sleep if one is very tired. *Hot baths should be avoided.*

Fresh Air

PURE air costs nothing; bad air is expensive. You will pay for it with colds, headaches and fatigue. Let the sunshine in. If indoors a great deal, get recreation outdoors. Walking is about the best recreation, gardening is pleasant and good exercise. Sleep in the fresh air, rest in the fresh air and in the winter have a warm, light coat and stout shoes for a walk each day.

IF THE bowels are correctly regulated in the early months of pregnancy—even if they have not been previously—it may save much discomfort and trouble during the later months and during the nursing period. It is surprising how many women declare they have "always had trouble with constipation," and settle to the fact of constantly taking aperients as inevitable. When the bowels have been constantly stirred up to action by purgatives, there is bound to be a reactionary inertia, then still larger doses of opening medicine are taken and a vicious circle is set up. Continuous constipation tends to cause hemorrhoids or piles, which are most painful and distressing to the expectant mother.

The tendency to sluggish bowels is apt to be increased by pressure during the later months of pregnancy, which is special reason for establishing regular habits early. Persist in natural means, such as laxative diet, water drinking, exercise and fresh air. Vitamine necessity and laxative diet include whole wheat bread, porridge (rolled oats), brown scones, oat cake, nuts, vegetables (especially green vegetables), fruits of all kinds (especially uncooked apples), foods high in fat, such as butter and cream. Take a glass of water first thing in the morning, hot or cold, whichever is preferred. Eat some fruit, preferably an apple, half an hour before breakfast. Syrup, molasses, honey, gingerbread, are also good.

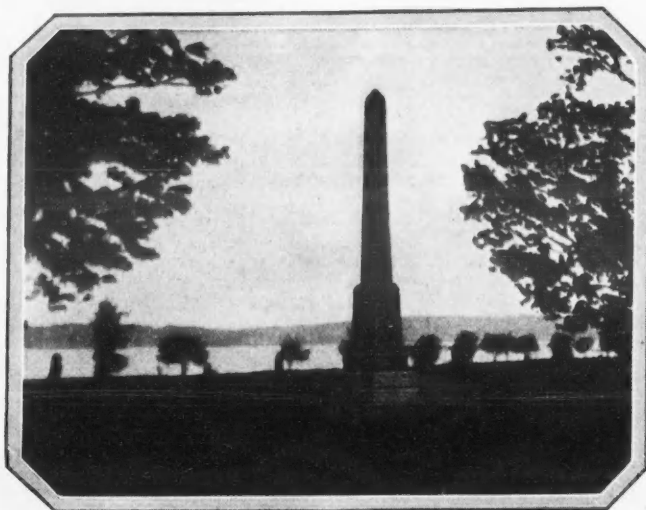
If an aperient is absolutely necessary, cascara is very good, using the least amount necessary to produce an evacuation. It is a tonic aperient and not a purgative, and consequently does not leave the harmful effects which many others do. Take ten to thirty drops three times a day in a wineglass of water. Decrease the dose each day until it is not necessary. Do not take the medicine one day and wait until it is necessary again. Decrease gradually, always continuing with health rules—fresh air, water drinking, and exercise.

Familiarity of aperients breeds contempt. Mothers do not realize their after effects. One looks for direct results and forgets that the bowels need re-education. The treatment should be direct to correct (Continued on page 56)

AS WE move westward in the Canadian scene, age gives place to youth. The ancient homes and churches of the St. Lawrence valley are replaced by the fresher, newer constructions of the Provinces founded, as it were, the day before yesterday.

Francis I. of France sent his mariners to the Grand Banks in search of codfish. Henry of Navarre despatched his explorers for furs for the fashionables of seventeenth century Europe, and they left their mark on the New France whose flag was to change, but whose language and customs were imperishable.

The Union Jack had fluttered but a little while in the breezes of the St. Lawrence, and Britain had made but small headway in opening up the conquered land, when a new British Province loomed farther west. This was to be Upper Canada, and later Ontario, and it was founded and first occupied by a few thousand United Empire Loyalists. These were men and women who had stood by Britain in the American Revolution, from 1776 onward. When the colonists had won their freedom they made it so unpleasant for their recent enemies that 30,000 Loyalists left their old homes and settled in the British Provinces at various points between the Atlantic and Lake Erie. Many of them were the flower of the land they left. What was New England's loss was Canada's gain. They brought to their new home the zeal of a lost cause, and capacity for sacrifice without which the new British Canada could not have been established.



The SETTLING of CANADA

Landmarks in Canadian History : No. 5, Ontario

By M. O. HAMMOND

Author of "Canadian Footprints" and "Confederation and its Leaders"



ON THE remote and peaceful shore of the Bay of Quinte, 25 miles west of Kingston, stands all that is left of Adolphustown. On the shore of the Bay of Quinte one will find an old cemetery where rest the bones of pioneers, and guarding the ancient grave stones, observe a simple marble shaft, marking the landing place of the United Empire Loyalists in the spring of 1784.

One hundred yards to the south the bateaux which bore the nation builders up the St. Lawrence, scraped the gravelly beach, the eager home makers leaped ashore, and the rich Ontario of a later day was born. Peter Vanalstine, a Dutchman who could barely speak English, had captained the band from their abandoned homes in New York State, and his energy and common sense were to see the newcomers over many a rough place.

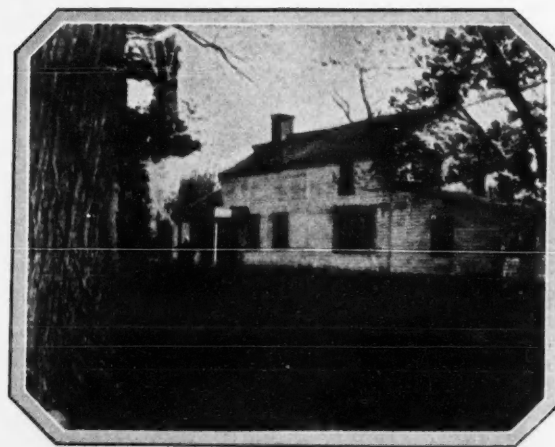
There were hard years ahead, but a generous government and the zeal and hard work of the settlers brought success. The New England Town Meeting idea was brought to Quinte shores, and later became the foundation of the municipal system of Ontario. Churches and schools, crude and inadequate, were established, and for a time the settlers of Adolphustown made their town the most cultured portion of eastern Upper Canada.

Time brought its change. Other towns grew up, the railway passed 25 miles to the North, and Adolphustown fell back, until it became a cluster of old buildings, surrounded or occupied by a new generation of farmers to whom the glories of the past were merely family traditions.



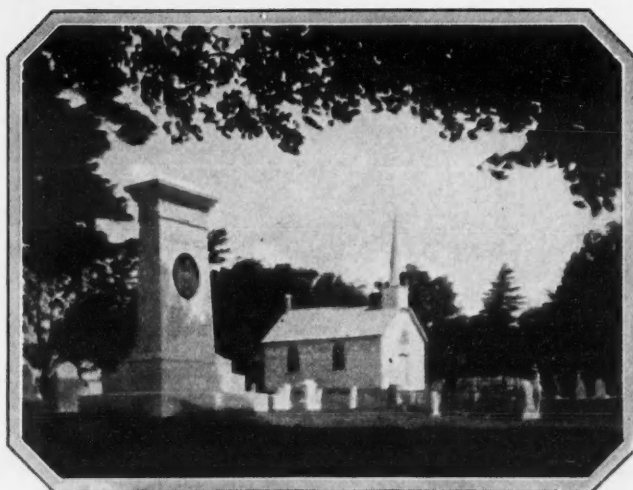
KINGSTON has many glorious links with the past, but none more interesting than a little old house on Queen Street, which was the scene of a milestone in the history of Ontario. In the early summer of 1792, Governor John Graves Simcoe came to Kingston. He had been appointed by George III to take over the government of Upper Canada, under the new Constitutional Act, by which the two Canadas had been given the right to popular government with an Assembly.

In the little house on Queen Street Simcoe met his first Executive Council, and there the new rulers deliberated for several days. In the course of their business they laid out the first 19 Counties of Upper Canada. Then they packed up and took ship to Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara River, and there called the first Parliament of the Province.



THE Bath Road is one of the old highways of Ontario, skirting the shore of Lake Ontario for over 20 miles west from Kingston. Remains of ancient houses of Loyalists days way yet be seen, browned by age, sometimes in ruin, occasionally still in occupation. The Fairfield house at Collins Bay, shown above, was completed in 1793 by William Fairfield, a Loyalist from Vermont, and its old-fashioned interior, artistic and well preserved, has seen five generations of Fairfields in Canada.

At the right, the monument to Barbara Heck, founder of Methodism in Canada, and the Old Blue Church, three miles west of Prescott, are links with the closing years of the 18th century and the age of pioneering, when roads were almost unknown, when the log house, the trail through the woods and the circuit rider were symbols of the opening of a new country.



PALATINE HILL, a few miles west from Niagara-on-the-Lake, has been for almost 150 years, the historic and fascinating home of the Servos family. Major Daniel Servos, a British soldier, built one portion of the house in 1779, thus making the building one of the oldest in Ontario. The Servos family has contained many soldiers, and the house is a veritable museum of arms, utensils and furniture of the past century and a half. Daniel Servos established a mill on the Four Mile creek, which flows past the house, and settled down to a peaceful life after years in the army. The Servos family has been a notable one in the Niagara peninsula, and many visitors have found their home a centre of hospitality and culture.

Illustrated
by
**HARRY
FISKE**



The voices had risen to a shout. Mary's blood congealed in the fear and dread of years. She dashed the tears from her eyes. They faced each other, Daniel and Stuart, shoulders defiantly set, hands clenched.

burst open. Ruth leaned breathlessly against it.

"Just in time" she laughed. "A shower . . ."

She had let Spring into the bare kitchen. The flush of her piquant face was like a fresh rose between the close gray coat and small green hat. Mary was on her feet, a flutter of inarticulate welcome.

"I—I thought you'd gone to town," she stammered.

Ruth threw off hat and coat. The wind-blown gold of her hair, the sheen of her soft green dress! So pretty she was, so girlish and gay.

"I postponed my shopping," she confided, curling into a chair. "By the way, Stuart, didn't get over to the house this afternoon," she added, with a quick flush.

"No," returned Mary. "He's out with his father. The dyke's broke again."

"Oh!" A shadow crossed the fresh young face as she glanced out over the flooding black land. It passed quickly and she went on:

"When I woke this morning the sun was out and everything was so lovely I began to see things. I just felt I had to begin on the house. So I got some paint at the store and brought old Andy out with me to do some odd jobs."

Mary watched her in shy fascination. This was their first visit alone. Ruth shifted nervously, and with a gay laugh held out a wrinkled wad of white cloth. Mary had forgotten the remnants. She reached for them hastily.

"Why, they're flour sacks, aren't they?" asked the young girl, looking at them curiously. "Mrs. Hatch says they make the best dish-cloths. Is that—do you . . .?"

Mary flushed. Her calloused hands made as if to cover the quilt. The movement caught Ruth's eyes. She leaned over the frame.

"Why, isn't it odd—quaint? Red and white cotton, isn't it?" she asked.

The direct question brought a stab of humiliation. The older woman shook her head. A quick flush had no resources of

evasion. "It's red cotton and—salt sacks," she stammered, as she nervously unpinned the finished breadths.

"Salt sacks! How fun—how clever! I'd never have thought . . . Oh, isn't it pretty!" The incredulity had warmed into genuine admiration. "Why, it's—it's like an old mosaic pattern!"

Her white fingers caressed the soft folds.

"You really like it?" pleaded Mary. "It's—it's only salt-sacks, but I—I bleached 'em good and clean. It's all lined with nice sheep's wool. I—I thought—if you didn't mind . . ." She faltered and stopped.

Mingled emotions flitted across the piquant face, melted into a pleased flush. "Mrs. Wilder, you mean—you're making it for—for us? It's lovely! I can't . . ."

Mary felt the pressure of impetuous young arms about her, the warm imprint of a kiss upon her cheek.

"Mother," Ruth was whispering, "how dear of you! It's the prettiest quilt! But you must let me help you," she pleaded, drawing up her chair. "Though you'll have to teach me. I'm such a stupid!"

Teach her! In the tremulous minutes that followed Mary lived moments of joy that she had thought were only for those fortunate women whom God had blest with daughters of their own. Her mind leaped ahead to other afternoons like this, when out of her long experience she might help, might teach. The hard years softened into the background like a shadow obscured by sunlight.

"Yes," chattered the lilting voice. "I'm having Andy paint the corners of the house a soft green. You know how the logs dovetail, sort of uneven, almost as though they were carved. That's all I'm having done outside, that and the window and door casings. The green'll be wonderful against the rough brown logs, don't you think? Even if we're there only temporarily, I want things nice. I'm going to plant ivy and red rambler roses. Mrs. Hatch calls it a gloomy old place, but with plenty of bright blossoms I'll

surprise her. I'll have lots of time. I'll get Stuart to help me."

Mary felt a chill in the warm room. A heaviness banded her eyes. Plenty of flowers—plenty of time! Sharp memories cut into the present, shadowed the sprightly young voice prophetically.

"I haven't begun on the inside. There's the loveliest old fireplace in the big room. I want a bearskin to lay before it, and a blue chesterfield. There's a china tea-set and a desk with claw legs that used to be my mother's . . ."

Mary's bewilderment sharpened to a wild protest. Why, the child had no idea of the life before her. This sudden, hasty courtship! A love-match, of course, but . . . Somebody ought to prepare her, tell her. With all her gayety she was gentle, too gentle, the trustees said. Mary could foresee the end, the outcome. She covered her eyes with her hand as though to shut out the vision. This glowing young thing subdued, protesting, despairing, shrivelled heart and soul to a bare kitchen with its endless dishes and washing and baking!

But the blue eyes were lifted in pretty appeal. "Don't you love thin white china?"

"Thin white china?" echoed Mary. "It's really the most expensive, isn't it?"

"Y-e-s, but in another year . . . Good things pay best in the end, don't they?"

"Yes," agreed Mary faintly.

"I'm going to start now getting ready for our new house. Besides, you see, I'm going to be quite independent—about things like that. I'll have my own chickens. Stuart promised to build me a separate pen this afternoon. I've bought a Jersey cow. There'll be a calf by June. What do you think the Hatches are giving me? Six wee pigs. And the Browns a pair of geese. I can almost start up farming independently. But, of course, I'm only joking," she added.

"Stuart's so fair and—wonderful!"

Courage, the courage of youth! If one could only keep it to light the long, long way. Surely just to look at her, Mary . . . A shadowed window-pane outlined her blurred image. From the years of patient endurance leaped memories that were poignant pains. She wanted to cry out to Ruth that behind this bent form with its drooping gray head stood the wraith of a slender girl-bride, dark haired, dark eyed, a bride athrill with hopes and plans for the smiling years ahead. Her marriage portion had been the envy of every girl in the country. Her father had done well by his only daughter. And Daniel, so handsome, so sure! There had not been a cloud that wedding-day so long ago.

Then incredible days of heartache, claims ignored, brushed aside. But the years had passed. The hot resentment had been transformed to a dull hope that some time there would be better days—when the dyke had been built. And now she was to live it all again with Ruth. Yes, he was wonderful, Stuart, her boy but the arrogance of his light words came back with fresh dread: "What's a woman want with things of her own anyhow? What's mine's hers, isn't it?"

Ruth's face lifted distressedly: "I'm afraid I've quilted this wrong. I'm just spoiling your lovely work."

From afar in the past, bitter-sweet, Mary came back to the problem of wobbly stitches and pricked fingers.

"I talk too much, don't I? Wonder if I'll ever be like you, calm and quiet. But I'm so happy, so happy!"

The joyous voice challenged the silence of the kitchen where the old clock had ticked. *Continued on page 57*

Ruth and Naomi

A Story of the Age-old Bond of Womanhood



By MARY SHANNON

MARY WILDER put down the blue china cup she was drying and hurried to the kitchen door. The clouds had parted and the rain-drenched land was a dazzle of sunlight; the green pasture sloping from the yard fence to the gleaming flood of Tide Creek, beyond that the glistening blackness of flatland spangled with silver pools. A sparkling, dancing April day! But Mary's faded blue eyes, lingering on the empty pasture, filled with sudden tears.

"It's days like this I'll miss Dollie," she sighed. "Seems like they might have let me keep her. Such a faithful horse . . ."

She brushed the tears away, her small head with its prettily waving gray hair lifted resolutely. She must make the best of it, not give way to fretting. Slight and brave and erect she stood, the neat black dress and white apron emphasizing the eager pallor of her face. Her eyes sharpened anxiously as she watched the gnarled driftwood tossing jerkily along the creek. High tides and heavy spring rains had turned the shallow summer ford into a swirling turbulence of fighting currents. Would the dyke on the far side of the creek hold the water from the flatland this time?

"See anything, Mother?"

She started. She had not heard Stuart come around the corner of the house.

"No," she smiled. "Isn't it a lovely day?"

Stuart made no answer. He was looking toward a hill rising to the north of the flathead where the roof of a house made a brown patch among green firs. A dreaminess, a sort of exaltation, softened his strong handsome face. He shifted the tool-box he carried. A thrill of mother-pride stirred Mary, a thrill that carried her far into the past. Incredible that her baby, her man-child, softly curved and rosy, stood before her in this man of steel-like strength! Why, he was to be married in a few weeks to Ruth Page, the young school-teacher.

Mary glanced at the tool-box. "Going to fix the separate pens for Ruth's chickens?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, I guess so," returned Stuart, his glance averted.

"My, the water's coming up on the flats! Seems to me—that dyke . . ."

The fixed intensity of his gaze seemed to pass, a hardening force, through his stalwart frame. He strode through the open bars and across the pasture. From behind a clump of willows his father's huge form swung to meet him. A sudden rigidity ran through Mary. The years she had dreaded the time when these two, so alike and yet so unlike, should stand pitted in clash of wills! A hundred times in dreams, she had flung herself between them.

They faced each other now, powerful men, broad-shouldered, Stuart more erect, the ring of dark hair under his hat deepening the iron gray of Daniel's. She listened. She had formed the habit of listening and watching. Gestures, loud words lost in the distance, the water, the dyke! That much she knew. They rarely spoke of anything else these days. Never for long since coming to British Columbia, had Daniel's mind been at ease about the dyke. Year after year he had fought the water, Tide Creek. He had just deeded the flatland to Stuart, along with the old house on the hill. Could it be something about that?

With a final gesture Daniel strode toward the creek. Stuart stood a moment looking after him, then turned back to the house. Mary went into the kitchen. Her hands trembled as she dried the few odd bits of china and placed them on the top shelf of the cupboard. Usually she lingered over this part of the Saturday work, making of it a sort of ceremony, a ritual to beauty, when her busy life expanded into dreams. There was so little in the shining, shabby old house to dream over.

She saw Stuart go around the corner of the house, heard the impact of a tool-box on a shelf. He cut across the kitchen to get a drink.

Mary closed the cupboard door and turned with sudden resolution. "You'll fix the pens for Ruth, won't you, Stuart?"

"No time now. That cursed dyke's broke again! Can't you see?" he demanded, irritably.

A strangling dread weighed upon Mary. She looked through the window. The pools near the creek had widened, and thin streaks of silver were creeping, creeping like coiling

snakes out over the black land. And they had been so sure the dyke would hold this time!

"Will it ever be all right?" burst from Mary.

For a moment she saw her own skepticism, the weary skepticism of years, reflected in her son's face. Then a hardening of the jaw, a squaring of the shoulders, and the spirit of Daniel seemed to dominate the bare kitchen.

"All right! It's got to be all right! Us with a whole section of flatland!" He brushed past her toward the door.

A desperation nerved the mother. "Stuart, there's nothing you can do now about the dyke. I wish you'd fix the pens and things for Ruth. It—oh, it means so much to a girl just at first—when she's first married," she pleaded.

"Well, I'll attend to it soon's I get time," he replied, his tone softening.

"But you promised you'd do it to-day," persisted Mary.

"Ruth'll understand. She'll wait," returned Stuart confidently. "Her fancy chickens can run with the rest for a while. What's she want with things of her own anyhow? What's mine is hers, isn't it?"

"I know, Stuart, but let her have things the way she wants 'em," pleaded Mary. "It's bad enough that she's got to live in that old house. It's going to be awful lonesome for her. I wish you could've built her a nice little bungalow—somewhere near . . ."

"She'll have a new house soon's ever I can manage it," returned Stuart with decision, as he hurried out.

Mary tidied the table where she had been working. A trembling warmth pulsed through her. This was more than Stuart had said to her for a long time. Perhaps she had been to blame. He had been such a loving, confiding child. But even when he was a baby she had hushed his prattlings before his father. The habit of silence had grown with the years.

A ripple of wonder warmed into pride. In a few weeks he would marry Ruth Page, the pretty young teacher at Hillside. The pain of losing him had softened before the charm and friendliness of the young girl. She had been at Hillside but a short time, only since Christmas. With a vague dread Mary looked across the flats toward the old house on the hill. What was Stuart thinking of to take his bride there? They already had a section of good land, most of it under cultivation. If he could only build on it!

She sighed, resting against the wall for a worn, weary moment. Always the threat of the flooding flatland hemmed them in. Daniel had been so sure all winter that the dyke would stand against the spring freshets. He had put every cent into it last fall, reinforcing, rebuilding. She looked out at the stretches of black land sinking slowly into the widening pools. Sometimes she had a horrible feeling that it was drawing them all into its glistening, teeming softness. But Daniel would never give up until he had drained the land for crops. Oh, he must have been insane the day he traded their old farm for this land, a section on each side of Tide Creek. Men had told him that he would never dyke the flats. He had argued loudly that it could be done, it would be done. The weary years since! And now the land was Stuart's, and the nightmare of dyking it.

She lifted her head with a valiant gesture, as though in defiance of some vague, invisible dread. With a glance at the clock, she drew a quilting-frame from a corner of the



kitchen and placed it near the window, overlooking the flats. She usually sat there. The creek was company. But she would miss Dollie to-day.

She sat down and threaded her needle. It would be a pretty quilt, an Irish chain pattern in red and white. Who would know that the white squares were made of salt sacks, white as the snow upon which they had bleached last winter? There were some odd pieces left. She looked through them appraisingly and laid them on a chair. She could use them in a quilt of a smaller pattern.

Her needle slipped in and out of the woolly folds. The ticking of the clock marked the silence, seemed urging her to work, work! A whole afternoon ought to finish the quilt. But presently her glance strayed through the window to the empty pasture. The image of Dollie obtruded, Dollie fine and strong and beautiful, with her shining coat of gray and her flaunt of silvery mane. It seemed more like a year than a week that she had been gone. On quiet afternoons like this, Mary would go to the yard fence with an apple or a bit of sugar. How the eager hoofs would come flying to meet her! Almost human, she seemed, as though she understood the bond between them.

Mary had plead to keep her. "Getting old—never'll bring so much again!" Daniel had retorted. Inwardly Mary was crying: "But she's mine, she's mine, my very own—the last thing my father gave me!" Her courage had failed, the words had stuck in her throat. She had hidden in the attic the day a stranger led the gray mare away.

A tear splashed down upon the quilt. Mary brushed it away hastily. No, no, she mustn't think of Dollie. She put the thought from her like the resolute suppression of pain. She patted the damp spot carefully, and took up her needle. She must work carefully. Something very special, this quilt!

A slanting shower brushed the window, spattered it with glistening drops. A rush of steps on the porch and the door



A coat of brown Cassagrande fabric, trimmed with Russian fox, illustrating the new cushion collar. The sash effect is an innovation. John Northway & Son, Ltd., Toronto.

A rich-looking combination is well displayed in this graceful coat of Uranian cloth trimmed with fitch sable. J. & G. Garment Manufacturing Company, Toronto.

A smart and essentially serviceable model is this semi-sports coat of fawn llama fleece, with collar of Moroccan dyed wolf. Miller Manufacturing Company, Toronto.

LOOKING TOWARD WINTER AND ITS SNOWS
With Coats Lavishly Trimmed

BRIDE'S PROGRESS



Peggy Learns the Art of Making Pies and Hot Puddings

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES

By RUTH DAVISON REID

WILL you please tell me, Ann, why *no one* will give me a recipe for pastry? I've asked any number of old housekeepers how they make their delicious pies and they say 'Take some flour and lard with a bit of butter, a dash of salt and a little cold water.' Now what kind of recipe is *that*? If you ask how much lard they will tell you 'Oh, until it feels right when I blend it with my fingers'—and salt—'just a pinch'—and water—'enough to hold the mixture together.' How could anyone make pies like 'Mother used to make' with *those* directions?" Peggy finished in a disgusted tone.

"No need to be so indignant, my dear. I know there are many cooks who have had long experience who make wonderful pastry that way, but here is a recipe for beginners—and if you follow the directions I can guarantee the results. Well, perhaps guarantee is too strong a word, for some cooks roll pastry with such a heavy touch that they destroy that tender flakiness that is so necessary, no matter how perfect the recipe and directions are.

"The amounts needed to make two crusts are 1½ cupfuls pastry flour, ½ cupful fat, ½ teaspoonful salt and as little ice cold water as will hold the mixture together; like the old housekeepers, I can't give you a definite measurement for that, but the less water the better. For plain pastry one may use lard, butter, butter substitute or any pure vegetable fat. Some use beef dripping. The flour and salt are sifted together and one half the fat cut into the mixture in rather large pieces. It is best not to use the hands in mixing as this introduces too much heat, but either knives or a fork may be used to work in the fat, which, of course, has been measured by putting water in the cup, then filling with fat as I described in a previous lesson."

"Why do you leave the fat in pieces—and how large are they?"

"If the fat is cut in too fine it will make a powdery crust rather than a flaky one. Pieces the size of a pea will give alternate layers of fat and flour which will give a tender crust more like puff paste. Next the cold water is added very gradually, stirring it into the dry portions until the crust can be gathered up in a ball, but remember that an excess of water makes a stiff, tough dough. On a lightly floured board it is rolled in a thin sheet and the remainder of the fat spread in small pieces on one half of the sheet; it is folded, the edges pressed down to enclose the air and lightly rolled out. It is best to roll from the centre to the edges but not *over* them, to squeeze out the air. The pastry is folded and rolled a second time to one-eighth inch thickness and cut to the desired shape. After chilling, bake near the bottom of a very hot oven, (450 deg. to 500 deg. Fah. If it is a shell or a hot oven, 425 deg. Fah.) for fruit pies. Once the pastry begins to color, the heat may be lowered.

"The points to remember in this method are that all the ingredients must be cold, and if possible the work should be done in a cool room. Chilling the dough before rolling and before baking is a great help. Then when it is put in the very hot oven, the enclosed air suddenly expands making the pastry flaky. Remember, too, that pastry flour is necessary, as little ice cold water as possible, and a light deft touch in rolling, enclosing the air. If the dough is sufficiently chilled and very little water has been used you will need only a light sprinkling of flour on the board.

"In baking shells, the crust is placed on the bottom of the pie tin, pressed to the edge and trimmed. It is then pricked with a fork to prevent blisters when baking. When done it will be free from the tin and a golden brown color.

"There are various fillings to be put in a baked shell. Lemon is one of the favorites.

Lemon Filling

1½ tablespoonfuls cornstarch	3 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful boiling water	½ cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful butter	2 egg yolks
Grated rind of 1 lemon	4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Blend the flour, cornstarch and sugar, add the boiling water and stir and cook in the double boiler until all taste of raw starch is gone, not merely until thick. Gradually

add this to the beaten yolks, return to the double boiler and cook until the egg thickens. Remove from the heat and add the butter, juice and rind. When slightly cool, pour on a cooked crust.

Top with a meringue made of two stiffly beaten egg whites and four tablespoonfuls of sugar, browned in a *slow* oven (275 deg. Fah.). If the whites are beaten until stiff enough to stand up in points and remain in the bowl when it is turned upside down, the sugar added gradually, and the cooking done in a slow oven, there will be no trouble

Lemon, chocolate, butterscotch and cream pies are cooked with meringue.

Shells or individual tarts and meringue topped dainties are pastry variations.

with the meringue falling.

"Butterscotch Pie is for those people who have a 'sweet tooth.'

1 cupful brown sugar	2 tablespoonfuls flour
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch	1 cupful milk
2 egg yolks	¼ teaspoonful salt
	1 teaspoonful vanilla
	2 tablespoonfuls butter

Combine as for lemon pie. Add butter and vanilla after it comes from the fire. Top with meringue.

"Chocolate Pie is another filling to be put in a baked shell.

2½ tablespoonfuls cornstarch or 5 tablespoonfuls flour	½ cupful sugar
2 egg yolks	1½ cupful milk
	¾ ounce chocolate (grated)
	¼ teaspoonful vanilla

Blend as for lemon pie but allow longer cooking to develop the flavor of the chocolate before adding the egg yolk. At least 30 minutes in the double boiler is necessary. Stir frequently.

(Continued on page 37)

Hot puddings may be baked or steamed, and varied with fresh, canned or dried fruits.

Loveliness...

Renowned throughout all England

... VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S Sublime Anglo-Saxon Beauty

I KNEW she was one of the six most beautiful women in England! But when I met the Viscountess Curzon at tea in the blue-and-beige drawing-room of her London house, she cast a spell upon me.

A soft fire threw its gleam on silver tea-things; a low lamp cast turquoise shadows upon a deep couch. From the latter, where she lay curled up, with her Peke—Mr. Guppy—beside her, there rose to greet me the most bewilderingly lovely creature I had ever beheld.

As we chatted, the firelight playing on the rose-leaf contours of her cheeks, dancing in the blue pools of her eyes, warming the pale gold of her close-cropped hair, I thought to myself, "Her tall, blonde Anglo-Saxon beauty, the proud, delicate moulding of her face, would have turned Queen Guinevere green with envy!"

A silvery English voice broke my reverie.

"What are you staring at?"—naturalness is one of Lady Curzon's most captivating traits.

"You! Rude, I know,—but you must be used to it! I was lost in your beauty!"

"Rubbish! A sensible American isn't going to break into verse over a creature old enough

making us English women take all the more care of our complexions."

She snatched the word "How" gaily from me. "It's quite simple, my way," she said. "I just use a pure fine cleansing cream. Made by Pond's. And every now and then I tone up my skin with Pond's Freshener. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—they're ever so soft—remove and absorb the cleansing cream thoroughly."

Your skin, too, should know this way to loveliness that Lady Curzon finds so effective. Always at night and after daytime exposure, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. The new Tissues, soft, ample, fine, wipe away all cream and dirt.



When Lady Curzon presented her daughter at Court this year she was as dazzlingly young as the débutante who curtsied by her side



Photographs by Hugh Cecil

to have presented her daughter at court this year!"

"You haven't... she wasn't... You, with your twenty-year-old complexion..." I was incoherent in my disbelief.

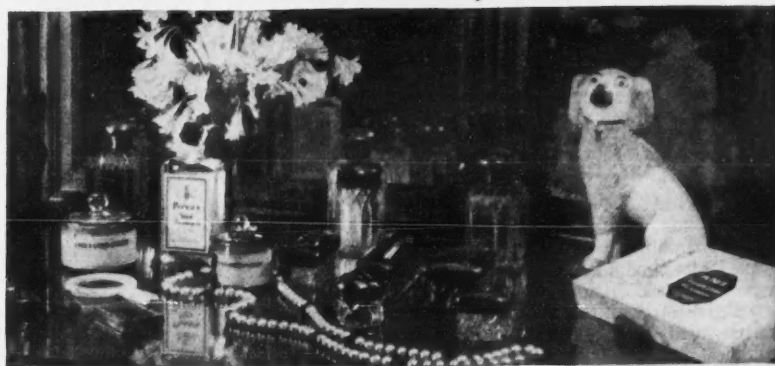
"I have... She was... It only stays twenty because I take marvelous care of it"—and the upward cadence of rippling laughter crinkled that cameo-clear face into a beguilingly crooked smile.

Instantly she became serious. "English life is favorable to good color and a smooth, fresh skin, you know. But this very fact has the effect of



The beautiful VISCOUNTESS CURZON married her cousin, a prominent M. P., uniting two branches of a distinguished English house. Lady Curzon, who is destined to become one day the Countess of Howe, is a fascinating, witty and sparkling figure in the most brilliant gatherings of English society. Acutely sensitive to beauty, passionately fond of poetry and music, she is a leading patroness of London's important musical events. Above, as she appeared representing England at the Empire Ball given at the Albert Hall

Delightful old Chelsea dogs guard Lady Curzon's dressing-table. And amidst her sparkling gold-topped toilet articles ornamented with the Curzon crest, stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the tonic Skin Freshener—guardians of the faultless complexion of one of England's six most beautiful women



Then, refreshed and cleansed, your skin responds to the tonic touch of Pond's Skin Freshener. Firmed, toned, invigorated, your face glows with new radiance!

For the daytime cleansing Pond's Vanishing Cream is the last delightful step in this ceremonial to Beauty—a delicate film that keeps your powder smooth and fresh for hours on end!

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—For a generous trial package of Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

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*A Shagmoor top coat of checked tweed in brown tones, lined with duveteen to match and trimmed with beaver collar and cuffs.
From H. Levy & Son, Montreal*

Of a new fabric, Lydia cloth, the French cashmere, and a new shade, Mexican beige, this coat is lined to match and trimmed with Canadian fox.

Rose beige in French cashmere, and lined to match its fur which is American Morocco wolf, this coat takes the new Paquin design in its collar and cuffs.

RICH TOUCHES OF FUR ARE OUTSTANDING
On Canada's Winter Coats



MISS ROSALINE DUNN

"At last I have found the perfect manicure," says Rosaline Dunn, who for fifteen years has been manicurist to New York's smartest social set.

Glazo has IT

by Rosaline Dunn

I HAVE made manicuring my life work. I have devoted fifteen years to the study of the nails and their care.

The smartest women in New York's social group have adopted me as their personal manicurist. Naturally, I am jealous of this reputation. And to aid me in my work I use only the finest accessories money can buy.

Until recently, my one despair has been polishes. I think I can truthfully say I have experimented with every one that has come to my attention. I have even vainly tried to produce the perfect polish that I had looked to others for, so many years.

When Paris ushered in the sensible vogue of liquid polishes, I breathed a sigh of relief. Here, at least, was a vast improvement over the old method—a way to keep the nails of my clients polished for days without continual buffing. But even the most expensive imported polishes failed me.

I began to believe I was looking for the impossible, that I had an ideal too high ever to be realized—when I discovered this really marvelous Glazo Manicure.

Perfection At Last!

Imagine my delight when I found the lovely

Glazo package—two phials containing the solution of my problem. At last I had found the perfect polish for the nails . . . Glazo has IT.

In 3 brief steps . . . this marvelous Glazo method bestows on hands the enchanting loveliness I have sought for 15 years.

By MISS ROSALINE DUNN



Lovely, Eloquent Hands . . . in 3 Brief Steps

1. Work Glazo Cuticle Oil into the skin that borders the nail. It nourishes the cuticle and keeps it soft and clean. It fashions the cuticle curve of beauty.
2. Cleanse the nail surface with Glazo Remover to prepare for the polish.
3. Apply Glazo Liquid Polish. Ever so quickly it gives to nails a lovely lustre that lasts a week.

What a wonderful manicure it is! Every quality that I have sought, it has in abundance. It is lasting. Its tint is that of beautiful, healthy nails. And from one appointment to the next, it holds its soft patina, its perfect lustre. When you adorn your hands with the beauty and utter sophistication . . . the gift of Glazo . . . you will be as enthusiastic as I am.

Then there is Glazo Cuticle Oil to frame the nails in exquisite pink cuticle ovals which are the perfect setting for dainty, white half-moons. For those who prefer a cream to an oil, Glazo Cuticle Cream is a marvelously healing preparation.

Accept Miss Dunn's Generous Offer

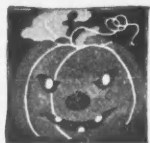
I would like to show you how I keep the nails of my patrons forever smart and correctly manicured. Just the merest word of interest will bring you the precious little lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to hide telltale traces of work and keep hands young. Also, step by step, it explains the very latest methods of manicuring the hands.

Of course you can obtain Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price, including the Remover, 50c. Canadian Distributor: John A. Huston Company, 468 King Street, W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



A HALLOWE'EN SUPPER

Quaint old-time games and customs offer a new way to raise money for church or club



By EDYTHE ANN PALMER

HALLOWE'EN is the one night of the year when we all leave our dignity at home and enter wholeheartedly into the games we used to play. Ducking for apples, playing spook, telling fortunes, and the countless other games we all love and associate with Hallowe'en are not too childish at this season. Hallowe'en is just the time of year then to give a successful party. If the church or club treasury is badly in need of replenishing and you are puzzled as to just how you are going to do it, a Hallowe'en supper combined with a real, old-time Hallowe'en party may be a cleverly arranged money-making affair and one too, that will be exceptionally enjoyable as well as profitable.

The time and place having been decided upon, committees should be chosen to take care of the numerous details such as the refreshments, the tickets, advertising, the program, and the decorations. Two weeks before Hallowe'en, announce the affair by attractive orange and black posters displayed on all the billboards, then follow this up with the sale of the tickets. Selling the tickets beforehand insures the success of the venture, and their price is fixed by the sort of meal and entertainment you intend to provide. The tickets might, by the way, be symbolic of Hallowe'en, like the decorations. Have them made of orange cardboard with black printing and stickers of Jack-o'-lanterns, black cats, owls or witches.

After the committees have been chosen and the ticket-selling is under way, plans for the decorating of the hall must be decided upon. The setting of a Hallowe'en party is essentially an outdoor one. A profusion of Autumn leaves and golden-rod, evergreens, and tall cornstalks with ripe ears of corn make a lovely woodsy atmosphere at little expense. With candles used exclusively for lights, and grinning Jack-o'-lanterns in each window and at the entrance, the guests will surely feel that the spirit of Hallowe'en is abroad.

You will probably plan on accommodating at least a hundred people, so it will be necessary to make plans for the efficient seating and feeding of so large a number. Seven tables, each accommodating fifteen or sixteen guests, can be arranged attractively in a room, by placing a table diagonally across each corner of the room and three in the form of a triangle in the middle of the room. This is but a suggestion, of course, and perhaps unsuitable to certain types of halls. White tablecloths may be borrowed or orange crêpe paper used—the latter being more effective. On each table a lovely centerpiece of Autumn fruits surrounded by red maple and oak leaves is flanked on each side by tall black candles with hollowed-out oranges for candlesticks. Small pumpkins, lined with waxed paper and filled with nuts and candies add an attractive touch to the table, and black cats, witches, owls and bats cut out of black paper lend

more Hallowe'en enchantment. These decorations will take time to make, of course, but when the plans for the party are made and the committees chosen, it is really more pleasure than work, when all co-operate to make the party a success.

Hallowe'en refreshments are less elaborate but more hearty than those for other seasons. They should be substantial, highly seasoned and colorful, to be in character with the occasion. Whether or not all the cooking is done in the club or church kitchen will depend upon the equipment, but I think that in most communities the church or school kitchens are adequate. To my mind, the most efficient and satisfactory way is to charge enough for the tickets so that it will not be necessary to ask for donations of food. Then the provisions may be bought by the refreshment committee after they have decided upon the menu and with the help of perhaps one or two professional cooks, a uniformly good meal can be served. Several attractive young ladies could act as waitresses, wearing orange crêpe paper slip-over aprons. These are just simple

affairs that slip over the head and tie in place with narrow black ribbons sewed, both front and back, at each side of the waistline.

The menus and recipes which are given at the end of this article are delicious as well as appropriate, and it is possible to make a nice profit on them.

The Entertainment

There is no need of taxing your ingenuity for something new and original in entertainment for the Hallowe'en party, for no one ever tires of the old-time Hallowe'en games and stunts. Make the games full of fun with a few eerie and spooky tricks as surprises and everyone will vote the party a huge success. The entertainment committee can make all the preparations so that the games will be run off smoothly.

A FORTUNE-TELLER is always a popular feature, so by all means provide a dimly-lit, mysterious booth where some amateur seeress can charm those who are curious to know their fate. Drape the walls in sombre black and in each of the corners have stacks of corn. Before a fire glowing under a tripod from which hangs a kettle, sits the fortune-teller, dressed in a long black cape and a high peaked hat. A small admission fee should be charged for the fortune readings. An electric stove admirably simulates the fire.

For the men and boys, guessing games are an attraction. The game of "How Many" is great fun. Get a peck of potatoes, a jar full of beans, a pound of peanuts, a bunch of grapes, and a quart of chestnuts, and having first counted the contents accurately, display them attractively in separate glass jars and announce that there will be a prize for the one who comes nearest to guessing the contents of each.

There is usually someone in the community who can do "Black Magic." If you can enlist his services, real spice is added to the occasion. Here are a few tricks, which, if rehearsed, will be very effective.

1. Fill a glass with water, place it on the table and cover it with a hat. Say that you will drink the water from the glass without touching the hat or lifting it from the glass. When the audience is ready, stoop beneath the table, then lift your head and say that you have drunk the water and that the trick has been accomplished. Some doubting Thomas will immediately lift the hat to

(Continued on page 51)



Hallowe'en offers the most interesting assortment of decorative material of any of the "party" seasons. Decorated crêpe papers furnish endless possibilities for original treatment of windows, tables and walls.

The GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

Do women appreciate practical suggestions when the thought of the moment is *STYLE*? It has been argued that value is always secondary to the feminine purchaser. Let us see.

Let us prove to our own satisfaction the faith we have in the practical buying sense women invariably exercise. This novel foundation garment, for all its appealing charm, sells at a popular price largely because of the substantial economies of Gossard's tremendous production. Will you insist upon paying more—yes, possibly double the price when this model will ideally serve your needs?

a new Gossard hook-around

Serving every need of the average figure, this clever hook-around will instantly appeal to the woman who insists upon freedom of movement with no sacrifice of her stylish silhouette. An attractive combination of satin brocade and machine woven elastic. Elastic top of fancy two-inch web—a very practical feature. Over each hip are panels of brocade between the elastic sections. The back and side panels are boned; also a boned lining section over the abdomen to assure greater restraint. A five-inch elastic gore at center front.

Indeed, the woman who adopts this Gossard creation is assured a satisfaction seldom experienced in the purchase of so intimate and important a selection as a foundation garment. The color is pink, trimmed with pink flowers. Your corsetiere offers a range of sizes from 26 to 36.

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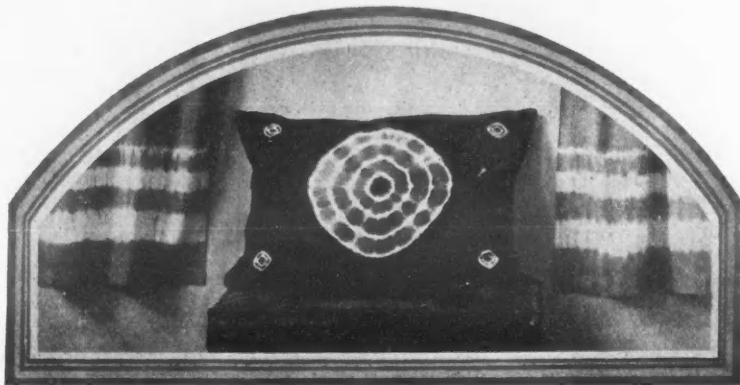
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A set of Canton flannel curtains tie-dyed in contrasting stripes, give the effect of velour, while a humble flour-sack produces this brilliant sunburst cushion.



This white fugi kimono had two dye baths—the first of orange, the second of blue. The net result was a design of white, orange and blue on a sage green background.

MAGIC IN THE DYE POT

Gorgeous effects can be produced by anyone who loves beautiful colors

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

NOTHING short of magical is the way in which even an amateur can create beautiful patterns in the dye-pot—some misty and ethereal, some sharply outlined and others quaintly irregular. Tie-dyeing is by no means a passing fad, but a craft that has endured for centuries. It originated with the natives of South America and the Orient who produced elaborate designs by tying cloth over stones, pieces of wood, sticks, seeds or even kernels of rice before dyeing. Just as beautiful in effect and much easier to accomplish is the modern version of this ancient craft with its bold, attractive patterns.

Tie-dyeing is particularly suitable for curtains, cushions, bedspreads, runners, screens, lamp-shades, hand-bags, kimonos, handkerchiefs and fancy-dress costumes. Moreover, it can be done anywhere—even in the most remote corner of the country—provided a good household dye, some material and a ball of string are available.

From among the several dyes on the market, it is easy to select one that will give satisfaction. Some manufacturers make one dye for cotton and linen and another for silk and wool. Others produce dyes capable of coloring all fibres. Soap dyes sold in cakes are excellent, but soap flakes and powders for tinting are unsuitable because they are not "fast". A "boiling" dye is the only thing worth using for tied-and-dyed work. The main thing is to buy a reliable brand and to follow the manufacturer's directions implicitly.

Before commencing to dye, it is necessary to know something about combining colors. Red, yellow and blue are the three primary colors from which every shade imaginable can be evolved. It is really much more interesting to do this oneself than to purchase ready-made dyes on the market. The secondary colors result when any two primaries are mixed together. For example, red and yellow make orange, blue and yellow make green, and blue and red make purple. These can also be combined in such a way as to produce a wide range of beautiful colors. It is well worth while studying a color chart, if one can be obtained, as it shows graphically how to create numbers of shades.

A variety of fabrics can be tie-dyed, but a beginner should experiment on a piece of silk that is not too large. Often the scrap-bag contains odds and ends of crêpe-de-chine or china silk which would make pretty handkerchiefs. Later something larger might be attempted. Beautiful scarves can be made from chiffon, georgette, silk crêpes or soft satins. Fugi is much better for kimonos than pongee which sometimes goes to pieces after dyeing. Artificial silk dyes well, but is very "tender" when wet and thus requires careful handling. Gorgeous effects can be secured with quite ordinary cottons. Canton flannel, for instance, looks rather like velour or suède cloth when the nap is brushed up after dyeing. This

material was used for the curtains in the illustration and the result was delightful. The cushion cover with the "sunburst" in the centre was once a humble flour sack. Factory cotton makes beautiful hangings and the best grades of cheesecloth are nice for curtains. Sateen does not lose its lovely sheen in the dye-bath and so is an excellent material to use. Scrim, voile, cotton crêpes and Indianhead are other fabrics that can be successfully tie-dyed. Linen is also suitable but, owing to the nature of the fibre, the tones produced are not as brilliant as those on cottons.

PRACTICALLY every fabric requires thorough washing before tying, because even the most supple materials have a small amount of "finish" or "sizing" which must be removed so that the dye can penetrate the fibres properly. Factory cotton when boiled for half an hour or longer with neutral soap flakes becomes soft, and pliable, and all other cottons are greatly improved by such treatment. Silks need washing without rubbing in a suds made of neutral soap. Materials should be thoroughly rinsed to remove all traces of soap, but if hung carefully they do not need to be ironed before the design is tied. The towel bar in the bathroom is a good thing on which to dry the wet goods.

Much of the success of tied-and-dyed work lies in planning the design systematically. This can be done on paper or directly on the material itself, using pins as guides. The type of fabric employed influences the design, large bold motifs being suitable for heavy goods and smaller patterns for thin materials. Then, of course, the size and shape of the article have a bearing upon the design. One that is artistically arranged is never overloaded with motifs. In tying bands for curtains or a sunburst, the windings should be planned so that the bands of colors and the spaces in between are of various widths. This prevents monotony. To make a sunburst, find the exact centre of the article and at that point place a button, marble or the head of a clothes pin. Tie the cloth underneath, remembering that the natural color will remain under the windings. The centre of the motif will be colored and circular in shape. Leave a space, either narrower or wider, before tying again and make the next band of a suitable depth. Continue winding until enough is covered to produce a beautiful pattern. Experience will teach you how far to carry the tying.

The most satisfactory thing for tying is the soft white string used by grocers. It pays to buy this by the ball as large designs require a good many yards. Stronger cord is better for very heavy materials or a large article like a counterpane. How the tying is done depends upon the nature of the cloth. Fine, loosely woven fabrics such as voiles, chiffon and thin silks, absorb dye

Continued on page 62



PIE PLATE LUNCHEONS

By THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE



THE versatility of the pie plate is what I wish to speak of just now. Just for pies the pie-plate need simply no longer be considered. Whole luncheons may be prepared, and served, in and from these pie plates.

Here are a number of simple recipes. To them your own choice will doubtless add other suggestions for an extensive list of dishes you can prepare "in the twinkling of an eye."

Bacon With Peas

Around the sloping edge of the glass or earthenware plate arrange thin slices of bacon, overlapping as necessary to allow two or three slices per person to be served. Put the plate into preheated oven and cook gently. Meanwhile, finely mince a medium sized onion and sauté it in a tablespoonful of butter until transparent. Drain a can of peas almost dry and invert over the onion. Slip on a close fitting lid and leave the peas to thoroughly heat through. When the bacon is cooked the peas should be ready. If the bacon is very fat some of the liquid may now need removing. There will be no necessity to "turn" the bacon and both sides will have browned. Invert the pan containing the peas and tip them in a close pile amidst the neatly arranged bacon. As the peas have not been disturbed, the pile should be prettily topped with the minced onion. Served with brown bread, or new biscuits this is "a dainty dish to set before a king."

Another Bacon Dish

If I have to have bacon and eggs cooked in a frying pan, and have the job of lifting the eggs out on to the service dish, and the job of cleaning the frying pan afterwards. I don't want bacon and eggs. However, if I can cook bacon and eggs for you, my way, I don't mind either the cooking, the serving or the washing up. This is my method. Just as in the foregoing recipe, arrange the bacon neatly around the edge of the pie plate. Only very fat bacon will require any of the liquid spooned out of the plate. If there are three persons who all want two eggs each, your plate may be rather full, but I can manage four, and with care, five eggs in the centre of a ring of bacon. Invariably, for this dish, break all your eggs into a large cup or small basin and when ready for them to be cooked, pour the entire contents at once into the centre of the plate into the sizzling hot bacon fat. The eggs will arrange themselves far better than you could with even long practice. They will also show decided borders for the server to follow, when separating them. Also, notice, there is no frying pan or platter to clean afterwards; nothing but one pie plate.

Pie Plate Omelette

This needs no turning. Isn't that a boon to you, who are awkward at managing the

omelette? Allow two tablespoonfuls of butter or vegetable fat and let it be sizzling hot before you pour in the egg mixture made of three well-beaten eggs, to which three tablespoonfuls of water or milk have been added, plus any seasoning you care for. Cook rather quickly. The omelette will puff delightfully, but be quite sure that it has set before withdrawing it from the oven to tops with your filling, be it peas, creamed mushrooms, minced ham or any other favorite.

Spinach Bed With Carrot Moulds

This is a "left over" dish which is especially attractive. Butter a pie plate and spread evenly over it a thick layer of well-drained, highly seasoned chopped spinach. Dotting it freely with tiny pieces of butter. Fill tiny separate cake moulds (greased) with mashed carrot pleasantly seasoned, allowing one per person. When ready to heat the spinach, invert the cake moulds (but do not remove) on to the bed of spinach. Heat gently until everything is heated through. Remove the moulds just before serving. This dish is especially nice with coddled eggs which will cook nicely whilst the vegetables are heating. Serve with tomato sauce.

Asparagus Tips With Eggs

Butter your pie plate and arrange asparagus tips evenly. Save the liquid from the tin or jar for soup or sauce. While the asparagus heats, poach or steam in moulds eggs sufficient for two per person to be served. Prepare a stack of toast and have this close to the person who is to serve. Slip the eggs from the moulds on to the asparagus, and have the person serving arrange the eggs and asparagus on the toast on each plate. Serve either Hollandaise or cream sauce.

Ham With Apples

This dish takes longer for cooking than any of the previous do, but is well worth the time spent. A one-inch thick slice of ham, just the size of the centre of your pie plate, will serve four persons. Put a piece of butter almost the size of an egg in your plate (unless the ham is very fat) and when very hot put the ham in. When browned on one side, turn and allow a similar length of time for the second side's browning. Meantime core, but do not peel, four medium-sized apples. Cut in half-inch slices or rings, and when the ham is browned on both sides arrange the apple-rings on top. Sprinkle generously with brown sugar and add a few small pieces of butter. If cared for dust lightly with cinnamon, or add a pinch of powdered cloves. Cover the whole with a second pie plate and cook until the apples are transparent. Pineapple may be substituted for the apple.



Thousands are grateful for its salty tang

Sparkling teeth —a fresh, sweet mouth

"Teeth whiter,
gums healthier"

Writes Mrs. W. J. Rabb
of Harrison, Ont.

Gentlemen:

I have used Pebeco tooth paste for over two years now and would certainly not want to change off to any other. It has done wonders for my teeth, made them whiter, gums healthier, and firmer, and breath sweeter.

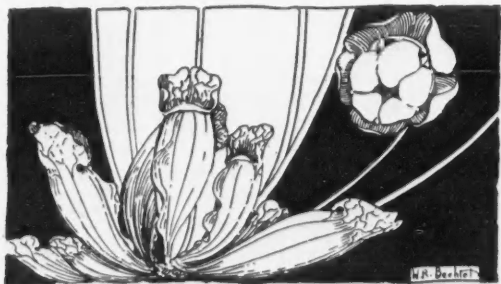
Pebeco is an essential if you are to take proper care of your teeth. It tends to prevent tooth decay, and leaves a delightfully clean, refreshed feeling in the mouth.

(Signed) Mrs. W. J. Rabb



Keeps
the mouth
young . .

Constant use of Pebeco keeps
teeth sound and white—
gums hard and healthy



**The Favorite
among Creams**



**Boncilla
Cleansing
Cream**

**Oh how it brings
out the dust and
grime**

YOUR TOWEL will show that even when you think your face is quite clean; Boncilla Cleansing Cream will search the pores and remove secretions of dust and perspiration even when used directly after vigorous washing in hot water. You will also find the cream leaves a pleasant after-glow—softens and invigorates the skin. So soft in texture—so fragrant and charming in color (pink rose). Every woman will just love this cream.



**Cleanses
Softens
Invigorates
Restores and
Freshens
every
Complexion**

Make a definite agreement with yourself, right now, that you will never retire without first having taken a few minutes to see that every tiny pore is cleansed of the powder and rouge you have used that day, cleansed of the dust and dirt and other invisible things of which even the clearest air is filled. You cannot imagine what havoc these impurities will create if they are allowed to remain and irritate the sensitive skin underneath, all night.

SOLD AT ALL DRUG AND TOILET COUNTERS. A LARGE JAR FOR 75c.

A generous trial size will be sent you in return for 10c. to cover cost of packing and mailing. Write to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Limited, 77 Peter Street, Toronto, 2, using coupon below.

COUPON

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Limited,
77 Peter Street, Toronto
I enclose 10c. for which please send me generous trial size jar of the new Boncilla Cleansing Cream.

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C.-Oct.

After all, a belief in magic is a good thing to retain in this work-a-day world of ours. For while it brings to light a good many charlatans who fall on the credulity of fellow mortals, it has also attracted the attention of the scientist.



The Promise of Beauty Discoveries in Beauty for Fall

By MAB

WE ARE all believers in magic, no matter what our age may be. In our inner consciousness we have the conviction that sometime, somehow, we shall be able to hitch our wagons to such stars as adventure, romance, beauty, health and happiness and ride with them above the clouds. I have yet to meet anyone who didn't have a sneaking belief in the wonderful happenings predicted for them by the astrologer, the palmist, the crystal-gazer or others who essay to peer into the future.

After all, a belief in magic is a good thing to retain in this workaday world of ours. For while it brings to light a good many charlatans who fatten on the credulity of their fellow mortals, it has also caught the attention of the scientist who, in these latter days, is really producing what would seem to be the equivalent of fairy magic.

In the realm of beauty, the scientist is accomplishing truly magical things. With a desire to make wishes come true, he has turned his attention to the matter of bodily rejuvenation and beautification, and is constantly making new discoveries which may mean that one of these days we may be able to have beauty "not for just an hour, not for just a day, but always." There is on the market at the present time a proprietary remedial agent for the skin which has been favorably commented upon by a well-known medical journal. This preparation is a revival of that ancient conception of the alchemists of old, that diseased organs can be cured by the suitable use of substances derived from animal organs. Science and the medical profession have found that in youth new cells of the skin are constantly forming to replace old ones, but as time goes on, this renewing force slows down, and we sag and wrinkle and stiffen. This new preparation undertakes to renew skin growth—to set in motion again the natural functions. I am told that doctors who have used it in cases of disfigurement of the skin due to accident, have found it most happy in its results. To those who are opposed to face-lifting operations, this discovery promises to accomplish similar effects without pain. I am hoping to be able to

tell you more about this skin rejuvenator in a later issue after I have personally recorded the effects of it. It has only recently been introduced into this country, and although it is rather expensive, the price will be considered really trifling if it accomplishes the results promised.

Fashion in beauty changes just as it does in dress. To-day, beauty demands that a woman be slender, graceful and exceedingly well groomed. This is the age of revelation. We have no billowy skirts, false hair or veils to hide our defects, and eternal youth is the cry of the hour. For the most part, beauty is not obtained or retained without a good deal of personal effort. We must augment the work of the scientist on our behalf by going to school to beauty and learning what we must do to have health and grace. Some strength of character and patience are necessary to follow out the exacting régime that is laid down—regular exercise, careful diet, attention to the skin, the hair, the eyes, the hands, the feet. But after a bit you will be stimulated by this effort to assist nature, and you will find that you are tricking the years, and preventing the distress signals coming into the face and figure.

EVERY reputable cosmetic preparation which is on the market to-day is made of ingredients that must measure up to the highest standards of purity and efficacy. Just recently I have come across some cosmetics that are particularly good, and that are made in Canada by a woman who is producing them under the guidance of a doctor. One of her preparations that is attracting a good deal of favorable attention is a face powder that is a positive boon to those suffering from hay fever or asthma, as in addition to being made of ingredients that are the very best to be procured, it contains nothing irritating to the nose or throat and can be dusted on the face and neck *sans peur et sans reproche*. She has put up a most attractive box of creams and lotions known as the "week-end set" which is about as large as a pound box of candies, but contains much more valuable wares

within it, as I can personally testify. There is a jar of night cream, another of day cream, a bottle of skin lotion, a box of powder, a tiny pot of rouge cream, a small bottle of drops to rest and brighten the eyes. Carefully tied in the top of the box is a package of tissue for removing cream, which is a very thoughtful addition, and one that will be gratefully appreciated by hostesses whose towels all too often bear testimony to the application of various unguents, colored and otherwise. I do not think that I have ever seen a more dainty or attractive box, and the supply, unless one was exceedingly prodigal in its use, would last for very much longer than a week-end. I have fallen in love with the creams and the lotion, which would seem to be the last word in efficacy and daintiness. The cost of the set is \$3.75, which seems very little for so much. I am planning to purchase some of the sets as Christmas presents for my friends.

SOME of the new perfumes are indescribably fragrant. I was sniffing a few of them the other day in a shop noted for its fine perfumes, and I came across one that was particularly enchanting. I passed the bottle along to a friend who was with me. "Why," she said, "that smells like an old-fashioned garden." There is nothing that can awaken memory like perfume—"the nose knows!"

There are periods in perfumes. I can remember seeing my grandmother dressing for a party in a heavy black silk dress very full at the back, and after every single curl and lace was adjusted, she would take out of a special box a fine linen handkerchief and sprinkle on it a few pungent drops of perfume from a large bottle encased with wicker on her high-shouldered bureau. This handkerchief was then stowed away in a pocket hidden in the folds of her skirt at the back. I remember that I didn't particularly like this perfume, although I realized that it was a sort of sacred and very rare essence. Each year this bottle was renewed, and I was under the impression

(Continued on page 38)

"Built by McLagan"



Modern Suite
No. 5862
Genuine Walnut
Redwood Overlays.

THERE is a personality and interest about furniture which draws its inspiration from certain characteristics of the modes of the earlier centuries rather than from a strict interpretation of some "period."

This McLagan built dining suite visualizes the very essence of this idea—the artistic solidity which characterized some of the Earlier English and Italian periods is strikingly evident—the clever employment of beautifully figured walnut and redwood overlays eliminates the necessity of excessive decoration, so freely used in the earlier periods, and permits of conservative ornamentation which lends attractiveness to general appearance.

And back of it all is that touch of distinction, constructional precision and thoroughness which has distinguished McLagan-built furniture for over forty years.

Furniture such as this is never out of style—never outlives its beauty and utility—is always an object for admiration, and evidences the character and refinement of its possessors.

A McLagan Dealer near you will be pleased to show you this, and other attractive suites from the comprehensive McLagan line.



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Coupon for
a copy of
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The McLAGAN FURNITURE CO., LTD.,
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Please send me copy of your furniture
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THE McLAGAN FURNITURE CO. LIMITED, STRATFORD, CANADA



Wives of the younger set often hold a wrong view of feminine hygiene

THE young married woman enters a world of new interests, new friends and new confidences. She finds a helpfulness, a community of spirit, concerning the most delicate matters. Hygiene matters which bear heavily upon the health and happiness of every woman.

Unfortunately much of this confidential information is inaccurate. Many a woman suffers through *wrong or misleading information* because some friend does not have the simple womanly frankness to tell her the truth as it is known today.

Risks can be banished thanks to Zonite

Feminine hygiene is a recognized regimen of health, endorsed by physicians and nurses. The thing that has caused many women to avoid it is the *danger* in using poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid preparations.

But today there is a product which banishes all risks. Its name is *Zonite*. This remarkable antiseptic can not injure delicate membranes. It causes no area of scar-tissue. It carries no danger of accidental poisoning. Yet *Zonite* is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the body.

Free booklet gives the facts

Send for the booklet on feminine hygiene. It gives the facts in a refined, modern, scientific way. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in soothing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION (301)
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

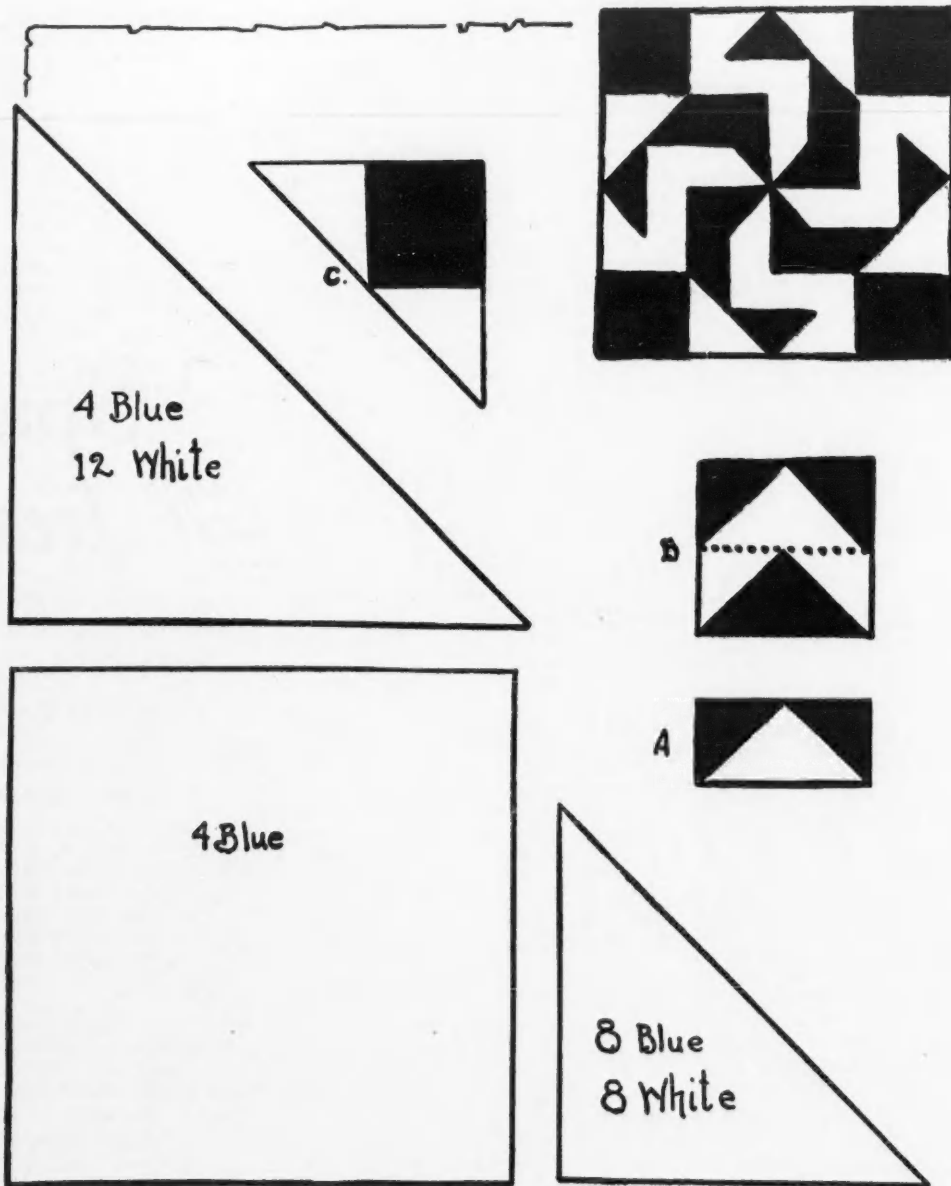
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The Chatelaine's Patchwork

Beginning a Series of Traditional Quilt Patterns
in Actual Size



CRAZY ANNE

We begin our quilting series with a well-known old design, "Crazy Anne." It is sometimes called the "Pinwheel" pattern, and the likeness to its namesake is clearly recognized. It is one of the most striking of the purely conventional quilting designs.

THIS is one of the old-fashioned quilt block designs which we are offering in exact pattern size. The number of blocks in each color is written on the triangles and squares. Cardboard patterns are cut exactly from these units, a pencil-line drawn around the cloth, then each cut a seam larger. Sew to the pencil-line as these units are correct size to finish into 12-inch blocks.

Two pieces, oblongs A of dark and light triangles, fit together to form B. Four squares B sew together as shown in the complete pattern to which four triangles C are added to complete the block. This makes a cunning patch-work pillow made with a box or cord edge of print calico and muslin or of silk scraps. Any color scheme may of course be used in a quilt, and the four squares might be of contrasting hues.

Blocks may be set together in "sash-work" with strips about three inches wide finished, the width of the corner squares. Or Crazy Ann is especially good looking set together on a checker-board diagonal, as it makes a good half block. Borders in white with a second one in colors may add considerably to both the beauty and size of a finished quilt.



The charming Chinese pattern above is the "Siam." It's Gold Seal Rug No. 589

Take advantage of the latest price reductions . . .

Here indeed is an opportunity for every thrifty housewife to do over several rooms this fall and bring new charm to the home with beautiful Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs.

The new prices present an opportunity you cannot afford to miss...they are absolutely the lowest prices ever in effect in Canada....

At any price, Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs are by far the best investment you can make in house-furnishings, now....you can buy a 9 x 6 feet,

room sized rug for only \$6.35 (other sizes in proportion).

New Pattern Effects

Let the nearest housefurnishing dealer show you the many beautiful new pattern effects in Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs....you will be amazed at the number of charming colour schemes they suggest.

The coupon will bring a booklet showing all patterns in full colour.



WARNING

Unless you can positively tell the difference between genuine Congoleum and inferior imitations... be sure you see the Gold Seal on the surface before purchasing—all genuine Congoleum bears this Gold Seal as a guarantee of satisfaction...

CONGOLEUM

GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED
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Congoleum Canada Limited,
1270 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your latest pattern booklet entitled "Charming Colour Schemes That Cost So Little".

Name

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Bran Bread

*an appetizing food that helps
you to good health*

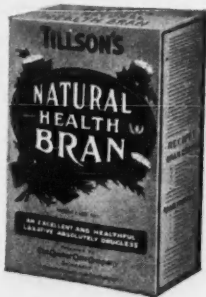
MANY foods lack "roughage". Doctors everywhere prescribe bran to supply it.

Bran bread, and all other bran baking, are best when made of Tillson's *natural* Bran. It is the cleaned outer coating of soft winter wheat, not cooked or mixed with any other part of the grain. It is exactly the roughage your system needs. Its bulk ensures thorough mastication and stimulates digestion. It sweeps the intestines clear of waste and dangerous poisons—regularly, *naturally*, completely.

Be sure your family is getting its quota of roughage. Bran contains the vital vitamin "B". Give them Tillson's *natural* Bran in wholesome bran bread. Bake it plain or with dried fruits. Or, serve delicious bran muffins, gems or cookies. They're easy and quick to bake and all the family love them. Many people sprinkle Tillson's *natural* Bran over other cereals and fruits.

Serve Tillson's *natural* Bran in some form at least once a day. Eat of it generously. Your grocer has it in the big, sealed, dustproof package.

Simple recipes for bran baking are found in every package. Try them.



Tillson's *natural* Bran

Not cooked — Not treated

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, PETERBOROUGH AND SASKATOON



THE FAMILY PURSE

A Little Extra on the Side

By MABEL CREWS RINGLAND

WHAT can I do to make a little extra money?" asks many an ambitious girl or woman. "I haven't any special talent and I can't seem to find any community need that isn't being provided for already."

In making an inventory of one's talents, it may be difficult to arrive at any individual ability that seems saleable, but a careful analysis of the situation is bound to disclose some specific need for which one has perhaps, an unsuspected aptitude. One of these, which is not confined to any locality and which creates a pretty constant demand, has to do with the care of children.

Anyone with a genuine love for children and some leisure need not seek far for employment that will net both profit and enjoyment, for where is the city, town or village that has enough capable folk to relieve mothers occasionally of the responsibility and care of their little ones? In these days of maidless homes, many a mother would welcome the opportunity of sending her youngsters of school age to some neighbor's home for a nourishing hot lunch, which would give her a clear day for shopping or visiting until four o'clock. Regular schedules might be arranged for certain days each week so that the demand would be constant. This presents an exceptional opportunity for anyone living near a school. The profit would, of course, depend on the number served and whether or not the produce was home-grown.

Taking full charge of youngsters while their parents are away on a vacation, when mother enjoys a much-needed rest, or has the chance to accompany father on an extensive business trip, should prove a profitable undertaking anywhere. One woman suddenly left a widow, with two daughters and a large country place, discovered her life-work by accident when a friend asked her to keep her two toddlers during her absence of a couple of weeks. Both girls and mother enjoyed the youngsters so much that they gladly accepted two more who desired to come, and so the work grew.

"Now we have the house full of children all summer and there are always some all the year round," explains one of the girls. "We have turned our yard into a playground, with swings, see-saws and a sand pile, and the attic into a nursery. The children never lack for occupation and only need a little oversight. We call our place 'Holiday Home,' for it is a place where tired mothers can leave their children and enjoy a real holiday. We are three busy, happy women, enjoying the knowledge that we have found our work and can earn a good living."

Anyone with an aptitude for keeping children contented and happy, yet not wishing to undertake the responsibility for their entire care, might start a play school on a small scale, for the benefit of mothers of pre-school children. In view of its unlimited possibilities for community service as well as personal profit, this is a surprisingly untouched field. It might prove practical even for a mother with a young family of her own who is more or less tied herself, or two or more women might attempt it co-operatively. The initial outlay need not be large, for when the little tots are kept for only the three hours of morning play, eating and sleeping equipment is not necessary, as in a nursery school where they spend most of the day. A good-sized enclosed yard or garden, an indoor playroom free from adult furnishings and plenty of suitable play materials are essentials, together with some knowledge of children and the best methods of handling them. Anyone interested in such a project would do well to read Mrs. Johnson's article on constructive toys in the May issue of *The Chatelaine* and a later one to appear in November, on outdoor play equipment. Both of these give valuable suggestions for the most effective type of play materials for young children.

Such a scheme has the dual advantage of giving the young folk the needed companionship of those of similar age and interests, while the mothers have a little freedom for their work and other obligations. While one would not advocate habitual placing of youngsters in such a place, it is undoubtedly true that every mother of small fry is better for having some time to herself away from her brood and that the benefit is mutual. No man would care to have his business with him twenty-four hours in the day and no woman can stand it indefinitely without showing the strain. The separation is good for both mother and child.

A YOUNG woman with a car at her disposal and a delight in making children happy, can make a little pin-money by taking picnic or snow-shoeing parties of youngsters on Saturday afternoons, at so much per child, or by escorting small groups of kiddies to the movies.

Managing children's parties is another profitable type of work that keeps one woman I know as busy as she wants to be. Her duties consist in planning both the entertainment and refreshments and in keeping the youthful guests happily occupied with games and other amusements. Her charge is ten dollars per party. Some

Continued on page 47

Bride's Progress

Continued from page 22

"Serve with meringue or whipped cream. "Cream Pie may be served plain, or with the addition of cocoanut to the filling.

2½ tablespoonfuls ¼ cupful sugar
cornstarch 1½ cupful milk
2 egg yolks ¼ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla

"Make as for lemon pie. Top with meringue or whipped cream. Add ½ cupful cocoanut to make cocoanut cream pie.

"This filling poured over fresh strawberries or bananas and topped with whipped cream is delicious.

"Then there are pies made with two crusts, and the filling baked in them. This includes apple pie and mince pie and fresh fruit pies. A pie plate is lined with a crust, the desired filling added and a strip of pastry put on the moistened edge of this lower crust. The top crust is firmly pressed to the edges of the plate and several slashes cut in it to allow the steam to escape. It is baked until the fruit is soft, the oven about 450 deg. Fah. at the beginning, and then reduced after ten minutes.

"In making Apple Pie the fruit is cored, pared and sliced. About 1 to 1½ tablespoonfuls of sugar are added for each apple, and a few drops of lemon juice, cinnamon or nutmeg and a little butter spread on the top.

"Juicy fruit pies such as raspberry or blueberry are difficult because in cooking there is so much juice formed. 1 tablespoonful of flour or minute tapioca if blended with the sugar will help to thicken them. Some cooks place a cloth an inch wide around the edge to keep the juice from overflowing. Since the fruit is apt to soak the lower crust, these pies are often made in a deep dish with only an upper crust—and then it is a good plan to put a china pie funnel in the centre of the dish to allow the steam to escape.

"One of my favorite methods of serving fruit pies is to make triangles of flaky paste, bake them on a flat baking sheet and then put one for each serving on cooked rhubarb, strawberries or any cooked fruit in season. The combination of this kind of rhubarb pie and custard sauce is usually very popular.

Raisin Pie

2 cupfuls seeded 1½ cupfuls boiling
raisins water
2 tablespoonfuls ½ cupful sugar
cornstarch 3 tablespoonfuls
¼ teaspoonful salt lemon juice
1 tablespoonful butter

"Cook the raisins in boiling water, add the blended sugar and cornstarch and cook until thick. Add butter, salt and lemon juice, and bake in a double crust pie. Bake in a hot oven but at a lower temperature than for pastry shells (about 450 deg. Fah.). Reduce the temperature after the first ten minutes.

"To make this pie especially nice add ¾ cupful chopped nuts.

THERE are a number of hot puddings that lend themselves admirably to cold weather menus. Naturally when the thermometer hovers around eighty we want light desserts of fruit or gelatine custards or frozen dainties, but with the arrival of cooler days we can enjoy steamed fruit and molasses puddings, or light cottage puddings.

"Sometimes you'll want to have a dinner of cold meat, Peggy, perhaps the day after you have had a roast. That's a good time to include a hot dessert. Or after chicken has been served you may use heavier desserts; your own good judgment wouldn't allow you to combine roast pork with steamed suet pudding.

"Here is a recipe for cottage pudding which may be steamed or baked, combined with fresh, dried, or canned fruit, and served with a rich pudding sauce, whipped cream or the juice from the canned fruit. Now that's variety isn't it—all from one recipe?

Cottage Pudding

¼ cupful butter ½ cupful sugar
1 egg ½ cupful milk
1¼ cupfuls flour 3 teaspoonfuls baking
½ teaspoonful salt powder
¼ teaspoonful vanilla

"Use strictly level measurements and pastry flour measured after sifting once and piled lightly in the cup. The same applies to all these recipes.

Variations

"Add 1 cupful canned fruit (well drained) or fresh fruit such as peaches, raspberries, apples or blueberries; or dates, figs or raisins well washed and finely cut. Prunes or dried apricots need previous cooking before being added to the mixture. The fruit is added last, after being mixed with a small amount of the flour. If preferred, fresh fruit may be put in the bottom of the mould, then the batter poured over it. These puddings are delicious if baked in muffin tins containing a small amount of rich jam, and served with whipped cream.

"The method of mixing is the same as for a butter cake. The butter is creamed until very light, and the sugar added in small amounts, then the well beaten egg. The flour, salt and baking powder are sifted and added alternately, with the milk and the vanilla added last. This is poured into large or individual buttered moulds and baked in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fah.) for 35 to 40 minutes. Naturally the individual amounts need less time, about 25 minutes. When sufficiently cooked they will draw away from the side of the pan."

"Didn't you say this could be steamed instead of baked?" Peggy enquired.

"Yes, you may cook it either way. The baked pudding will be like a light plain cake; the steamed pudding will be more moist and even lighter. In individual moulds it should be steamed 45 minutes to 1 hour, in large moulds 1½ hours, and longer if it contains fruit."

"Is there any special equipment needed for steaming puddings?"

"No, nothing out of the ordinary," Ann answered. "Practically every kitchen includes a steamer. As for moulds, you may use special pudding moulds which have tight fitting covers, or any ordinary bowl or individual mould tightly covered with buttered paper. They should be well buttered so the pudding may be easily removed, and not filled too full, so that there will be plenty of room for the batter to rise. I often use small baking powder tins or coffee cans since they have covers, or my usual aluminum moulds with the buttered paper fastened on by an elastic band. Avoid lifting the lid of the steamer during cooking as the pudding will be cooled when the steam escapes, and see that there is plenty of water in the bottom of the steamer so it will not boil dry during the long cooking.

"Of course these puddings are served hot as soon as they are unmoulded. Hot plates should be used.

"Here are two delicious puddings, Peggy, 'light as a feather' and simple, too. The recipes were given me first by a very skilful housekeeper and I have found them excellent; she is allowing me to pass them on to you and other brides.

"The first one, a chocolate steamed pudding is much like a cottage pudding with cocoa and cinnamon added.

A Free 19-Cup Trial of
SALADA Orange Pekoe

LET us introduce you to a new delight in tea drinking that you never dreamed possible. Women from all over Canada are writing to us asking to try this wonderful new blend, Salada Orange Pekoe.

All you have to do is to write your name and address on this advertisement and send it to the Salada Tea Company of Canada Limited, 461 King St. W., Toronto. We will immediately mail to you a 19-cup trial package of Salada Orange Pekoe Blend for you to test at our expense. We will also send you the folders, "Orange Pekoe, What this much-used term means to the Tea Drinker," and "The Art of Correct Tea Making."

Salada Orange Pekoe sells in all parts of Canada for 85c. per lb.



**"SALADA"
TEA**

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that makes
the cook
famous



Velvety cream soups full of flavor, breads of extra-fine texture, smooth, rich creamed dishes—all made with Borden's St. Charles Milk.



**Borden's
ST. CHARLES**

A tall can of St. Charles (with an equal part of water) gives you four cups of pure, rich milk.



MILK (UNSWEETENED)

THE BORDEN CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

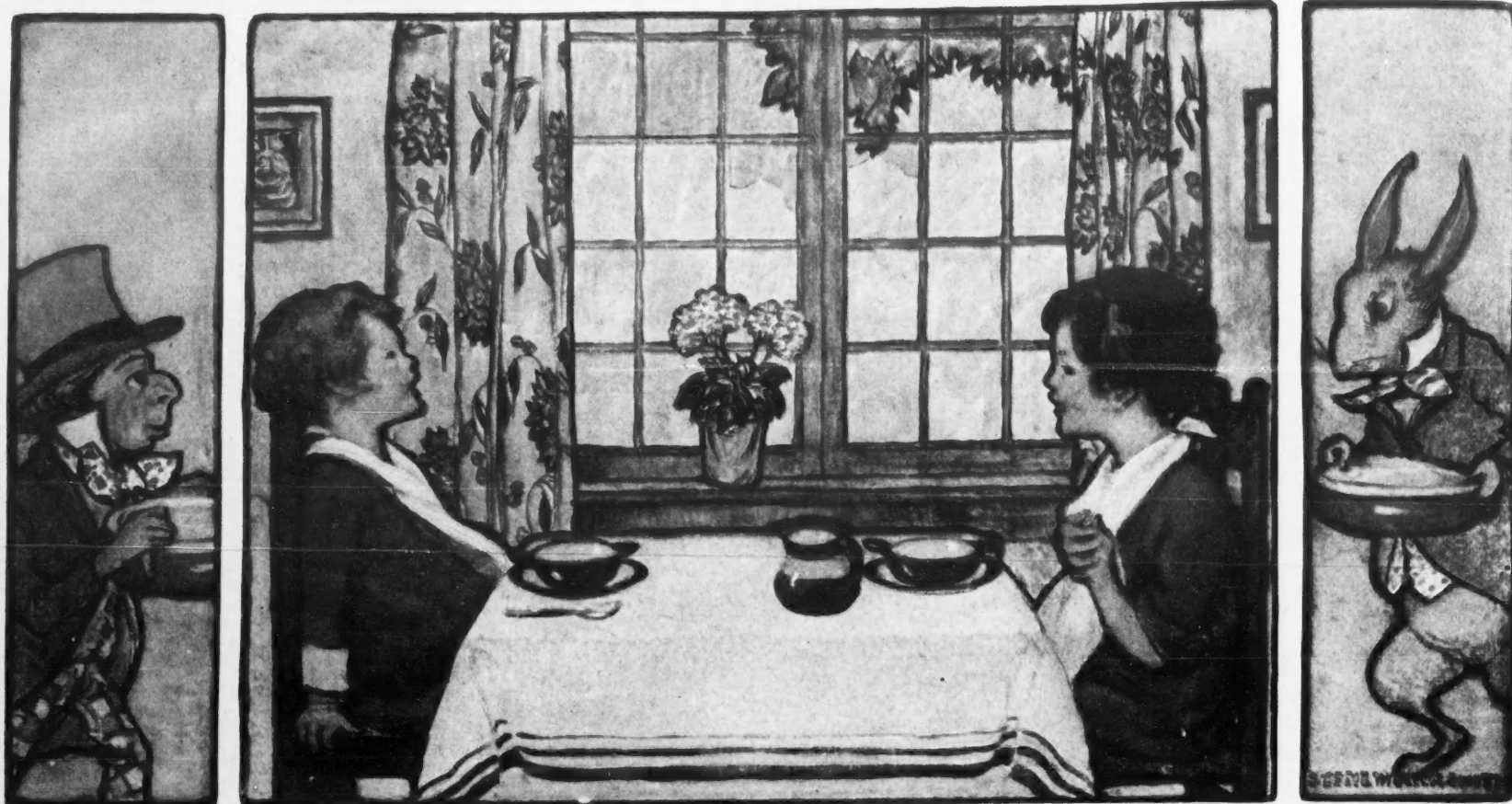
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**FREE
RECIPE
BOOK**

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send me
this book

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SUPPERS

for the Youngest Generation

with an Alice-in-Wonderland Appeal to the Childish Fancy

IF the March Hare had said: "Have some more Puffed Wheat," Alice would never have hesitated an instant, for all children adore these fairy grains. They think they're confections; you know they're wholesome energy foods.

Every mother knows what this means. Cereals are necessary to child growth. They must be supplied. The problem has been to find grain foods that enticed the childish appetite.

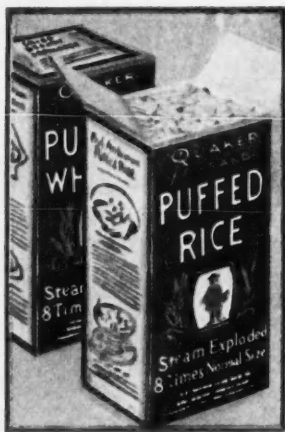
These do. And thus meet, in an important way, the modern idea in diet which is to *tempt* the appetite, not to *force* it. For foods that achieve this are easiest to digest.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. They taste like toasted nut-

meats. They crunch in the mouth like fresh toast. They have an alluring flavor that no other cereal offers. You eat them because you like them, not because they are good for you.

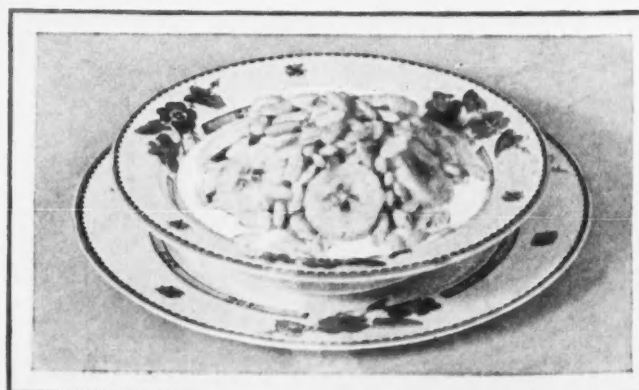
Each grain is steam-exploded to 8 times its natural size. Then toasted. Every food cell thus is broken to make digestion easy for quick assimilation. The Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat*, steam-puffed, with over 20% of bran.

You serve with rich milk, cream or half-and-half. And have essential grain elements and vitamins in good proportion. Serve as the ideal supper dish. Give to the children as tidbits between meals. Serve, as an especial treat, with cooked or fresh fruit . . . delicious beyond words.



(Left) Serve with a half peach — add sugar and milk or cream.

(Right) Children can't resist Puffed Rice with sliced bananas and rich milk.



THE QUAKER OATS CO.

Bride's Progress

Continued from page 22

"Serve with meringue or whipped cream.
"Cream Pie may be served plain, or with the addition of cocoanut to the filling.

2½ tablespoonfuls ¼ cupful sugar
cornstarch 1½ cupful milk
2 egg yolks ¼ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla

"Make as for lemon pie. Top with meringue or whipped cream. Add ½ cupful cocoanut to make cocoanut cream pie.

"This filling poured over fresh strawberries or bananas and topped with whipped cream is delicious.

"Then there are pies made with two crusts, and the filling baked in them. This includes apple pie and mince pie and fresh fruit pies. A pie plate is lined with a crust, the desired filling added and a strip of pastry put on the moistened edge of this lower crust. The top crust is firmly pressed to the edges of the plate and several slashes cut in it to allow the steam to escape. It is baked until the fruit is soft, the oven about 450 deg. Fah. at the beginning, and then reduced after ten minutes.

"In making Apple Pie the fruit is cored, pared and sliced. About 1 to 1½ tablespoonfuls of sugar are added for each apple, and a few drops of lemon juice, cinnamon or nutmeg and a little butter spread on the top.

"Juicy fruit pies such as raspberry or blueberry are difficult because in cooking there is so much juice formed. 1 tablespoonful of flour or minute tapioca if blended with the sugar will help to thicken them. Some cooks place a cloth an inch wide around the edge to keep the juice from overflowing. Since the fruit is apt to soak the lower crust, these pies are often made in a deep dish with only an upper crust—and then it is a good plan to put a china pie funnel in the centre of the dish to allow the steam to escape.

"One of my favorite methods of serving fruit pies is to make triangles of flaky paste, bake them on a flat baking sheet and then put one for each serving on cooked rhubarb, strawberries or any cooked fruit in season. The combination of this kind of rhubarb pie and custard sauce is usually very popular.

Raisin Pie

2 cupfuls seeded 1½ cupfuls boiling
raisins water
2 tablespoonfuls ½ cupful sugar
cornstarch 3 tablespoonfuls
¼ teaspoonful salt lemon juice
1 tablespoonful butter

"Cook the raisins in boiling water, add the blended sugar and cornstarch and cook until thick. Add butter, salt and lemon juice, and bake in a double crust pie. Bake in a hot oven but at a lower temperature than for pastry shells (about 450 deg. Fah.). Reduce the temperature after the first ten minutes.

"To make this pie especially nice add ¾ cupful chopped nuts.

THERE are a number of hot puddings that lend themselves admirably to cold weather menus. Naturally when the thermometer hovers around eighty we want light desserts of fruit or gelatine custards or frozen dainties, but with the arrival of cooler days we can enjoy steamed fruit and molasses puddings, or light cottage puddings.

"Sometimes you'll want to have a dinner of cold meat, Peggy, perhaps the day after you have had a roast. That's a good time to include a hot dessert. Or after chicken has been served you may use heavier desserts; your own good judgment wouldn't allow you to combine roast pork with steamed suet pudding.

"Here is a recipe for cottage pudding which may be steamed or baked, combined with fresh, dried, or canned fruit, and served with a rich pudding sauce, whipped cream or the juice from the canned fruit. Now that's variety isn't it—all from one recipe?

Cottage Pudding

¼ cupful butter ½ cupful sugar
1 egg ½ cupful milk
1¾ cupfuls flour 3 teaspoonfuls baking
½ teaspoonful salt powder
¼ teaspoonful vanilla

"Use strictly level measurements and pastry flour measured after sifting once and piled lightly in the cup. The same applies to all these recipes.

Variations

"Add 1 cupful canned fruit (well drained) or fresh fruit such as peaches, raspberries, apples or blueberries; or dates, figs or raisins well washed and finely cut. Prunes or dried apricots need previous cooking before being added to the mixture. The fruit is added last, after being mixed with a small amount of the flour. If preferred, fresh fruit may be put in the bottom of the mould, then the batter poured over it. These puddings are delicious if baked in muffin tins containing a small amount of rich jam, and served with whipped cream.

"The method of mixing is the same as for a butter cake. The butter is creamed until very light, and the sugar added in small amounts, then the well beaten egg. The flour, salt and baking powder are sifted and added alternately, with the milk and the vanilla added last. This is poured into large or individual buttered moulds and baked in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fah.) for 35 to 40 minutes. Naturally the individual amounts need less time, about 25 minutes. When sufficiently cooked they will draw away from the side of the pan."

"Didn't you say this could be steamed instead of baked?" Peggy enquired.

"Yes, you may cook it either way. The baked pudding will be like a light plain cake; the steamed pudding will be more moist and even lighter. In individual moulds it should be steamed 45 minutes to 1 hour, in large moulds 1½ hours, and longer if it contains fruit."

"Is there any special equipment needed for steaming puddings?"

"No, nothing out of the ordinary," Ann answered. "Practically every kitchen includes a steamer. As for moulds, you may use special pudding moulds which have tight fitting covers, or any ordinary bowl or individual mould tightly covered with buttered paper. They should be well buttered so the pudding may be easily removed, and not filled too full, so that there will be plenty of room for the batter to rise. I often use small baking powder tins or coffee cans since they have covers, or my usual aluminum moulds with the buttered paper fastened on by an elastic band. Avoid lifting the lid of the steamer during cooking as the pudding will be cooled when the steam escapes, and see that there is plenty of water in the bottom of the steamer so it will not boil dry during the long cooking.

"Of course these puddings are served hot as soon as they are unmoulded. Hot plates should be used.

"Here are two delicious puddings, Peggy, 'light as a feather' and simple, too. The recipes were given me first by a very skillful housekeeper and I have found them excellent; she is allowing me to pass them on to you and other brides.

"The first one, a chocolate steamed pudding is much like a cottage pudding with cocoa and cinnamon added.

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SALADA Orange Pekoe

LET us introduce you to a new delight in tea drinking that you never dreamed possible. Women from all over Canada are writing to us asking to try this wonderful new blend, Salada Orange Pekoe.

All you have to do is to write your name and address on this advertisement and send it to the Salada Tea Company of Canada Limited, 461 King St. W., Toronto. We will immediately mail to you a 19-cup trial package of Salada Orange Pekoe Blend for you to test at our expense. We will also send you the folders, "Orange Pekoe, What this much-used term means to the Tea Drinker," and "The Art of Correct Tea Making."

Salada Orange Pekoe sells in all parts of Canada for 85c. per lb.



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Borden's ST. CHARLES

A tall can of St. Charles (with an equal part of water) gives you four cups of pure, rich milk.



MILK (UNSWEETENED)

THE BORDEN CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

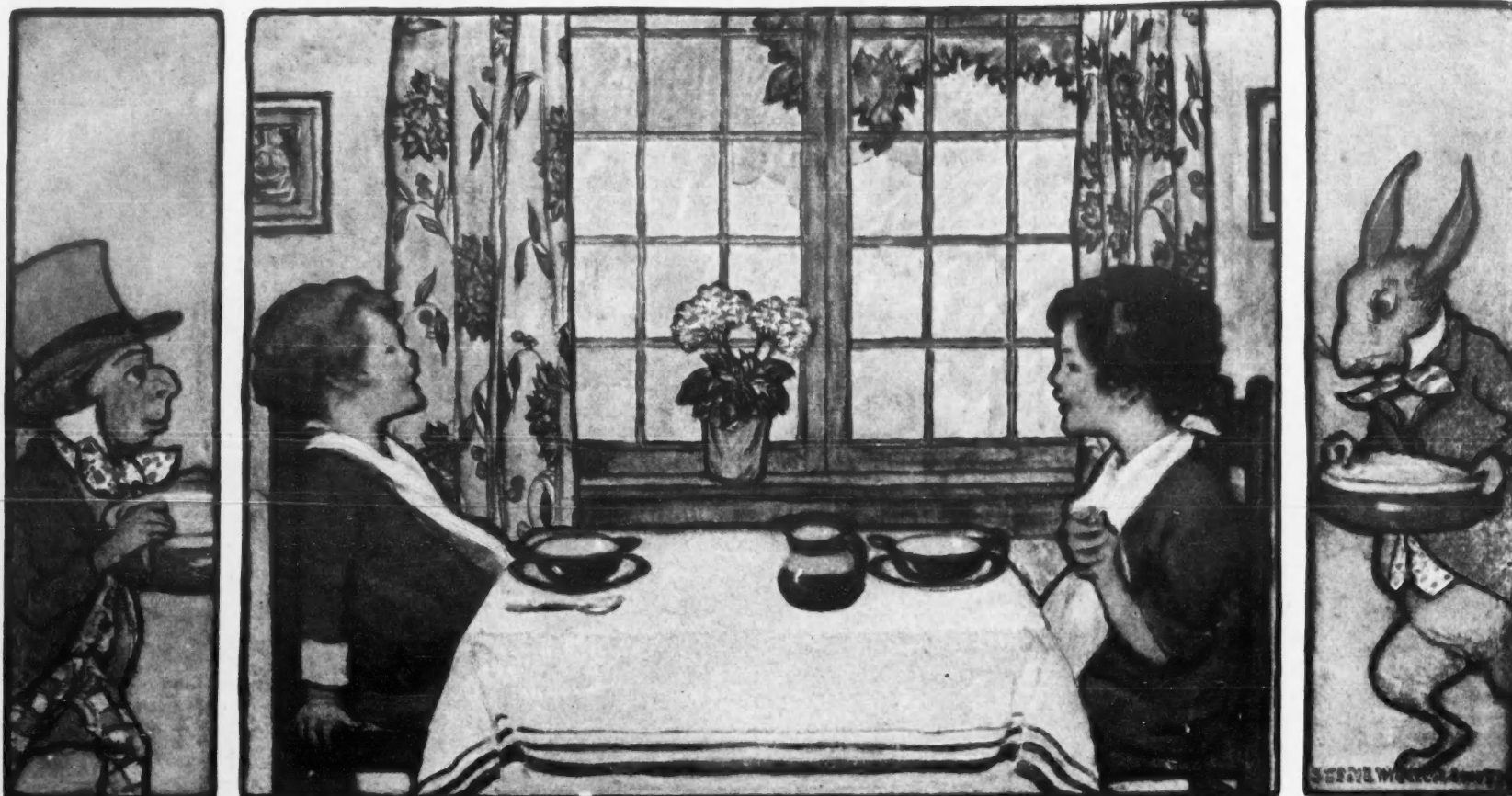
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SUPPERS

for the Youngest Generation

with an Alice-in-Wonderland Appeal to the Childish Fancy

IF the March Hare had said: "Have some more Puffed Wheat," Alice would never have hesitated an instant, for all children adore these fairy grains. They think they're confections; you know they're wholesome energy foods.

Every mother knows what this means. Cereals are necessary to child growth. They must be supplied. The problem has been to find grain foods that enticed the childish appetite.

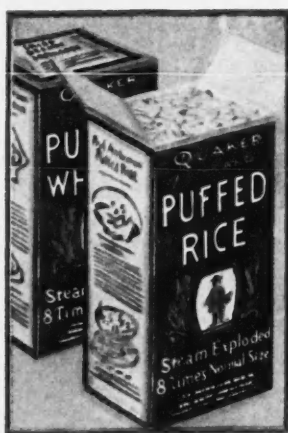
These do. And thus meet, in an important way, the modern idea in diet which is to *tempt* the appetite, not to *force* it. For foods that achieve this are easiest to digest.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. They taste like roasted nut-

meats. They crunch in the mouth like fresh toast. They have an alluring flavor that no other cereal offers. You eat them because you like them, not because they are good for you.

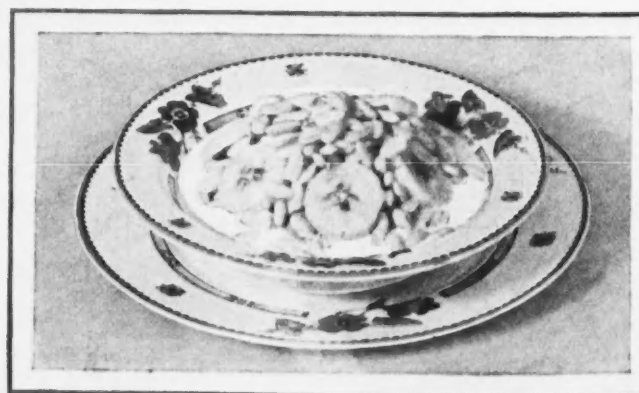
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(Left) Serve with a half peach — add sugar and milk or cream.

(Right) Children can't resist Puffed Rice with sliced bananas and rich milk.



THE QUAKER OATS CO.

ORIENTAL PLUSH—the Supreme Motor Car Upholstery



Make sure
of this
extra luxury

... in your new
McLaughlin-Buick

WHEN the interior appointments for the Silver Anniversary McLaughlin-Buick were selected, Oriental Plush was instantly chosen as the upholstery fabric for their exclusive enclosed models. Experience had proved its superiority in former years, both in appearance and in durability.

Oriental Plush is an unusual pile fabric; it never loses its sunny sheen, nor soils the filmiest frock. And it lasts as long as the

car itself, ever fresh and glossy, always soft and comfortable. Specify it in your car—enjoy its luxury while you ride—and its extra value when you trade.

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Its Beauty Lasts



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Almost invariably wrist watch inaccuracy is caused by dust, lint or talcum getting into the delicate movement. In Mars this danger has been overcome. With Mars patented shoulder the entry of dust is impossible. Mars therefore gives accurate time for the greatest period of years.

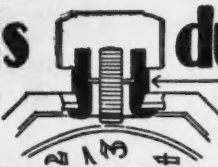


Mars

Mars watches are made in many beautiful designs. Should your jeweller not carry Mars, write for the booklet "What every Woman should know about a Wrist Watch." Canadian Distributors: The Levy Bros. Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

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being done differently . . .
Wouldn't it be doubly be-
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What a lovely beginning to a
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Then let color schemes come
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Yet its beauty outlives
theirs, and it will still be
rendering faithful ser-
vice when the modes
of today are only a
memory.

Chocolate Steamed Pudding

3 tablespoonfuls butter	1/4 cupful sugar
1/4 cupful milk	1 egg
2 tablespoonfuls cocoa	1 cupful flour
1/3 teaspoonful cinnamon	2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
	1/2 teaspoonful salt

"Combine as a cottage pudding. Steam 1 1/2 hours for large mould, 50 minutes for individual.

"This, of course, is served hot with a hard sauce or vanilla sauce.

Molasses Pudding

2 tablespoonfuls butter (melted)	1 egg
3/4 cupful molasses	2 egg whites
1 1/4 cupful flour	1 cupful boiling water
3 teaspoonfuls bak- ing powder	1/2 teaspoonful soda
	1/2 teaspoonful salt

"Beat the whole egg and two whites together. Add the butter, melted, and molasses. Sift the flour and dry ingredients and add alternately with the boiling water. Steam 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve with a foamy sauce."

"What becomes of those two egg yolks not used in the pudding?"

"Oh, those go in the sauce—don't worry that there is any waste!"

"There are numerous steamed puddings made with spices, fruit and molasses, and sometimes their shortening is suet instead of butter or a butter substitute. If suet is used it is purchased fresh, carefully removed from the fibres and tissues and chopped very fine. The method of mixing is different if it is used—the dry ingredients are mixed and sifted, then the suet and fruit added, and last of all the beaten egg, molasses and milk which have been blended together.

Fruit or Suet Pudding

1 1/4 cupfuls flour	3 teaspoonfuls bak- ing powder
1/2 teaspoonful salt	1/2 teaspoonful sugar
2 tablespoonfuls sugar	1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon
1/4 teaspoonful nutmeg	1/4 teaspoonful cloves

1/3 cupful finely chopped suet	1/3 cupful seeded raisins cut fine
1/3 cupful currants	2 tablespoonfuls molasses
1/4 cupful milk	1 egg

"Steam 3 hours in large moulds, 1 1/4 hours in individual moulds.

Carrot Pudding

1/2 cupful grated carrots	1/2 cupful grated potato
1 cupful flour	1/2 teaspoonful soda
1/2 teaspoonful salt	1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon
1/8 teaspoonful nutmeg	1/8 teaspoonful cloves
1 cupful brown sugar	1/2 cupful finely chopped suet
1/2 cupful currants	1/2 cupful seeded raisins cut fine

"Mix and sift dry ingredients, add suet, fruit and finally blend in the vegetables. Steam as for fruit pudding.

"Fig Pudding may be changed to date or raisin pudding by substituting the desired fruit.

Fig Pudding

2 tablespoonfuls shortening	1/4 cupful brown sugar
1 egg	1/2 cupful sour milk
1/4 cupful molasses	2 cupfuls flour
1 cupful light bread crumbs	1 cupful figs, cut fine (or other dried fruit)
1/2 teaspoonful salt	1/4 teaspoonful cloves
1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon	1/4 teaspoonful nut- meg
1/2 teaspoonful soda	3 teaspoonfuls baking powder

"Cream the shortening, add the sugar and beaten egg, blend well. Reserve a little flour to mix with the fruit. Add molasses, and the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and lastly the fruit. Steam 2 1/2 hours, 1 1/4 hour in individual moulds."

"What about English Plum Pudding—the real Christmas kind?" asked Peggy.

"You want to know too much all at once," laughed Ann. "I think these puddings are enough for one lesson. I'll tell you about mince pie and plum pudding another time—perhaps."



Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 30

that there was no other kind of perfume in the world. Nowadays we have perfumes to suit every type and mood. Imprisoned in some of the bottles is the fresh-blown scent from thirty different flowers, in others the subtle essence of sweet peas, wood-flowers, roses, or strange flowers from the gardens of the East.

It is rather amusing to read that during the reign of Louis XV when France went a little mad over perfumes, the English people were afraid of its influence, and in a desire to protect the unsuspecting male from its power to excite emotion, made a special law in regard to it, which reads as follows:

Any woman of whatsoever rank, provision or condition, girl, woman or widow who, subsequent to the date of this Act, shall deceive, entice or influence to marriage any of Her Majesty's subjects by the aid of Perfumes, False Hair, High Heels—shall be subject to the same penalty as that in force against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared void and of no effect.

The worth while kind of perfumes take a long time to arrive at perfection. The flowers that are required for rare scents are sometimes scarce and it takes years before enough are gathered to be distilled into bottled fragrance. Sometimes chemists can reproduce artificially the formulae that Nature uses for the oils that give flowers their perfume, but there are some for which they have never been able to get the exact formula—the violet is one of these. Years ago I came across a violet perfume that had no hint of anything but the flowers. It was fresh and pure and altogether lovely. During the war it was no longer possible to obtain it, and I have mourned it sincerely, but just the other day I found it again. It is more expensive than it was formerly, but it still holds the old enchantment.

Shopping for beauty makes one realize the staggering number of things in pots and bottle and sachets that are full of the promise of beauty. There is evidently a great wave of beauty-consciousness sweeping over the world. Women are serious in their desire to improve their appearance, and they are succeeding beyond their most sanguine expectations. Is it any wonder that they believe in magic?

pick out the windows -

THAT LOOK LIKE YOURS

IT'S so much easier to shop if you take the New Kirsch Book with you

So many different draping effects for windows and doors . . . so much colour to be blended into harmony in the modern home . . . such vast variety of charming fabrics from which to choose . . . no wonder the choice of drapery treatments is sometimes such a bewildering task!

But it need not be. "Pick out the windows that look like yours" from the pages of the New Kirsch Book . . . take it with you when you shop . . . choose your *drapery hardware* first . . . and you will find the selection of drapery materials immensely simplified.

The New Kirsch Book reflects the ideas of leading interior decorators, authorities especially in the creation of window and door draping effects. Its suggestions for treatments, fabrics, colour are authentic . . . in faultless taste, and exquisitely reproduced. The Kirsch Book is clearly and simply written to be of greatest practical help to home owners and home decorators.

Here are illustrated numerous drapery effects for windows and doors of all types . . . practical colour schemes are pictured, with an easy guide for obtaining countless other harmonies . . . and correct drapery hardware suggested for every purpose in enduring modes. Then too, there are pages of helpful information about laundering and dyeing your present draperies . . . the correct way to make and



hang them . . . how to adapt your curtains to the modish new decorative hardware.

Twenty million women, in the past 20 years, have realized that there is an important difference in drapery hardware. These 20,000,000 chose Kirsch drapery hardware . . . not only because the Kirsch line offered almost limitless variety for selection, but because Kirsch leadership and reputation insured the utmost in value and beauty for their money.



Inexpensive Kirsch Extension Rods fit doors and windows of any width, and are suited to every style of draping.

Regardless of the type of windows in your home or the drapery treatments selected, Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment makes possible for you all the beauty . . . the luxury . . . the privacy of draw curtains. Where you desire the hardware to be inconspicuous there is the Kirsch flat rod with cords that cannot tangle or knot,

concealed inside . . . draperies overlap at the center for complete privacy . . . they may be taken down and put up again without disturbing the hardware.

Kirsch Atavio Work strikes a gayer ornamental note . . . distinctive designs in durable cast aluminum . . . a wide variety of lovely colour combinations. And draperies, hung on the same rod with the ornaments, may be drawn by hand or by concealed draw cord.

An even more luxurious mode . . . Kirsch Wrought Iron Drapery Hardware . . . each piece hand-hammered by a master craftsman, and never exactly duplicated.

Kirsch originated the flat extension rod . . . the rod that will not sag, rust or tarnish. In addition to the familiar brass (already in use at 100,000,000 windows) the inexpensive Kirsch Extension Rod is now offered in two beautiful new colours . . . in dainty old ivory and rich statuary bronze, to harmonize with the woodwork . . . and at no additional cost.

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Drapery Hardware

A Dinner of Herbs

(Continued from page 11)



The Smartest Fall Costumes

will be in

"SPIDER WEB"

SPIDER Web, the sheerest, and finest wool dress fabric on the market, will be used more than ever in the new fall costumes. It moulds itself into the fashionable lines, drapes, and plaits of the autumn modes. In addition to its inherent beauty as a material it is uncrushable and will not wrinkle or crease. Illustration shows one of the smartest Fall walking suits, developed in beige.



It features the box-plaited skirt and short "box" jacket. Collar and cuffs are detachable for washing, ensuring always a freshly-laundered and tailored effect. The best makers will show autumn models in sports suits and dresses, the ensemble and afternoon frocks in Spider Web.

You may also buy Spider Web by the yard for frocks, gowns, or suits in an amazing variety of adorable shades.

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CLARK'S
PORK and BEANS

Serve them often—

THERE is no food more satisfying, more strengthening, more building up than these perfectly cooked beans with the tasty "Canada Approved" pork in the smother of well seasoned sauce. Good alike for young and old, and so inexpensive.

—Yes, CLARK'S are beans at their best—serve them often—remember they simply require heating!

The CLARK Kitchens prepare many other nutritious dishes which make it easy to serve excellent meals at small expense and save much kitchen work.

CLARK'S delicious Soups—"Cooked Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce and Cheese" "Canadian Boiled Dinner," CLARK'S Sandwich Specialties, etc.

"Let the Clark Kitchens help you"

W. CLARK, Limited, Montreal,
St. Remi, and Harrow, Ont.

"Builds
Bonnie
Boys"

cloud that was creeping over the moon.

"I—I want someone else."

"Oh!" Second Peter snarled, as if he had been pushed aside with a foot.

"He's the only man in the world for me," said Robin, looking straight at Michael.

"That's a large order out of approximately five hundred million men," said Michael dryly.

He began to smoke insolently. The cloud was over the moon, and the world was dark. Robin felt cold and old and silly and empty.

"I must go in," she said.

"Wait a sec." Michael was rummaging in his pocket. "Here's something for your rose-jar."

He handed her over a paper bag full of dried rose-leaves.

"All I can give any woman now—withered rose-leaves," he said lightly. "Irving's a good fellow. Perhaps you can teach him to laugh in the right place. I'd have a try."

ROBIN went away for two weeks to visit a school chum two years older than herself whose daughter was engaged. She had not been away for a visit for ten years. When she came back, Michael asked her, (still over the fence) if good wishes were in order.

"Not yet," said Robin airily. She thought Michael looked tired and a bit old.

"I've promised to give him his answer to-day. Write it to him. I couldn't say 'yes' face to face."

"But I'm quite sure 'yes' is the best thing to say," said Michael, stooping to tickle Second Peter's ear. Second Peter snarled. You couldn't hoodwink Second Peter.

"Of course it is," said Robin piteously. "But the trouble is—I don't want to say it—Michael."

Somehow their eyes met. Eyes can say so much in just a second. At least Robin's could. Michael's didn't say anything. She realized that he had looked into her heart, but that she had not even had a peep into his.

"I'm horribly poor," said Michael slowly. "But laughter would always be a guest in our house," said Robin.

"I always have First Peter sleeping on the foot of the bed."

"Why not Second Peter too?"

"Everything in my house is chipped or mended or torn."

"We wouldn't be afraid to use it, then."

"I've got a temper, and shell-shock didn't improve it. We'd fight often."

"Husbands and wives have a right to fight now and then, haven't they?"

"Getting up before breakfast and working between meals isn't supposed to be to my liking."

"After thirty-three years of George's efficiency, a lazy man would be nice for a change."

"I'm inclined to be a vegetarian."

"Better a dinner of herbs," quoted Robin.

"All the ready cash I have in the world just at present, is ten dollars."

"Enough for a license and a wedding ring," said Robin, brazenly.

"Let's take a chance at it then," said Michael, looking at First Peter.

Robin laughed under her breath. She sobbed the next minute. She flung out her hands as if to push Michael and Peter and the fence a thousand miles away.

"Oh my dear—my dear, how funny you are," she said. "Why I wouldn't marry you if you were the last one of the five hundred million left alive in the world."

Michael's face was expressionless. He looked past her at Second Peter on an apple-tree bough, still refusing to be hoodwinked.

Michael's face was expressionless. He looked past her at Second Peter on an apple-tree bough, still refusing to be hoodwinked.

"Sorry," he said. "I thought you would like the idea. My mistake."

George Lyle scowled at Robin when she went in.

"Don't make a fool of yourself over Michael Stanislaw," he said bluntly.

"But isn't that just what I've done?" said Robin.

"What do you mean?"

"I've just refused to marry him."

"Thank heaven you'd enough sense for that," said relieved George.

There were five doors on the way to her room and Robin banged them all. Oh, so he pitied her! She had badgered him into asking her to marry him out of pity. Oh, she'd show him. She flew to her table—she would write Irving Keyes his answer on the spot.

"Cat, are you laughing?" Michael was saying furiously to Second Peter.

ROBIN went down to the mail-box ostentatiously after dinner to mail her letter. Michael was tying up his dahlias as she passed and waved his hand airily at her. Robin had to wave back because she hadn't been able to make up her mind as yet whether to hate or ignore him. She waved with the hand that held Irving Keyes' letter.

Michael had gone from the garden when she came back. He was sitting on his shaky veranda talking to a man who had presumably come in the smart green car parked in the lane. There was a pile of shabby old books on the chair between them. She could hear Michael laughing. She went up to her room—hers for one day more only—and sat down by the west window. The mail-box was hidden from

her view by the wild cherry at the gate, but presently the postman's motor wheeled by. Robin shivered. Her letter was gone—irrevocably. At once a panic horror of her future seized her. Why had she? Oh, why had she?

At sunset Michael came to the fence and called her. Robin, deciding that you should at least be civil to a rejected suitor, asked him from her window what he wanted.

"I've a sin on my conscience. Perhaps worse—a mistake." Michael called back.

"Come down and let me confess."

Robin told herself she was not interested in Michael's sins, but she went down. He was leaning on the fence and his cap was pulled down so far that she couldn't see his eyes.

"Do you think Irving Keyes has your letter by now?" he said impertinently.

"He should have."

"Well, he hasn't. That letter is in ashes in my kitchen stove. I went down and took it out of the mail-box before the postman came. You can put me in the pen for that, I believe."

Robin looked at Second Peter who had the air of making up his mind to the inevitable.

"Why did you do that?"

"I found it was simply impossible to let you marry another man. Why did you refuse my heart and hand and my few insignificant worldly goods this morning?"

"I wasn't going to be married out of pity."

"Pity! Do you suppose I've committed a felony—or is it only a misdemeanor?—out of pity. I've loved you ever since that first day we talked over the fence. But I'm so poor—and lame—and ugly."

"You're not ugly and not very lame and I don't care how poor you are," said Robin so shamelessly that Second Peter blushed for her.

Michael leaned over the fence and took her hand.

"I found out this afternoon that my old

(Continued on page 47)



PROPER surroundings help in securing healthful sleep. Children, as well as adults, should have a separate room wherever possible. Often, on account of lack of space, separate beds must serve. Authorities agree that it is poor sex hygiene to have any child over a year and a half sleep in the room with parents, or in a room with children of the opposite sex. As for sleeping with an adult or a child of the opposite sex, it should be strictly taboo.

Maintaining hushed silence in the home during sleeping hours, is neither necessary or wise. The immediate surroundings are important, but what goes on in the rest of the house can be disregarded. A quiet, darkened room for sleep is desirable, but no one can have soundproof rooms at command, so the child who is accustomed to sleeping under varying conditions will be happiest. One nursery school has a sleeping room completely decorated in a quiet, restful, gray, even the windows having blinds of that color and the result is almost unbelievably restful and slumber-inviting.

Every child should be asleep at least thirty minutes after he has been put to bed, but many are troubled with wakefulness. While poorly digested food may be one cause, others are more frequent. An afternoon nap which is too prolonged will do it. Overhearing adults talk of sleeping poorly is a factor. When bed is used as a place of punishment it acquires an unpleasant association which retards the coming of sleep. The child should think of bed as a pleasant comfortable place where at the end of the day he can be alone, with no toys or companions.

Often fear, thoughtlessly generated, is responsible. One writer tells of a child who was afraid to go to sleep for fear she would be buried alive. Her mother in explaining death had described it as a long sleep which you took in a large box that was placed in the ground. The fact that life had ceased before the burial, was omitted, and gave rise to a misconception which caused wakefulness. Fortunately such happenings are infrequent, but threats of bogey men, uttered to gain obedience, are equally disturbing to children.

Playing in bed is another difficulty, usually due to the child being supplied with toys when he retires for the night. It is best not to let the child become dependent on toys at this time, but if toys are given, they should be kept for the occasion and definitely linked with the idea of sleep. Over-fatigue or lack of exercise may both cause sleeplessness at times. A child should have enough exercise to produce healthy tiredness, but not enough to bring exhaustion, which makes sleep elusive. Emotional upsets of any kind are detrimental to quiet repose and should be avoided.

In contrast to the afternoon nap where sleep should begin and end at a definite time, children ought not to be wakened in the morning, but should have their sleep out. If they waken very early, something should be given them to occupy the time till the family wish to rise.

In a discussion of sleep, dreams have a place, since all children dream at times. These dreams are very primitive and for the most part wish-fulfilling. We find the poorly nourished child who has never had sufficient food, dreaming of a bountiful meal; the timid child dreams of himself as the hero in great adventures. Sometimes dreams are the re-living of vivid happenings of the day. In this case talking and walking are frequent accompaniments. Again, dreams may arise through fear engendered by frightening stories or experiences. Here the parent can help by discussing the fear-producing phenomena frankly and freely. Nothing banishes fear so quickly as bringing it into the open.

When teaching children to sleep, the thing to keep in mind is that adequate sleep is essential to well-being, and that proper habits must be established early. What we really do, is sleep to avoid becoming exhausted, and the amount of sleep required varies with individual idiosyncracies.



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SONNY, there, with his tousled head bent over his homework. Sister, momentarily still, enormously serious, as her chubby hands struggle to wrap a slim dress around a fat doll.

You look forward and see them in days to be—Sonny, a tall young man, face to face with the vital problems of life that must be solved rightly the first time. Sister, slender and wide-eyed, on the threshold of womanhood.

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WHAT OF YOUR CHILD?

Learning to Sleep

By FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

SLEEP is a vital factor in child develop-
ment and since it has a direct bearing
on physical health and happiness, both the
quality and quantity are important con-
siderations, particularly in the early years—
the growing period.

The time to establish good sleeping habits
is in infancy. Sleeping well then comes so
naturally that there is no question of poor
rest, unless life brings some terrible ex-
perience which so upsets the equilibrium
that the habit is broken by shock. The
child who is taught to be a good sleeper will
retain the power to sleep well throughout
life.

The baby sleeps most of the time; twenty
hours out of twenty-four is not unusual at
first. In fact the infant's life consists
mainly of sleep interrupted for bath and
food. The length of the sleeping period
decreases rapidly with increasing age, and it
has been found experimentally that the
length of the afternoon nap decreases in
about the same ratio as the night sleep, the
greatest decrease coming between the age of
eighteen months and two years.

Up to five years of age, the afternoon nap
is essential to give relief from the tension of
living, and the longer it can be continued
beyond that period the better for the child.
After the age of three, however, it should
not continue longer than one and a half
hours or it is liable to interfere with the
night sleep. Many mothers find it hard to
get children to take a nap and often the
trouble is caused by irregularity. Other in-
terests interfere with the sleep period and
the child misses his rest completely. It is
difficult for parents, busy with many tasks,
to see that the child is put to rest at a set
hour, but, if the afternoon nap is to be
successfully accomplished, the hour it begins
and the hour it ends should be immutable.
Emphasis should be laid on rest, not so
much on sleep, as this often arouses a spirit
of resistance. If the child can be put to
bed quietly, sleep almost invariably follows.

Sleeping difficulties generally arise from a
lack of knowledge of the amount of sleep
required by the child at different ages.
Observations and records show that children
actually sleep much less time than pedi-
atricians give in their tables as desirable,
but a study of these tables is an excellent
guide to what may be expected from
children at given ages. In general, the
sleep decreases gradually as the child be-
comes more engrossed in the things about
him. At six years of age he should have
about twelve hours sleep and about half an
hour can be subtracted for each additional
year until he is twelve when he should have
at least nine hours of sleep.

PROBLEMS may be created by the in-
creased attention which the child re-
ceives when suffering from physical ail-
ments. He learns to expect soothing or

rocking and will not go to sleep without
them if he can avoid it. One authority
tells of a child who had his mother con-
stantly with him during a siege of illness.
When he recovered he repeatedly came into
his mother's bed, refusing to sleep alone.
The mother was told to warn him that
every time he left his own bed he would be
taken back and to carry out this plan con-
sistently. She was told to exhibit no
annoyance or resentment, simply to lead
him to his own bed. She made twenty
trips in one night, but her persistency cured
the child of his undesirable behaviour in
two nights. Adult persistency combined
with a calm and unruffled attitude con-
quered in this instance. Calmness is
essential, for, once the child realizes that
you are worried or anxious about him, he
has the advantage and will use it to the
limit. If he sees you are determined and
undisturbed, he will yield.

Regularity of the bedtime hour is a great
help in securing good habits. When the
child knows that he is expected to retire at a
certain hour and the parents see that he
does so consistently, much trouble is
averted. One night, when we had com-
pany from the far west, and had kept the
children up past bedtime so that our friends,
who had never met them before, should see
them, the elder boy was found, about half
an hour after his regular bedtime, sitting
half way up the stairs. When asked why
he was there he said, "I'm tired and want to
go to bed." He went.


It is well to warn the child five minutes
before the bedtime hour, so that he will not
be snatched from absorbing play and have
an emotional disturbance which will drive
away sleep for many hours. No one likes
to leave abruptly what he is interested in
and children should be considered in this
respect.

A quiet period before bedtime is bene-
ficial—quiet play, reading of non-exciting
stories, or pleasant conversation are the
best occupations for the hour immediately
preceding retiring. No highly stimulating
play or rousing tales should be permitted,
as they tend to keep the mind actively en-
gaged and prevent repose.

The physical needs of the child should be
the last rites before getting into bed. If he
has visited the toilet and had a drink of
water the chance of delaying sleep by
calling for attention is forestalled. The
door can be shut with the assurance that
any further request may be safely dis-
regarded.

The mental needs are also important, as a
quiet mind is conducive to peaceful slumber.
The child who goes to bed with a home or
school difficulty unsettled will not sleep well.
A troublesome conscience makes him wake-
ful. Children should be tactfully and un-
obtrusively helped to rid their minds of all
worry each night.

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WAX alone has been used for hundreds of years to polish and preserve the beautiful old floors of historical Windsor Castle.

IF there are children in your home that is all the more reason why you should wax polish your floors and linoleum the quick, easy Johnson Electric way. Then they may romp on your beautiful floors just as much as they please without doing the slightest harm to the hard, wear-resistant waxed surface. In a minute or two you can easily restore its mirror-like beauty and immaculateness.

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Your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture or paint store will RENT you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day at a very low rate. Telephone today and make your reservation. Or, purchase one for exclusive use in your own home. The cost is trifling compared to the time and labor this machine will save you.

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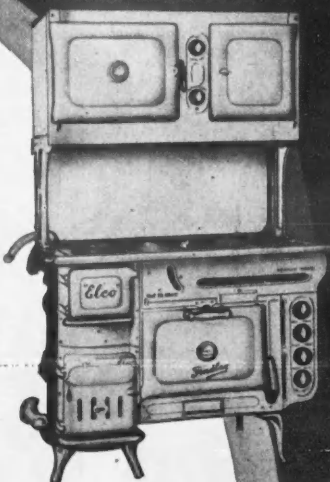
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THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

*A Department which seeks out and investigates for the housekeeper
new equipment of Canadian manufacture*

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH



A PRODUCT which has won its spurs in the Canadian market is the WOD mop, so named because it fills the triple rôle of a wet floor mop, oil mop and duster. The fact that only one handle and frame is required for the three uses specified, implies a definite saving of space in the housewife's tool cupboard, and it is a good investment, too, from the point of view of economy.

The secret is, of course, that all mop-cloths put out by the W.O.D. Mop Company fit the standard size frame. There is nothing novel about that, but the convenience of such a utensil is worth while emphasizing for the benefit of those who have yet to appreciate its all-round handiness in the home.

So far as the frame is concerned, it is built in such a way as to render excellent service in any of its three capacities. No streaks are left when the mop is employed for scrubbing and washing, because every part of the scrubbing surface is under pressure. Then, on account of its swivel handle, the mop may be used at any angle, and, being flat, will clean under the smallest possible space—behind radiators, pianos, beds—all the heavy immovable furniture which is the bugbear of the seeker after cleanliness. These two features are especially useful when dusting is the order of the day, for, as will readily be seen, they enable the mop to be used equally well on the walls.

To cap these qualities, the mop cloths may be taken from the frame and washed, to be replaced clean and sanitary, fit for a fresh lifetime of usefulness. To obtain the best results, of course, a set of three cloths should be employed, one for water, one for oil and one for dust. These may be washed and replaced time and again, and will give service to the end of their days.

*An oil, wet mop, and
duster all in one.*



IT IS the firm belief of every housewife that the grape fruit was predestined to be her particular brand of plague. Anybody who has wrestled with one in the early morning hours or as a final nightly exercise, will heartily endorse that conviction. The excitement of a daily skirmish becomes a little dulled, however, by constant repetition, especially since the grape fruit, and the orange, too, for that matter, has in sheer self-defence vastly improved its aim and can be depended upon to find its attackers' vulnerable spot at first shot.

But a new method has now been evolved, the feature of which is a double row of little saw-like teeth, guaranteed to subdue the most rebellious fruit in short order. The Burns Serrated Edge Grape Fruit Knife has been especially designed for the quick and efficient preparation of grape fruit and oranges. For a clean, economical job, without wastage of juice or damage to the fruit, it is invaluable.

The blade has a double cutting edge and is curved to follow the configuration of the fruit—factors which make it easy to remove

the fruit from the rind. The seeds are extracted by means of the serrated tip. The big feature of the article is, of course, the Burns serrated edge which, if used for the purpose intended, will retain its keenness indefinitely. This little device recommends itself to the average housewife as an excellent addition to her equipment.



*Patent
applied
for*

A combined colander strainer and steamer.

WASHING, draining and steaming, all in the one receptacle—that is the three-fold purpose of the Androck Colander-Strainer. The detachable bowl which, when in use is supported by the wire frame, is a feature which should have great appeal, for it not only facilitates emptying the bowl's contents, but is an easy way of cleaning.

The openings in the body of the Colander-Strainer which permit a free circulation of steam, make it an ideal container for steaming. When used for this purpose, the handles of the supporting frame project over the rim of the saucepan and are of material assistance when the time comes to lift the "steamer" out.

Strainers are apt to display the visible marks of constant use all too soon, and in a very short time present a distinctly frayed appearance. The really tough, hard wire which is used in the welded construction of the Androck Colander-Strainer, however, ensures it a long and practical life. Another point which has not been overlooked in its manufacture is the secure clenching together of the mesh and bowl rim at all points. With a retinned finish of pure tin, the Androck Colander-Strainer is a good looking and essentially sanitary piece of equipment.

HERE'S a new tea kettle to sing upon your hob! The new improved Daisy kettle is a handy article—strong and light with the stamp of "Economy" aluminum ware upon its base. Duro Aluminum Limited are the manufacturers of this utensil and in it they have striven to perfect a curved, seamless spout, designed especially for smooth pouring and attached by their improved "Lock-tite" process.

The handle, with tinned wire bail and rubberoid wood grip will, after the approved



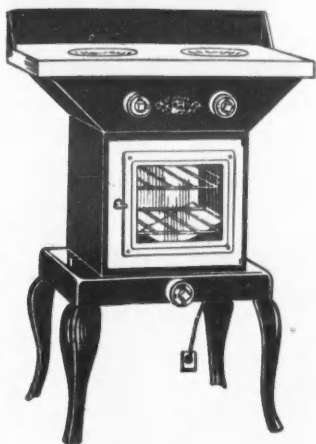
A tea kettle with a spout that cannot leak.

manner of the best handles nowadays, stand erect if desired. The Daisy tea kettle has a capacity of three quarts and, all in all, is fit to grace the smartest of kitchen ranges.

(Continued on page 47)

The Domestic Workshop

Continued from page 44



AND you have only to glance at the new Canadian Beauty Rangette to realize just how smart a little modern electric range can be. This one, of course, is intended for

light housekeeping apartments primarily, and is an economical investment for the business girl who "does for herself," or for the young married woman, neither of whom have the time, space or inclination to cook on a large scale.

The midget range has a self-contained oven, equipped with a six-inch element of 600 watt capacity, controlled by a two heat switch. It is 12 in. by 12 in. by 12 in. in size—large enough to permit the cooking of a sizable roast or two pies or cakes at one baking. Standing 34 inches from the ground, with a cooking surface, 12½ in. by 23 in., of pearl gray vitreous porcelain, the Rangette has two rings controlled by two heat switches. No special wiring is, of course, required, the Rangette being designed for use on wall or base receptacle.

In addition to its practical and economical qualities, this new arrival to Canadian Beauty ranks is in appearance a distinct asset to any kitchen. Its lines are quite suggestive of *l'art moderne* and it is attractively finished in black and blue enamel.

The Family Purse

Continued from page 34

previous experience with children and a happy knack in handling them would be necessary qualifications for such work, as anyone will agree who has tried to entertain a lively group of children in holiday mood.

A Saturday afternoon sewing class for little girls appealed to one energetic woman who combined a flair for teaching with some sewing ability. Another similarly inclined, conducted a gift-making class for both boys and girls, all the year round, so that they were kept supplied, not only with gifts for Christmas, but for birthdays and other festive occasions. Incidentally the youngsters learn how to do things with their hands, acquire a certain amount of artistic appreciation, and develop their own creative instincts. Thanks to the element of secrecy

and surprise that gives a thrill to gift-making, their interest never lags, as it is apt to do in a plain sewing class. This ingenious girl searches the magazines for original ideas and novel uses for familiar and inexpensive materials, and keeps a scrapbook of suitable suggestions, graded according to age. She also encourages originality and creative expression in the children, and the results are nothing short of amazing, not to speak of the weekly good times enjoyed into the bargain.

So, in many unusual ways the girl or woman who has the time and the desire to cater to the needs of little folk will not only make for herself a nice steady income but many friends, among the youngsters and their parents as well.



A Dinner of Herbs

Continued from page 40

edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is worth a thousand dollars. Shall we put the money in the bank for a rainy day or run over to Europe for our honeymoon in places I know over there? There's a village in the Apennines—the cloudy Apennines—

"Let us go to Europe," said Robin, recklessly. "Umbrellas have been invented since that proverb was."

Second Peter was so disgusted at what followed that he stalked away bristling.

But he had always known it—always expected it. You couldn't hoodwink Second Peter.

"Did you read that letter?" Robin asked, before she went in to have it out with George and Myra.

"Of course not," said Michael indignantly.

"I may be a thief, but I'm not a sneak."

"It's a pity you didn't," said Robin coolly, "because if you had you'd have seen that I refused him."

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Kissproof is the softest, most delicately feminine of all Face Powders. As fine as star dust, it melts into your skin making an instant improvement in your complexion, with no sign of how it has been secured.

Get this new type powder. All the best stores have it. The price is but \$1.00.

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What the Woman Citizen Should Know

Conducted by Anne Anderson Perry

No Women Elected in B.C.

THAT despite the fact that fifty-three per cent of the voters in British Columbia are women, none of the four women candidates in the recent elections in that province, who sought parliamentary honors, were elected. The defeated ladies were Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith, who held cabinet office in the late Liberal Government and who represented a Vancouver constituency in the last house; Mrs. Paul Smith, prominent clubwoman and social worker who replaced Mary Ellen Smith as a Liberal nominee in Vancouver; Mrs. Gladys Cross, who, as an Independent candidate in British Columbia did most of her campaigning by airplane and radio, and Mrs. J. C. McGregor, who ran as an independent Conservative in Victoria but who polled a very small vote.

Quebec Sets Wage Scales for Women

THAT a minimum wage of \$12.50 per week for experienced women, working in the printing, bookbinding, lithographing, and envelope establishments in the city and island of Montreal and a radius of ten miles around and beyond Montreal, has been set by an order of the Minimum Wage Board of the Province of Quebec. Apprentices are to receive a minimum of \$7.00 weekly for the first six months, \$8.00 for the second, \$9.50 for the third, and \$11.00 for the fourth six months. The number of inexperienced workers having less than twenty-four months apprenticeship may not exceed one half of the whole working force of female workers.

No Married Women Teachers now Permitted in Edmonton

THAT following the precedent set surprisingly enough by the Manitoba Department of Education, in that province which was first to enfranchise its women, but which has now decreed that no married women may teach in its schools, the Edmonton School Board has passed a similar regulation. That the argument put forward by one trustee was that "when a woman marries it is expected that her husband shall keep her, and not the taxpayer," but that the counter argument to the effect that when men and women earn their salaries it is not usual for them to be told they are "kept," as this would apply to all teachers, male or female, married or unmarried, was in no way considered or met. The regulation has gone into force to penalize their matrimony.

An Unique Advisory Health Committee

THAT on the Advisory Health Committee recently appointed by the Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Health in Alberta, to act in conjunction with his department, there are to be representatives of the medical profession at large, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of the Faculty of Medicine in Alberta University, of the Medical Health Officers of the province, of superintendents of both city and rural hospitals, a few laymen and several women. The latter are to be Mrs. O. C. Edwards of MacLeod, vice-president and convener on Laws in the National Council of Women, Mrs. Field of Spurfield, and a registered nurse whose name has not been yet announced.

British Labor Party Endorses Special Legislation for Women

THAT in connection with the question "Do Women Need Protection," it is of the greatest interest to note that. "In the present state of public opinion it is oftener easier to secure protection for women than men, while conditions which men's stronger organizations can gain for them may only be won for women by legislative enactment," says the Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organizations in a pamphlet recently published by the British Labor Party. "We prefer," continues the pamphlet, "to take what regulation we can get rather than to delay it. Regulations are more needed for women than men, because women are less fitted than men for certain

Your Watchmaker Knows These Vital Inside Facts.....



THE man who repairs watches realizes the importance of absolute uniformity in watch parts. To him, it means that he can replace any part with a new one corresponding in every detail with the old. He knows that TAVANNES introduced this remarkable feature of complete interchangeability to the watch world. He knows that TAVANNES are produced by the most skilled artisans of the trade in the world's largest watch factory. Because of these inside facts, the watchmaker selects TAVANNES for his friends. The day YOU select a TAVANNES, you will realize true watch value.

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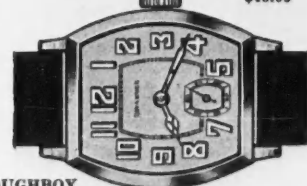
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IF IT LEAKS



Finger Bowl Ferneries And how to make them

TO many in large cities the joy of "the green things growing" is hardly known. Yet to have this possession, one very clever homemaker evolved some rather unique effects.

One of the most novel table-pieces grew from a pair of discarded glass finger-bowls. This is the story. The originator had found, as many others do, to their sorrow, that our living-rooms are too warm and dry for ferns to know a happy existence in them. Professionals had been questioned on successful fern growing, and many valuable bits of advice had been followed, but invariably sooner or later, the ferns' beauty waned. Moisture judiciously applied was, it seemed, the thing most stressed in the cultural advice given, and one day the sight of a pair of Bohemian glass finger-bowls brought an inspiration.

She went to the woods one bright Autumn day, carefully gathered delicate little woodland plants, and with "spoonfuls of well-rotted leaf-mould, to be found near any old log," carried her treasure home. One of the finger-bowls she half filled with the leaf mould, and the tiny plants were carefully planted in the soil. A layer of moss covered the earth. Then, after lightly sprinkling the plants with warm water, she placed the empty bowl which had been left clean, on top, being careful to fit the edges of the pair together.

THESE finger-bowl "gardens" require but little care. The one important thing to remember is to avoid over-watering. Not infrequently, once a month will be found quite often enough to water them, and even then only a light sprinkling is necessary. It will be observed that moisture will gather on the top bowl and drip down on the plants beneath.

The clear glass globe containing a miniature forest is attractive as a table centre-piece, but, if it is desired to have the little plants exposed during a meal, the top bowl may be removed for an hour or two. However, the plants will not grow as successfully if the roof is left off too long. They simply cannot endure the dry atmosphere of our rooms, although they do not appear to be bothered either by heat or cold when left covered.

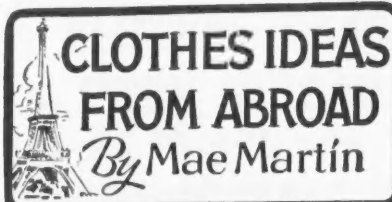
Give the bowls plenty of light, but avoid placing them in strong sunlight. If considerably handled a planting will last for a couple of years at least.

The success of this led to larger plain glass bowls being used in the same manner, but the plantings were largely small bulbs—scillas, snowdrops, crocus, grape hyacinths, and even lily-of-the-valley, where the bowls were large enough to permit this. By sprinkling grass seed over the earth some four or five days prior to the flower buds opening, an additionally charming result was achieved, when the tiny blades peeped up, often carrying a little dewdrop.

On one occasion little seedling trees were used with great success. These were secured in the woods in the fall. As I recall them now they were about four inches in height, and when they had put out small leaves from their buds, they made that December month seem like a springtime.

In other bowls that year, partridge-berries, tiny ferns, mosses, wild strawberry plants and some wild violets, with other dwarf plants were used, and later brought hours of pleasure to an invalid, as well as supplying living green for the family table.

ON ANOTHER occasion a vacant gold-fish bowl was utilized. Instead of the wood-earth some white sand was purchased, and then a plant of cyperus alternifolius (called by some the umbrella plant), was obtained at the florist's. After carefully washing away all the earth from the roots, this was planted in the sand and about a quart of water was added—or at least sufficient to show two or three inches above the sand. The bowl was placed in a south window and the plant thrived.



Last fall when I was in France, I admired the dress which the daughter of our hostess was wearing, and she confessed it was three years old, originally rose-beige, now dyed a rich deep shade of red! The French are eternally surprising you with thrifty little tricks like that — tricks which it pays to imitate.

Most of us have dresses which, if allowed to remain their original color, are discarded or seldom worn. Redyed, they become favorites again.

Just get a package or two of true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, and try your hand at tinting or dyeing. You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to use Diamond Dyes. They never disappoint you. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They are real dyes like those used when the cloth was made. They never give things that redyed look, like makeshift, inferior dyes. The more than sixty colors you can get from them include everything that's fashionable.

My new 64 page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's FREE. Write for it, NOW, to Mae Martin, Dept. A157, Diamond Dyes, Windsor, Ont.



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The Chesley Chair Co., Limited
Chesley, Canada

A Hallowe'en Supper

Continued from page 26

show that the water has not been drunk. The moment this is done pick up the glass and drink the water, thus performing the trick without touching the hat or removing it.

2. Get three people to come up on the stage and supply them with a paper and pencil. One of the three must be an accomplice. Ask the first person to write on the paper any number between one and three. Ask the second to put under it any number between one and five. Ask the third (who is the accomplice) to write any number between one and ten and add all three—writing down the sum. The paper may then be passed around for all to see while the performer keeps his back turned. When the paper is returned it is burned in a pan by one of the three on the stage. The performer then rolls back the sleeves of his coat and taking the ashes in his fingers rubs them on his bare arm. The sum written on the paper miraculously appears on his arm.

This trick always astounds the onlookers. The explanation of it is simple. The accomplice makes sure that the sum on the paper is a number agreed upon beforehand. Eleven is a convenient total. The performer has previously taken a piece of soap and marked this total on his arm. The soap cannot be seen even from close at hand. But when the ashes are rubbed over the spot the soap holds more than the bare arm and the number suddenly appears black in the gray smudge.

After the games, dancing is a fitting climax to the evening.

1

Vegetable Chowder
Fried Country Sausage, Scalloped
Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes
Hot Rolls, Fruit Salad
Orange Ice Cream topped with
Black Licorice Cats
Coffee Nuts

2

Chicken Fricassée, Mashed Sweet
Potatoes, Corn Pudding
Parker House Rolls, Stuffed Celery
Pumpkin Pie Cider

3

Roasted Virginia Ham, Roasted
Potatoes, Cabbage Au Gratin
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit, Jelly
Pickles Olives
Hallowe'en Cake, Fruit Jelly and Cream
Coffee

4

Fruit Cocktail
Creamed Chicken and Peas in Patty Shells,
Buttered Carrots and Mashed Potatoes
Baked Apples with Marshmallows
Coffee

Vegetable Chowder

10 Quarts of boiling water
2 Quarts diced carrot
2 Quarts diced turnip
1 Quart diced onion
1 Quart cut green pepper
2 Quarts diced celery
2 Quarts diced potato
1 Pound bacon or salt pork
1 Cup flour
6 Quarts hot milk
2 Quarts hot water
7 Tablespoonfuls salt
2 Teaspoonfuls pepper

Boil water, carrot, and turnip together forty-five minutes or more; add remaining vegetables and boil twenty minutes longer. Cut bacon in cubes, cook slowly until crisp and remove cubes. Stir flour into cooled fat, add hot milk and water and cook twenty to thirty minutes in double boiler. Combine mixtures, add bacon cubes and seasonings; sprinkle with parsley.

Scalloped Potatoes

10 Quarts sliced potato
4 Quarts sliced onion
8 Quarts milk
3 Cupful cornstarch
6 Tablespoonfuls salt
4 Teaspoonfuls pepper

Peel and slice potatoes and onions before measuring; parboil separately three to five minutes; drain. Put into baking dishes in alternate layers, dredging each layer with cornstarch mixed with salt and pepper; add hot or cold milk, cover closely and bake one and one-half to two hours. Add more milk, if necessary; the potato should be slightly creamy when done. If it can be afforded, one and one-half cups of butter may be added.

Stuffed Celery

About eighteen bunches of celery will be needed. Clean and keep in ice water until just before time to serve. Then stuff the cavities with snappy cheese and sprinkle with paprika.

Chicken Fricassée

Dress, clean and cut up about fifty pounds of fowl. Put in stewpan covered with boiling water and cook slowly until tender, adding salt and pepper (about two table-spoonfuls salt and two teaspoonfuls pepper), when fowl is about half cooked. Thicken stock with two cups flour diluted with enough cold water to pour easily. Serve with mashed sweet potatoes.

Corn Pudding

12 Quarts canned corn
4 Quarts milk
1 Cupful flour
2 Cupfuls bacon fat
2 Cupfuls chopped green pepper
2 Pounds bacon
6 Quarts soft crumbs
2 Tablespoonfuls salt
2 Teaspoonfuls pepper

Make a white sauce of the milk, bacon fat, flour, salt and pepper. Add corn, crumbled stale bread and finely chopped pepper. Put in casseroles and sprinkle over top diced bacon which has been cooked just enough to give one cup drippings. Bake in moderate oven until bacon is crisp and golden brown in color.

Hallowe'en Cake

3 Cupful shortening
1 1/4 Cupfuls sugar
3 Eggs
2 1/4 Cupfuls flour
1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls vanilla
4 1/2 Teaspoonfuls baking powder
3/4 Teaspoonful salt
3/4 Cupful milk

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add vanilla and beat thoroughly. Bake in three greased layer cake pans in hot oven twenty to twenty-five minutes. When cool, insert tiny favors in the layers, if desired, before putting cake together. Favors should be wrapped in bits of waxed paper. Put layers together and frost with boiled frosting. When hard, draw a face of a clock on top, with hands pointing to the minute after midnight. Use a small brush dipped in melted chocolate for this.

Baked Apples with Marshmallows

Select large, firm apples and when nearly baked insert marshmallows in top and let brown. These are delicious and inexpensive.

Ashes of Roses Bourjois

The Perfume of Happiness

Those gay young people whose comings and goings make "Society News", are ardent devotees of Ashes of Roses—that tenderly wistful fragrance that is so utterly different from ordinary scents.

Greedy one's senses respond to its enchantment, finding exquisite pleasure in the feeling of radiant content it brings. Truly is it named "The Perfume of Happiness."

Buy it at the better shops in smart Paris
Flaconettes and in distinguished
Crystal Bottles.

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Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick, Easy
Way to Play the Piano
—without a Teacher

LESS than a year ago I was friendless,
lonely. Suddenly I found myself popu-
lar. Here's how it happened.

One night I was wandering unhappily
through the deserted streets when the sound
of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear.
Through an open window I could see Tom
Buchanan playing the piano. How I envied
him!

The next time I saw Tom I said, "I would give
anything to play the piano like you, but it's too
late now." Then Tom told me how he had
learned to play through a wonderful new short
cut method of learning music that had been
perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No
teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of
practice. That very night I wrote for the Free
Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed
that playing the piano was so easy. The course
was as much fun as a game. And as the lessons
continued they got easier.
Before I knew it, I was
playing jazz, ballads, clas-
sical numbers, and all with
equal ease.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone
or any other instrument

Then came the party that
proved the turning point
of my whole life. There
was no one to play the
piano, so I said with con-
fidence, "Let me try."
"Why, I didn't know he
played," someone behind
whispered, "but as I struck
the first rippling chords of
Nerlin's 'Narcissus,' I
held the party spellbound.

When I finished, you should have heard them exclaim!
At last I was popular.
You too can play your favorite instrument by this re-
markable easy "at home" method—a method so simple
you do not have to know the slightest thing about music.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful free book and free demonstration lesson
prove how anyone can learn to play his favorite instru-
ment in almost no time and for just a fraction of what
old slow methods cost. If you want to learn to play,
take this opportunity to make your dreams come true.
Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late.
Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S.
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dangerous and specially heavy work. . . . If women could be relieved of domestic duties it may be that their resistance to industrial fatigue would approximate more nearly to that of men, but legislation has to deal with things as they are. Some forms of protection are necessary for women because of their functions as mothers. . . . The worker who cannot be exploited at the employers' will because the law does not permit it, gains a stronger and not a weaker position in the industrial field."

Nova Scotia Having a Whirlwind Election

THAT with Premier Rhodes of Nova Scotia announcing an election only three weeks in advance the women as well as the men electors in this province, where everybody takes their politics as seriously as their religion, will be taking part in a real whirlwind election, particularly as the Liberals, though short-noticed, have rallied gallantly and are putting up candidates in every constituency. That at time of going to press it is not known that any of the official candidates in either party are women, but that it is believed there will be several selected as there is no part of Canada where the women are better organized within the political parties or where they have placed their parties under heavier obligations.

Montreal Spends Millions on Education

THAT in the City of Montreal when schools reassembled in September, there were 135,000 children to take their places in the public schools and that with a population in Greater Montreal of 1,176,451 this year, the school taxes for both Catholic and Protestant schools amounted to \$8,000,000.

Women's Institutes in Sherbrooke, N.S., Do Good Work

THAT owing to the fact that the Women's Institutes of Sherbrooke, N.S., have carried on for five years a free dental clinic for children of school age, the examiner at the latest clinic has stated that he had never examined a lot of children so free from nose and throat trouble of a serious nature, only two out of twenty-five showing any disease; nor did he find a single abscessed tooth among the children inspected.

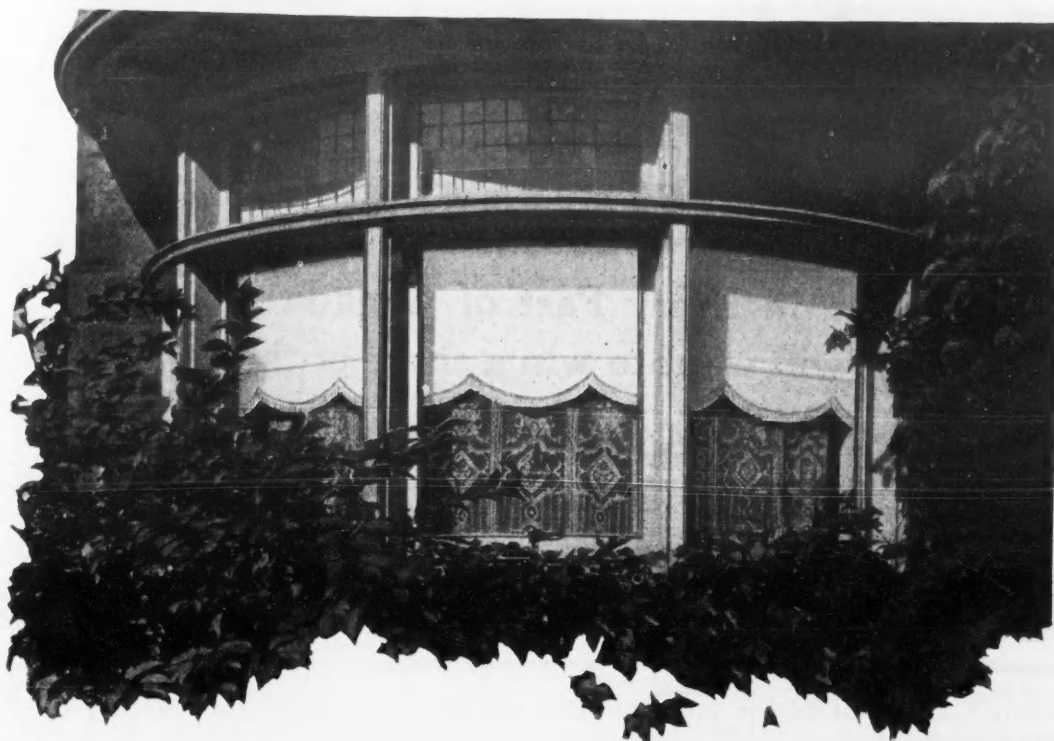
The Cost Of the War

THAT according to figures very recently released from Ottawa it is shown that the budget for 1928-29 for the care of disabled soldiers and their dependents is estimated at \$39,000,000, or about one-tenth of the total revenue of the Dominion: that although the amalgamation of the Pensions Board and the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department has cut down staff and expenses greatly, this represents an increase of some six and a half millions over the figures for 1924-25 as Canada, of all countries taking part in the war, has been the most generous to her returned men. There are now 70,610 pensioners, who, with their dependents brought the figures in March of this year to 181,720 in receipt of benefits. Of Canadian pensioners there are 3,196 with 4,361 dependents in Britain, and 5,289 ex-soldiers in the United States, with 1,752 dependents; and an interesting fact is, that among the pensioners making up the grand total, there are 671 from the days of the North West Rebellion, with 343 dependents, whose annual expenses amount each year to \$30,689. All of which leads to reflection on the costs of war.

Question—Can a married woman in Quebec if she possesses property, hold it and administer it as she chooses, or must she be subject to the will of her husband in relation to her property? G.M.—Ottawa.

Answer—A married woman in the province of Quebec is, in the eye of the law as incapable as a minor, and her husband stands to her in the relation of a guardian, his consent being necessary to all that relates to the acquisition and disposal of her property, except as to the administration of her property, if she be separated by marriage contracts or dissolution of community holding as to her property. Community of property, as between man and wife, is the common law of Quebec and exists in every case unless modified or excluded by marriage contract. It has its advantages and disadvantages for women. For a woman without private property and not likely to succeed to any, it is an advantage, as it gives her as a wife more than the dower of the other provinces, namely the half as absolute owner of all her husband's movables, as well as of the immovables acquired during marriage. For any further information, see the Civil Code 1922 of Quebec and the particulars regarding exclusion of community holding by agreement, etc.

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The Eye of the Passer-by . . .

appraises your home by your windows. No matter how proud you are of your home and its household treasures, your only way of expressing your pride is to make your house interesting from the outside by the treatment of your windows. The architect who designed your house made your roof and walls of certain colours, your windows must complete the ensemble.

The most noticeable thing about almost every window is the shade, and upon it depends not only the touch of colour that either enhances or mars the exterior of the home but it also governs the amount of light that shall enter the rooms. No matter how soft and charming the tones of your hangings and furnishings, they are all subordinate to the light, and the window shade through which the light enters is therefore the most important decorative



feature of the room. Instead of unfiltered sunlight to cast a glare upon certain features and thereby throwing corners into deep shadow, you have an overtone of soft, pellucid colour that blends all into an exquisite harmony. This is the quality of the Super-Art Cambric Window Shade, the shade ideal. Not only is it translucent, but is made in thirty different colours, each a lovely artistic tint. It can be washed with soap-water-and-cloth and will retain its lustrous colour indefinitely.

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276 Davenport Rd., Toronto.

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"What have I done?"

NO LONGER have they anything in common. He takes little interest in his home, or in her.

Her listlessness, her lack of vivacity have gradually taken the joy out of their marriage. She doesn't know what has caused it. Neither does he.

And the pity of it is, in this enlightened day, the remedy is so simple, in a great many cases—sane habits of living plus the correct practice of feminine hygiene.

But feminine hygiene incorrectly practiced—or the use of the wrong disinfectant—may have irreparable consequences.

Realizing this, the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you, free, a little book which tells the truth frankly, simply, explicitly, about this modern health safeguard which science has brought to women. Send the coupon below. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

But while waiting for the booklet to arrive, don't take dangerous risks. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

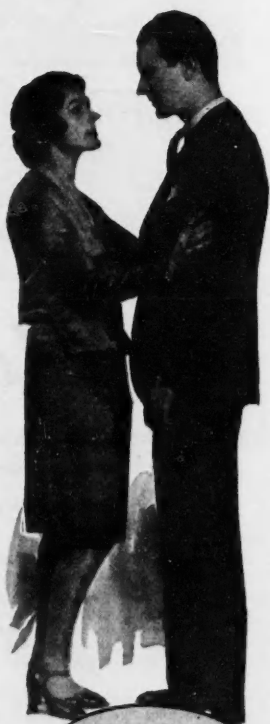
Be sure you get the brown bottle packed in the familiar yellow carton. Refuse substitutes.

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Women in the Pulpit

Continued from page 7

The other Methodist Communions have long ago adopted a basis of ministerial qualification which ignores sex entirely, and the adoption of a similar policy by the parent body will therefore, facilitate the union and ensure the permanence of the new policy.

AS THIS article goes to press, the voting of the presbyteries of the United Church as revealed at the meeting of the General Council just held in Winnipeg, has fallen in such a manner as to preclude any action by the present Council, either on ordination or on the proposal of admitting women to the eldership. Thirty-two presbyteries voted in favor of ordination, thirty-four were absolutely opposed, twenty-three were in favor, but at a future time, two expressed no opinion whatever, while thirteen favored a diaconate. The other proposal, to admit women to the eldership, brought no response whatever from fifty-five presbyteries, but of those who considered it, forty-two favored it, and only thirteen opposed.

Magic of the Chafing-Dish

Some Quickly Made Dishes

MENTION a chafing-dish and most people think of gaiety and midnight suppers. This is a charming notion but a little old-fashioned, for the modern housewife has learned that the chafing-dish is far more useful than she suspected and has found it ideal for numerous occasions. It can be used for a hurried breakfast, for the main dish for luncheons, the Sunday evening supper, and in the sick room where the invalid's meal can be prepared quickly and served piping hot. Left-overs can be transformed into delectable new dishes with its aid and an otherwise uninteresting meal acquires an air of festivity as the blaze flickers on the silver and the savory odor of some delicacy in the making arises.

The charm of a chafing-dish meal is quickly dissipated, however, if the appointments and ingredients have not been prepared beforehand, or there may be confusion at the last moment. First of all, the lamp (if it is an alcohol chafing-dish) should be filled and covered. A tray on which to set the chafing-dish, a wooden spoon for mixing and a deep-bowled serving spoon are necessary. Lastly, the ingredients should be at hand, the seasonings measured and in a cup, the butter in neat squares or balls.

The chafing-dish consists of four parts. The first is the pan in which the cooking is done. The second is the pan underneath it, called the hot-water pan, which to be convenient, should have handles. The third is the frame upon which the hot-water pan rests, and in which the spirit lamp is set. The last is the lamp. The electric chafing-dish differs only in that it has the heating element instead of the spirit lamp.

The following recipes are especially adapted for chafing-dish cookery.

Chicken à la King

2 tablespoonfuls butter	2 tablespoonfuls butter
2 tablespoonfuls flour	1 cupful cold, cut-up chicken
½ cupful hot chicken stock	½ cupful sautéed mushrooms
½ cupful hot milk	½ green pepper, sautéed
¼ cupful hot cream	¼ cupful canned pimentos, cut in strips
½ teaspoonful salt	
Yolk 1 egg	

Melt butter, add flour and stir until well-mixed and smooth. Then, stirring constantly, add the stock, milk and cream. Bring to the boiling point and add salt, butter, chicken, mushrooms, green pepper and pimentos. Again bring to boiling point and add well-beaten egg yolk. Serve hot on



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Finest quality crucible steel blade and fork, ebonite handles. Blade is 7" long and very keen. Invaluable for either dining room or kitchen.

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Gray Hair Gone

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN know it is needless to endure gray hair or to experiment with preparations which often produce weird colors far worse than gray! Instead, they use Kolor-Bak—the clean, colorless, scientific liquid which brings color back, whether blonde, auburn, brown or black. No worry over shade—the one bottle is right for all. Nor is the hair harmed—it keeps its life and sheen, and the scalp actually benefits! There's no uncertainty, either—Kolor-Bak is sold on a money-back guarantee.

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

buttered squares of toast, or in crisp patty shells.

Savory Eggs

6 hard-cooked eggs ½ teaspoonful onion juice
1 cupful cream sauce
1 tablespoonful Dozen stoned olives
butter Salt
3 tablespoonfuls Paprika
chopped, cooked ham

Chop whites of eggs and put yolks through a ricer. Melt the butter, add the cream sauce and when hot add one-half the egg whites, yolks, ham, olives and seasonings. Pour over thin, buttered squares of toast, sprinkle with remainder of whites and a dash of paprika.

Mushrooms and Crabmeat

2 tablespoonfuls 1 tablespoonful butter tomato catsup
1 tablespoonful 2 cupfuls cream minced green sauce
pepper 1 cupful cooked mushrooms
½ teaspoonful chopped onion 1 cupful cooked crabmeat

Cook the green pepper, onion and catsup in the butter. Add to the cream sauce, with the mushrooms and crabmeat, which have been sautéed in butter. Serve when hot on toast.

Shrimps With Peas

Make one cupful and a half of cream sauce and to it add one pint of shrimps and one cupful peas (canned or fresh).

Green Peppers With Eggs

4 chopped green peppers 6 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls 4 tablespoonfuls cream
butter 2 tablespoonfuls grated Parmesan
1 tablespoonful tomato catsup cheese

Melt butter in top pan of chafing dish, then add peppers, catsup and cheese and cook for two minutes. Add cream and well-beaten eggs. Stir constantly while cooking, until thick. Serve hot with buttered toast.

Turkish Pilaf

1 cupful cooked rice 1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful stewed tomatoes ½ teaspoonful pepper
1 cupful brown stock ¼ teaspoonful paprika
2 tablespoonfuls butter

Heat tomatoes and stock to boiling point and add rice and seasonings. Stir in butter and when ready to serve sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls grated cheese.

Welsh Rarebit

1 tablespoonful ½ pound mild cheese
butter ¼ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful corn starch ¼ teaspoonful mustard
½ cupful thin cream Few grains cayenne

Melt butter in chafing-dish, add corn-starch and stir until well mixed. Then add

cream, stirring constantly and cook for two minutes. Add cheese, which has been broken into small pieces and stir until cheese is melted. Add seasonings and serve on bread toasted on one side.

Bacon and poached eggs served on top of rarebit is a pleasing variation. Rarebit poured over the poached egg is also a favorite and is commonly known as "Golden Buck."

Lobster à la Neuburgh

Meat of two medium 3 tablespoonfuls each lobsters sherry and brandy
4 tablespoonfuls Grated nutmeg
butter Yolks 4 eggs
½ teaspoonful salt 1 cupful cream
¼ teaspoonful pepper

Remove meat from the lobsters and cut into slices. Put butter in chafing-dish and when melted, cook lobster in it for four or five minutes. Add seasonings and wines. Stir cream into well-beaten yolks, then stir both into lobster mixture. Serve as soon as eggs thicken the sauce.

Tomato Rarebit

2 tablespoonfuls 2 cupfuls finely cut butter cheese
2 tablespoonfuls 2 eggs
flour ¾ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful rich milk Mustard
¾ cupful stewed Dash of cayenne
strained tomatoes ½ teaspoonful soda

Melt butter in chafing dish and add flour. Pour the milk on gradually, stirring constantly, and when thickened, add tomatoes which have been strained and to which have been added the soda. Then add cheese, eggs and seasonings. As soon as cheese has melted serve on toast.

Savory Oysters

1 pint oysters 1 teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls Cayenne
butter Yolks 2 eggs
in butter

Put oysters into chafing-dish and cook until edges curl up. Then add seasonings. Add a few spoonfuls of oyster liquor to the egg yolks, beating well. Pour into chafing-dish with oysters, and stir constantly until thickened. Serve on thin slices buttered toast.

Curried Chicken

2 tablespoonfuls 1 teaspoonful curry butter powder
2 tablespoonfuls 1½ cupfuls milk flour
¼ teaspoonful salt 1½ cupfuls cooked chicken, cut in rather large pieces
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley

Melt butter, add flour, salt and curry powder and mix well. Add milk which has been heated, slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add chicken to curry sauce and heat thoroughly. Serve on toast and sprinkle each serving with parsley.

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MacLean's National Essay Contest

November 11th will be the tenth anniversary of the Armistice which ended the greatest war in history. The boys and girls of today were then infants, unable to grasp the significance of the colossal struggle which had waged for four years. The publishers and editors of MacLean's Magazine, appreciating the importance of having Canadian youth realize the fullness and greatness of the contribution and sacrifice made by Canada and Canadians in the Great War, have decided to offer prizes to the total cash value of more than \$1,000 for the best ten essays submitted by Canadian school children on the subject

"What the Story of Canada's War Effort Has Taught Me"

That story now is being told by MacLean's. In the July 1 issue, Major George A. Drew, in "The Truth About the War," told of the mighty achievement of the British Empire. In the October 1st issue, Major Drew tells part of the story of Canada's amazing contribution, and in the October 15 issue of MacLean's that story will be concluded. These articles will provide the material on which the essays must be based.

FOR TEACHERS TOO

The suggestion is made to teachers that they draw the attention of their pupils to Major Drew's articles and to this contest; that they encourage their pupils to write essays, and that they co-operate by selecting the best essay or essays written in their classes and submitting them in the contest.

Some one pupil and his or her school will receive \$350 in cash between them, as well as great honor for the class and school they represent.

The Prizes

A total of \$1,025 in cash is offered by the Editors of MacLean's Magazine, to be divided as follows:—

Prizes For Pupils

In each of the ten provincial divisions of Canada (because of the density of its population Ontario is divided into two sections) the pupil whose essay is adjudged the best will be awarded a cash prize of \$50. The ten winning essays will then be rejudged and the pupil who in the opinion of the judges has submitted the best entry from all Canada, will receive the Grand Prize of \$250 in cash, instead of one of the Provincial Prizes.

Prizes For Schools

In addition to the above prizes, the school whose pupil wins a Provincial Prize, will receive a cheque for \$25 to be used for the purchase of Canadian books for the School Library or for the purchase of School Equipment. There will be one of these school prizes awarded in each division. The School whose pupil wins the Grand Canadian Prize, will receive a cheque for \$100 (instead of the provincial cheque for \$25) this amount to be used for the purchase of Canadian books for the School Library, or for the purchase of School Equipment.

Who May Compete

Any Canadian boy or girl up to the age of sixteen (that is any who, on November 1, will have not reached his or her seventeenth birthday) and who is attending any school, may compete. Boys and girls not attending school may not compete.

The Rules

- (1)—Essays may be of any length up to 1,000 words. They must not be longer than 1,000 words. They do not have to be that long.
- (2)—Essays must be based on the articles by Major Drew appearing in MacLean's July 1, October 1 and October 15 issues.
- (3)—Essays must be written by hand on one side of the paper only.
- (4)—Competitors should keep a copy of their essays, as the publishers cannot undertake to return any of the entries.
- (5)—All essays must be mailed not later than November 5th. Essays post marked after that date will not be considered. The last article on which the essays are based will appear in MacLean's October 15, on sale on that date. This allows three weeks for the preparation and mailing of entries.
- (6)—The awards will be announced as soon as possible after December 1st.
- (7)—The judging of the essays will be done by a committee of outstanding men under the chairmanship of Dr. E. A. Hardy, Immediate Past President of the Canadian Teachers' Federation.
- (8)—No discussion can be entered into by correspondence, telephone or otherwise, regarding MacLean's National Essay Contest, all Entrants are understood by the fact

of their Entry to agree to accept the judges' decision as final.

(9)—All entries must have the following information on the reverse side of the last sheet of the entry:—

- (a) Pupil's name in full along with date of birth and Post Office address.
- (b) Name and address of school and grade of the pupil.
- (c) Signature and school address of teacher, who thus certifies that the essay is the original work of the pupil.

Where to Get Copies

Copies of MacLean's Magazine may be purchased from your local newsdealer at 10c. per copy, so that any pupil or teacher interested may read the articles should they not already be subscribers to MacLean's. If your local newsdealer has not got copies of MacLean's on hand, ask him why and order from us direct. Every newsdealer in Canada has been informed of this offer and should have a supply on hand to fill your order.

Provincial Divisions

Nova Scotia; New Brunswick; Prince Edward Island; Quebec; Eastern Ontario, including Toronto; Western Ontario (West and Northwest of Toronto); Manitoba; Saskatchewan; Alberta; British Columbia, (including Yukon Territory).

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MacLean's Magazine
153 University Avenue
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Take a teaspoonful of the powder or four compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat. You can enjoy your meals without a fear of indigestion.

muscles. Clothing should be loose, porous, suited to the weather, time of year and occupation.

Preparation of Breasts

IT MAY be necessary to support the breasts, but avoid pressure on the nipples, and do not wear ill-fitting brassières. Very often painful nipples are the preventable cause of too early weaning of the baby. Depressed nipples need special attention and should be mentioned to your doctor.

Teeth

VISIT a dentist early in pregnancy and have a periodic examination of the teeth, as much depends on their health. Visit early in case there is any extensive work to be done. Remember, a decayed tooth acts as a poison to the system both of the mother and baby.

General Rules

CULTIVATE good companionship, and remember that worry is a foe to health. Love nature and nature will help you.

Always wash the hands before sitting down to eat, and before preparing food, as the hands are great carriers of disease.

Remember, this is no time to economize. Get the best doctor and nurse you can afford. If you cannot afford a doctor during pregnancy make use of one of the many channels open to you in the ante-natal clinics of hospitals, pre-natal clinics of health departments and many others. If you are where there is no doctor or nurse, write to the nearest doctor. He may be coming to your village some day and will call on you. Make an effort to see him at least every three months. Write to the health department of your province. There may be a traveling clinic coming your way and you will be notified. The Women's Institutes may be having a course of lectures and you could take the opportunity of attending these and asking questions. Write for expert instructions; do not take notice of casual advice.

Diminution of urine, severe headaches, dizziness, puffiness and swellings, shortness of breath, cessation of baby's movements, severe morning sickness, any bleeding, and any other abnormality, need immediate doctor's attention at any cost. Avoid all these things by seeing your doctor early: not once only, but every month and every two weeks in the later months, as he directs you. It is an economy and a preventive measure.

The foregoing advice does not take the place of a doctor.

Outline of exercises to be taken with your doctor's knowledge and approval, will be sent on receipt of ten cents to cover postage and printing.

Patterns for maternity gowns were given in the May Chatelaine. They may be seen at any pattern counter—Vogue patterns No. 8802, 8743 and 8840.

Ruth and Naomi

Continued from page 21

out the hours, days, months, years.

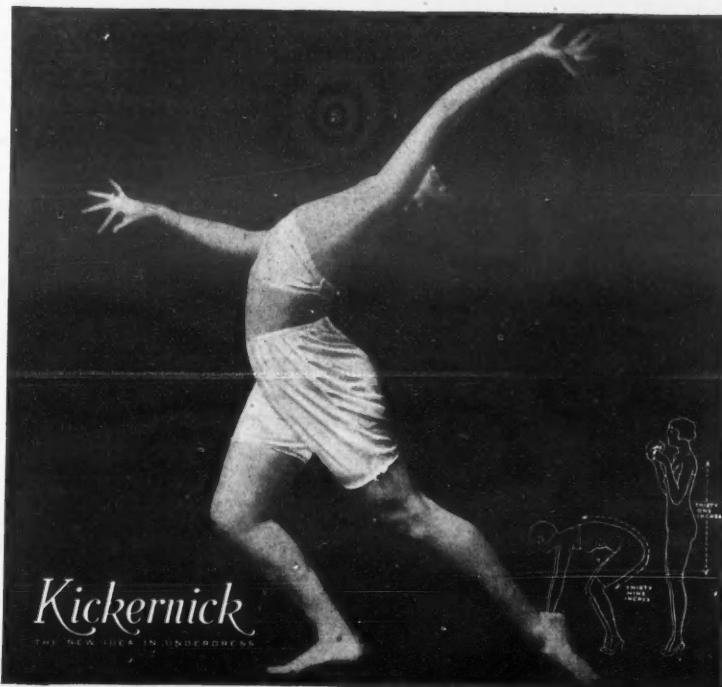
A wild inarticulate prayer hovered upon Mary's lips. "No, no, it mustn't come to her, too! If I could only say things to her—to Stuart. I've got to do something, something!"

Ruth rose and glanced through the window: "The sun's out again. Listen, there's a lark singing somewhere. How pretty it is out there on the flats. The pools sparkle like diamonds against the velvet black of the land. Pretty soon there'll be just the mounds, little green islands."

She broke off suddenly and turned to Mary. "Won't it cost a lot of money to fix the dyke?"

The older woman shrank from the sweet enquiring candor of the blue eyes. "I'm afraid so," she returned briefly.

Ruth's eyes turned toward the knoll where the old house stood. "I think I'll go back and see what Andy's doing. He's apt to



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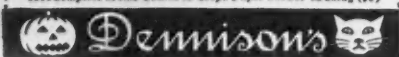
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The Maple Tree

By Ronald Everson



The maple tree is four times red,
The red, red buds in May,
Then the little red leaf beyond belief
And the stem so red, red gay.

The maple tree's the fourth time red
In the red, red, red October;
But here we stop, the red leaves drop
And turn our song to sober.

Preparing for the Great Adventure

Continued from page 19

the immediate trouble, but it should also be curative with the ultimate aim of a natural action each day.

Exercise

THE importance of exercise in the open air daily, as well as special exercises, cannot be stressed too much. No athlete enters for a race and then prepares for it by eternally resting. During the pregnancy and birth of the baby the mother's abdominal muscles are constantly in use and exercise is absolutely necessary to strengthen them for the ordeal. Simple exercises must be commenced gradually and done evenly, always bearing in mind that one must stop short of fatigue, and these should be done under the direction of the doctor or public health nurse. They are invaluable to the health of the mother and work wonders at the time of confinement.

Strenuous exercise and heavy lifting should be avoided, as should too much motoring. Stand and sit erect, but relax properly when resting.

Diet and Amount of Food

PREVIOUS habit and custom with regard to food taken must be considered, but the main points are to have three good meals a day, well varied and including always some fresh fruit and vegetables. Meat is recommended once a day for preference. Nothing should be eaten in between meals. Of course, no alcohol should be taken. The more immature the stage of development of the baby, the more far-reaching are the consequences of nerve poisons.

Food should be:

Plain No pastry, no pickle
Digestible No rich or heavily
seasoned foods

Free from stimulating beverages
No strong tea or coffee

Laxative See diet above

Rich in vitamins Fresh and raw vegetables, eggs

Minerals are particularly necessary for the growing baby and the mother, for there

is an extra strain upon the mineral content of her body.

The old saying, "Every baby costs the mother a tooth" was true in as much as this strain on the mineral content was not recognized.

Overeating is always harmful; in pregnancy it is dangerous. Do not give way to excesses in any one thing.

Sleeping and Rest

EIGHT hours' sleep each night is a necessity, as well as an hour's rest during some part of the day, with the feet up. Inform your doctor if you are persistently sleepless, so that he may ascertain if there is any abnormality to cause the condition. Conditions that favor sound sleep are fresh air (the colder the better if one is warmly clothed); good digestion; quiet physical weariness, not fatigue; mental tiredness, not worry. Sleep with the windows open summer and winter, and outside if possible. A warm bath at night is helpful. Mentally learn to minimize difficulties and cultivate faith. Take no notice of the unfounded tales of ignorance about markings, etc. Mental rest is as necessary as physical rest.

Clothing

ONE of the most important laws of clothing is the correct kind of boots, shoes and stockings. Good shoes are necessary aching feet, back and general irritability may easily come about from wearing ill-fitting or ill-chosen foot gear. High heels are to be avoided as they throw the poise of the body out and are apt to make the pelvic support misshapen. Warm stockings should be worn in the winter and all stockings should be changed often. Remember to have a stout pair of shoes for winter use. Do not wear slippers or over-run heels.

No tight bands, such as garters, should be worn. Wear warm bloomers in cold weather. Abdominal support may be necessary during the later months when the mother feels a strain and stress through pressure, but this is generally caused by poorly developed



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Daniel's blazing eyes her courage oozed from her in a moment.

"That damned mare's come back!" he ejaculated. "No wonder—the way you fuss with her! Here, drive her out on the road."

He snatched up a heavy stick and swung it up. Something leaped within Mary, crashed through the patience, the forbearance of years. Resentment, rebellion, lashed into blinding rage! She sprang at Daniel, caught his uplifted arm.

"Don't touch her! Don't touch her!" she blazed stridently. "She's come back to me because—because she's mine! Mine, I tell you! You've got no right to drive her out!"

"She's—she's sold. What's the matter with you?" raged Daniel.

Mary was dimly aware that Stuart was coming toward them.

"Sold—yes! The last thing I had and you sold her away from me!" she retorted bitterly.

"The last thing you had," echoed Daniel.

"Yes, the last thing I had," Mary flung back at him. "Guess you forgot she was mine, like everything else my father gave me! Daniel, if everything else that's mine could come back to me there'd be a herd . . . a herd . . ."

Her voice would tremble, her courage was leaving her again. No, no, she must speak now, she must! She laid her hand on the mare's firm shoulder:

"Daniel, if I had all that's mine by rights . . . Oh, it's a long time ago, but—the day we were married Father had 'em in the corral. I can see 'em yet; two cows and their sucking calves, two heifers coming in the spring, two steers—you broke 'em for oxen. Don't you remember . . .?"

"Yes, I know all that," began her husband suddenly, but Mary went on:

"How I planned about them cattle, right from the first! By and by I'd sell a head or two. I'd have a red plush parlor set and nice dishes, and linens and things. But after I knew the baby was coming it was all for him I planned—all for him—the schooling I'd give him. You didn't believe in education. Then one day you come in in a great hurry. You'd sold the oxen and were going off to buy a team of horses. I can't tell you—the way I felt . . ."

"I had to have horses," retorted Daniel, impatiently. "You'd sense enough to know that!"

"Yes," assented Mary, "and maybe it wasn't right of me to feel . . . If you'd only talked it over with me! But you never did. And that's the way they went—my things. After a while I didn't make no more plans."

"What's a woman want with plans of her own anyhow?" demanded her husband. "When she's got a good home and a man . . ."

"Anybody that's any good likes to have plans of their own," returned Mary with trembling spirit. "Even if it's ever so little it teaches us—just like it does the men . . ."

Dollie's damp nose touched her cheek, the clear eyes seemed asking the trouble. The heartache of the past faded before the poignant pain of the present. Oh, what was the use of this now, years after it might have done any good? She turned appealingly to Daniel.

"If I could just keep Dollie," she ventured timidly.

"Keep her!" thundered Daniel. "You're acting like a crazy woman to-day! Here, I got no time . . ."

"Nothing ever hurt like seeing Dollie go," pleaded Mary.

"Nonsense; I needed the money! Pretty soon she wouldn't fetch anything, and an old horse's keep . . ."

"She's earned her keep, Daniel, she's earned her keep! You've never liked her because she was all my father left me at the last, her and her old mother. Me—I was glad, thankful. 'Twas something from home, something of my own again. Mine! Didn't I raise her by hand after the mother broke her leg and you shot her? Nights and nights I sat up when she was sick and nearly died. We're funny, us women. I began to plan

again. Then you sold her first two colts. Three hundred dollars you got for 'em. I remember the day they drove away—big gray horses. You've got two teams now, her colts. Well, after a while I didn't make any more plans. If I could just keep Dollie . . ."

The eloquence of her plea choked her. Her head went down on the gray mane and she was sobbing, sobbing . . . She heeded not the pressure of a hand on her arm, nor the awkward pleading of a voice, tender, torn with feeling:

"Mother, don't cry! Don't cry! We'll keep Dollie, we'll buy her back. I didn't know you cared so much. I'll make things right to you, Mother . . ."

Stuart, her son, her man-child, come back to her across the long years, promising with the infinite trust of childhood! The lonely weight lifted magically. But why, in that sudden lightness of heart, must she still weep? Her whirling senses steadied, shocked by the instinct of some impending danger.

"You'd no right to treat my mother like that! Her own things! What've you done with the money you got for them?"

The voices had risen to a shout. Mary's blood congealed in the fear and dread of years. She dashed the tears from her eyes. They faced each other, Daniel and Stuart, shoulders defiantly set, hands clenched. Just as she had seen them in dreams a hundred times!

She flung herself between them, a wild fearless figure. "Stuart, I oughtn't to've talked as I did. 'Twas a long time ago. Thinking and thinking about it maybe made it seem worse. Your father didn't mean . . ."

Stuart put her gently aside. "No, Mother, times like this folks tell the truth. I remember now, little things, though you never said a word. It's a wonder you haven't gone crazy hearing and seeing nothing but that dyke, knowing where everything was going. It's just as I've been telling you this afternoon, Father. There's only one way to drain that flatland—when we can get the Government to put flood-gates across the mouth of Tide Creek to shut out high tides. Everybody's told you that. Engineers say so."

"They do, eh? Well, it's my land! I'll show 'em yet!"

"Go ahead and show 'em then!" retorted Stuart fiercely. "But I'm through with this infernal dyking! I'll give you back the deed of the flatland first, but I'm through, I'm through, I tell you!"

Mary held her breath. The same stubborn set to each jaw, the same fierce determination in each face, challenging, clashing! She shrank within herself, helpless, frightened. A dizzying moment and Daniel turned to stare heavily out over the flatland. A convulsive tremor of throat muscles and he spoke in a strange muffled voice:

"So you've turned agin me, too, eh? You've turned agin me, too!"

His shoulders drooped, he seemed suddenly old and beaten. He raised his hand to his head. Its trembling uncertainty smote Mary like a sharp bodily pain. A surge of new compassion and old tenderness sent her unsteadily to his side.

"Daniel, don't mind . . . Stuart does not mean . . ." She faltered, turned appealingly to her son.

Stuart's face went white as he spoke. "Yes, Mother, I do mean it. When I look at you—when I remember the years—the money . . ." His glance leaped toward the old house on the mound. "No, I'd rather give up the land than go on like this!"

Daniel made no answer. The glaze of unbelief drew his face into haggard lines of defeat. There was a new helplessness about him as he looked down at Mary standing beside him:

"There's just you and me, Mary, just you and me. But we're old, too old! Guess I don't deserve you should stand by me like this. Mebbe I did forget everything but this land, the dyke. Old Dollie, now—she was just a horse to me. But—I'll get her back . . ."

He pointed a shaking finger toward the



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paint the whole house green if I don't watch him," she laughed.

"I was hoping you'd stay to supper," protested Mary.

"I'd love to." The smooth forehead creased in indecision. "But—it's to be soon, you know, and there's so little time for—for all the things I want to do." She was blushing now, the lovely flustered bride-to-be. "And—Stuart's coming over to-night."

"But couldn't you come back here to supper?" urged Mary.

"Perhaps. I'd love to."

She was gone down the path, the green hat swinging by her side, the gold of her hair glinting against leafing willows. Mary watched her, eyes full of love and pride. How she had wanted a daughter of her own! She was still rather dazzled by the thought that this lovely young thing was to be her son's wife. The very kitchen seemed less lonely, as though youth and laughter had left some of its radiance there. The visit had been like the lifting of a magic curtain before Mary's wistful eyes, had set her own dreams vibrating and surging within her.

The thought of the old house on the mound brought a soberer mood. It was a lonesome place. The crowding trees shut off all view but that of the flats. Oh, Stuart would have to fix the place up, do the things Ruth wanted done. Even then . . . Mary shook her head. If she could only do something to help brighten that old house! So little she had to give them—the quilt, a few odd bits she had bought with egg-money gleaned from chance passers-by.

She went into the living-room and drew up the shades. On a table in a corner stood a pair of blue vases, a glass pickle-dish, a flowered platter, a carved Japanese box, a rose and blue lamp-shade. They seemed suddenly poor and mean. She shrank from the thought of Ruth's eyes upon them. She would be lovely about them, just as she had been about the quilt, but . . .

Mary went back to her quilting. The things she wanted to give Ruth and Stuart! There was a set of thin white china in the store at Hillside. Just to handle it was a joy. Table linen, too, yards of snowy damask flowered in patterns so soft you could hardly see them. A bed-spread worked in asters and daisies and forget-me-nots. Presents meant so much to a bride, the loving surprises in tissue-paper packages.

A tingling anger began to burn in Mary's cheeks. She snipped off the thread at the end of each seam and knotted with a vicious jerk. The coals of a long-smoldering fire were leaping to life within her. Yes, there had been few marriage-portions like her own. Why couldn't she give Ruth, her only son's wife, a decent wedding-present?

Her mind leaped from past to present, from present to future. She did problems in compound interest. Even her crude calculations appalled her. Livestock with increasing lines of progeny stood mutely before her bewildered eyes. She put down her work, stood up white and shaken. They were hers, her marriage-portion almost thirty years ago! A fine herd they would have been by now.

"Ruth, Ruth," she whispered, staring into space, "if I could only tell you! What good have they been to me, the cattle and things my father gave me? Even Dollie—sold! Gone, just as if they'd been drowned in the creek down there!"

Dry sobs shook her small frame. It was a long time since she had thought much about it, but the talk with Ruth had brought the details vividly back, had sharpened the sense of injustice. If only she could say something to Stuart, make him understand. Still, if he clashed with his father now . . . She had been frightened to-day when they stood talking down in the pasture.

The flatland—the dyke—if it hadn't been for them! With a sense of helplessness she flashed defiance at the creek spreading in triumph over the land. Her sweeping gaze halted, focused in quivering joy. Across the creek, sharply defined against the black land, stood a gray horse, the banner of her silver mane flaunting in the breeze.

"It's Dollie, it's Dollie come back!" cried Mary, rushing through the door and down across the pasture.

The horse's head lifted, the ears straightened. The immobility of intentness held her as though carved against the black land.

"Dollie, Dollie! She knows me, she knows me," burst from Mary's lips.

Up and down the dyked bank the mare was trotting, whinnying, throwing eager glances across to Mary. She stopped, her head lowered as though measuring the width of the stream. Then, as though guided by instinct, she plunged into the widening ford. A sudden fear gripped the woman. Her eyes leaped to the line of driftwood sweeping down the middle of the stream.

"Dollie, Dollie, go back, go back!" she screamed chokingly.

The water splashed about the gray mare, and only the head with its silver mane moved like a bird among the driftwood. Could she cross that swirling creek? Mary's tense body was a prayer, her eyes great burning balls straining out to help the gallant horse. There, she was coming all right, a slanting course with the current. She knew the water, the creek. Old pioneer! Many a time she had crossed that ford dragging great loads of hay. But there was a tree bearing down upon her, almost spanning the stream with its tangle of dead brown branches. Ah, she would be clear of it in a moment. She would soon be out of the water climbing the bank, standing in dumb love under Mary's stroking fingers.

What was this? Was she turning back? No, she was swimming in jerking circles. Once her head lunged almost under water. Tired! Worn out with her long day's travel home. The tree, that great ugly tree moving grim and sure upon her! A jerk, a whirling motion of the upturned roots! It circled dizzily, flung the water in churning swells upon the shore. Mary's hands reached out in frantic clutching, hoarse words tore from her taut throat.

"Dollie, Dollie, fight it, fight it! It can't beat you! It won't beat you! Come on, Dollie, come on! Get away from the tree! Oh, God, it's got her, it's got her!"

Her stricken eyes searched the foam where tossed flood-wood made bobbing brown spots. That wisp of silver mane!

"Dollie! Dollie!" cried Mary in agony.

Wildly she splashed along the bank, stumbling, caught by her clinging skirts, on, on, to a widening bend of Tide Creek. The huge tree was sweeping on in hideous triumph, and against a jutting bank, inert and still, lay Dollie! For a stunned moment Mary stood, rigid, wide-eyed, then her throat quivered into a glad cry. The silvery mane had stirred, the horse was struggling to her feet.

Through tangled underbrush and clutching briars the woman ran. And crashing toward her, panting, staggering, but with eager whinnies of joy, came Dollie! How clean she looked, the sunlight glancing on the wet coat, the watery-falling, a swirl of silver drops, from mane and tail. Her quivering nostrils met Mary's trembling hand.

"Dollie . . .!"

Words caught in the woman's throat. She leaned her head against the panting neck. It was too wonderful! Dollie had come back to her! Dollie had come home! And how she must have wanted to come that she could brave that swollen creek. That terrible creek! Mary's shaking hands stole over the wet coat with a gently stroking motion.

The horse was looking past her now, toward the green pasture where she used to graze. It was as though the spirit of ownership shone in the steady eyes. She had come home, she seemed to say, back to the land where she had lived and toiled.

"Yes, you've got a right here, Dollie," whispered Mary, as she led the mare toward the pasture.

At the sound of voices she turned. Daniel was swinging toward her. She read disapproval in the very poise of his head. Her trembling fingers closed in the silver mane, she turned to face her husband squarely. Beneath her agitation thoughts beat and circled. For almost thirty years she had been a wife and mother. This land—it was hers, too, her home where she had worked and saved. She would speak now, say what she had thought . . . But when she met

SCRAP-BOOK TREASURE



SINCE it is unfashionable to have too many pictures on the walls, almost every home has its surplus of discarded frames. Take two that either match or harmonize with each other and make a companion that every needle-woman will appreciate.

Take frame No. 2 apart and cut the four pieces to fit in crosswise in frame No. 1. Do not, however, fasten them in until you have put in the necessary "spikes" or spool-holders. Use wire nails for this purpose, and drive them in from underneath. If the wood has a tendency to split, bore with a gimlet before driving in the nail. Use smaller nails for the top cross pieces, and larger ones for the bottom. Likewise have your smaller "spikes" nearer each other, for they are intended to carry smaller spools than your bigger ones.

The next step is to glue or screw the spiked cross pieces into the frame. Have them at well-proportioned distances from the top, bottom, and each other.

A piece of cardboard, or light tin, nicely curved and inserted at the bottom of the frame, makes a receptacle for thimbles, buttons, etc., if provided with a "floor" of the same material. A row of small brass hooks screwed beneath, takes care of the scissors, tapes, etc. Also, the thin boards which form the back of the frame, if padded with wadding, and covered with cretonne, make a pin and needle cushion.

Two rings to the top of the frame and the "companion" can be hung securely just over, or at the right hand of the sewing machine.



A Pretty and Inexpensive Baby-Coop



NOTHING is more cruel and dangerous than to let a baby sit or creep about the floor. The best floor of the best house ever built is still too draughty and cold for the baby's tender susceptibility. And not even the best housekeeper can guarantee her floor free from dust and germs. Above all, the most conscientious watcher will sometimes fail, and the baby will fall or have something or someone fall on him; he will get burnt, or scalded, struck, or knocked over. The best prevention is a baby-coop. Here is one way to make one that is both pretty and inexpensive.

Take a good sized box or packing-case, sandpaper the outside until smooth, and paint it. Three coats of flat white followed by one of enamel made mine look like porcelain.

Upholster the inside, tacking the pads into place with large flat-headed tacks. Only the bottom pad, one not too large to go through the wringer on wash-day, is left removable. An old quilt or blanket is good for this purpose.

Make a pretty curtain or valance with strings running through top and bottom hems to go over the side pads. Small nicks at intervals in the hems will allow you to hang the draw strings over the head of the flat tacks which hold the pads into place, that is if you have been careful to not drive the tacks in too tight. In that way the curtain is easily taken off and replaced after laundering. There is a quality of mauve cotton which does not fade. That with the white-enamelled outside makes a most practical and pretty baby-coop. A set of ball-bearing castors under the bottom of the box adds both to the convenience and comfort of the coop.

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Mrs. Stevens' Letter

"FOR a long time I had been looking for some way to make extra money. Then one day, two years ago, I noticed an advertisement of the Auto Knitter in the Saskatoon Star, and although I had answered several 'Make Money At Home' ads, (only to find that a person had to spend a great deal of time and money learning something that was really difficult) I decided to make one more try. I wrote to the Company and in a short time I received an Auto Knitter with their splendid guarantee to take all of my work. In two or three days I learned how to make socks, and in a very short time I could make women's and children's stockings, sweaters, toques. I have two small children and my housework to do, yet during the last six months I averaged \$65.00 a month clear profit."

Signed, Mrs. H. E. Stevens,
Saskatchewan.

Here is the Plan

In the quiet privacy of her own home Mrs. Stevens knits wool socks with the Auto Knitter—a simple hand knitting machine that knits socks complete from top to toe. When a few dozen pairs are knit they are sent to us by parcel post. Upon being received they are counted and weighed, and the exact amount of yarn that has been used is returned to Mrs. Stevens. We replace it each time so that more socks may be knit. With this replaced yarn we send a Money-Order paying for the knitting.

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home occupation, one which brings them good steady wages working in the comfort and privacy of their own homes.

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Miss E. Cox of Ontario says of it: "With my machine came an instruction book showing exactly what to do. I now average about two pairs of socks an hour. In a few months I earned \$485.00." And Mrs. A. Filion of Quebec is pleased to tell of her experience in this way: "I was so fascinated with the way the machine turned out work I could hardly leave it alone. In four months I earned \$200.00."

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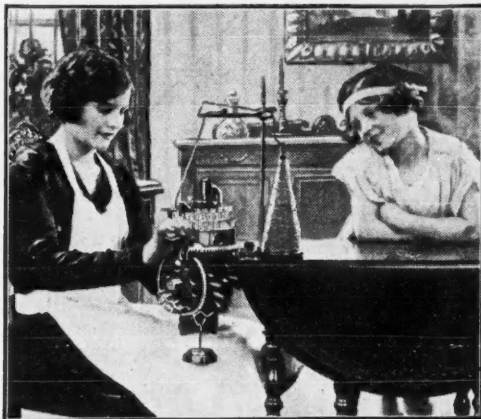
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flatland: "Mebbe you think I didn't plan nothing for the boy, Mary. I wanted to see that land grow crops as never could be grown on the high land. And 'twas all for Stuart, all for Stuart! Well, the land's his now. I've give him the deed an' I'm a man o' my word. He's free to do what he likes with it."

Stuart's eyes flashed eagerly. "You mean that, Father? Then can't we use it to summer pasture beef cattle? You know what wonderful grass it grows soon as the water's gone! I believe we could make a record—so many head per acre. There's big money."

In the trembling revulsion of relief, Mary turned and walked dazedly toward Dollie, grazing peacefully near.

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," she heard Daniel assent tiredly. "When you're young everything looks easy." He turned from Stuart's confident plans to her. "Best go in, Mary. You're wet and cold."

A throb tightened the woman's throat. For the first time he seemed to have forgotten the land for her. There was a lightness in her head, a rush of emotions, as she

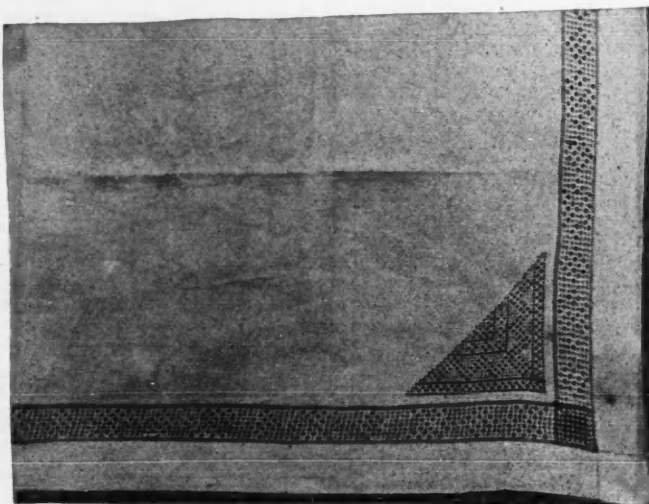
went toward the house. Ruth's green hat made a vivid touch against the evening sky. "I came back for supper," she called brightly. "And to scold about my chickens," she added, flushed and laughing, as Stuart hurried to meet her.

"I'll build them, I'll build them right away," promised Stuart in gay penitence.

Mary watched them, the tension of her throat softening into proud gladness. It seemed as though all the golden radiance of that April evening laughed and danced in those two young faces. She walked on, Dollie trudging beside her, plucking at tufts of tender green. Even the flatland seemed transformed in the soft light. Mary saw it, a waving green meadow where sleek cattle grazed through long summer days. Tripping feet overtook her. Ruth's small hand slipped into hers.

"I want to help get supper," she confided. "I must learn about—well, about what Stuart likes especially, you know."

Mary smiled into the eager face. With hands clasped in the age-old bond of womanhood, they went across the spring-decked pasture to the old house.



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Creating a Nation's Handicrafts

(Continued from page 9)

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The Women Take Up Migration

(Continued from page 13)

satisfactory rate of development of resources and expansion of industry in the present generation. The National Chapter gravely doubts whether any artificially accelerated pace of development would be accompanied with as satisfactory results as the steady and cautious measure of even, careful progress in this period.

"Second, that the National Chapter is of the opinion that this even rate of natural development can be most effectively sustained by the conservation, maintenance and nurturing of two conditions or factors, which it is convinced have exercised a preponderant influence in producing the present satisfactory standard of life and living conditions in Canada today, viz.:

(a) The maintenance in preponderance of population and influence of the basic stocks of this country, and the expansion of national life in the flexible mould of British traditions, and constitutional structure and practices.

(b) The maintenance of the satisfactory

balance between agricultural and industrial life, between urban and rural population, which has brought Canadian development so rapidly to its present satisfactory state.

"Third, the acceptance of these opinions carries three natural corollaries in reference to immigration policy:

(a) That the National Chapter should dissociate itself from any demand for vastly increased immigration to this country at the present time, and work for the maintenance of a moderate and steady flow of new settlers to Canada.

(b) That the National Chapter unequivocally states, as its conviction, the desirability and urgent necessity of the maintenance of a heavy preponderance of people of British stock in all immigration movements to Canada.

(c) That the National Chapter strongly stresses the national advisability of a preponderance of agricultural workers, or settlers, in all immigration movements to Canada.

(Continued on page 62)

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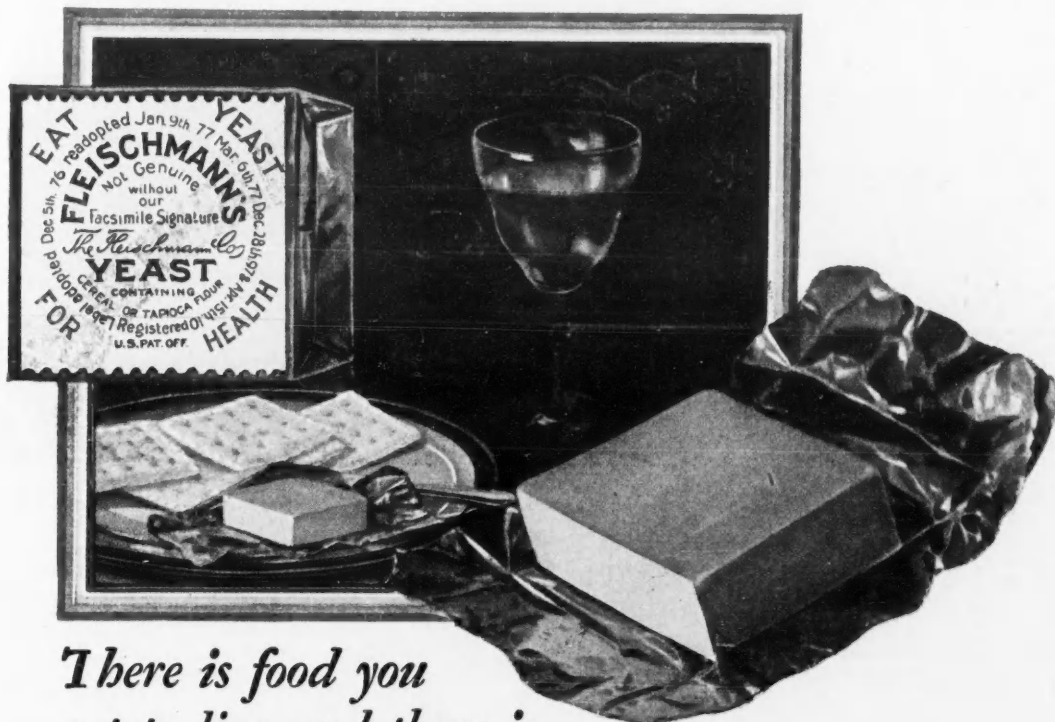
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The Women Take Up Migration

Continued from page 60

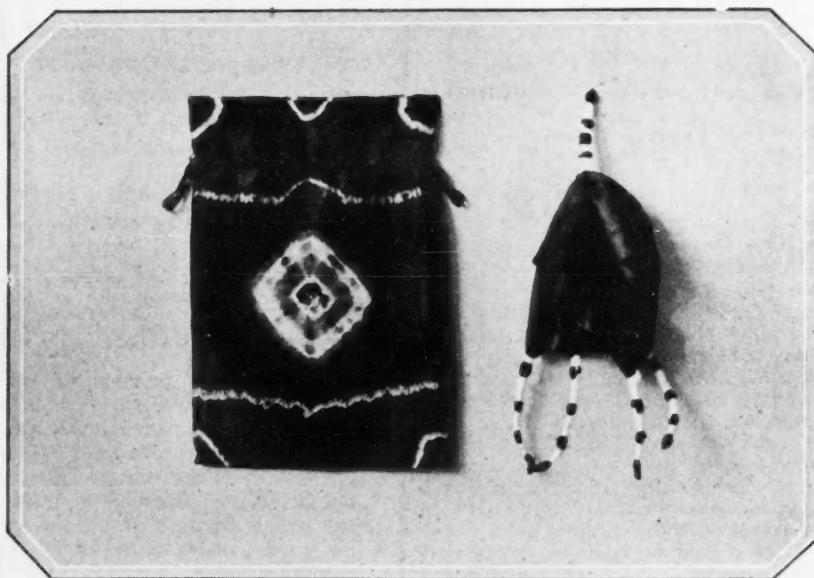
"Fourth, that the National Chapter, after careful inquiry, is satisfied that in the present scheme of assisted family, and household workers' immigration to Canada, the British authorities and Canadian Immigration Department are making an honest and noteworthy effort to encourage British migration, of the type that would be most likely to find settlement and conditions in Canada satisfactory. It should be borne in mind that, due to the very generous transportation and settlement assistance granted under the present assisted passages scheme, Canada has assumed, not only a responsibility of safeguarding these prospective settlers from exploitation, but by virtue of her own heavy financial investment in every such settler, has accepted a dual responsibility of safeguarding her own development and social interests. The National Chapter is satisfied that viewed from this angle, such restrictions and regulations as at present exist, are no more irksome or unnecessary than the safeguarding of the interests of all parties to the problem, demands. It urges upon the Canadian immigration and health authorities the tremendous importance of patient and courteous procedure, on the part of their officials in all dealings with intending immigrants, who, unaccustomed to such routine, and uninformed as to its purpose, frequently resent what they would approve if understood. In this connection the National Chapter deprecates the impression so generally prevalent in the British Isles that British migration is not wanted in Canada, and appeals to its members and all Canadians who hold the British tradition dear, to do all in their power to dissipate this impression.

"Fifth, that while the lessening of the social restrictions at present safeguarding admissions to this country from the British

Isles may not therefore be advisable, the National Chapter urges that Canadian immigration policy should aim at more restrictive and selective processes in the control of the present undesirably high migration to Canada from continental countries, other than preferred countries. The National Chapter ventures to urge greater care and control in the heavy migration of unaccompanied foreign women to Canada under the bulk nomination system of the Railways' Agreement of 1925.

"Sixth, that in view of these foregoing considerations, the National Chapter strongly urge upon the Canadian public and the Canadian government, the urgent necessity of reducing the number of admissions to Canada from continental countries, to a volume proportionate to annual admissions from the British Isles, and that in establishing this ratio, Canada should consider not only the maintenance of a preponderance of present basic stocks, but should also have regard to the regional distribution of such ratio, as might be agreed upon. This consideration is urged in view of the unduly large, and constantly increasing percentage of other than basic stocks, in certain provinces and areas of Canada. In so recommending the National Chapter expresses no prejudice against the excellent citizens who have come to Canada, from other than preferred countries, but wishes to stress the fact that if this country is to remain British, as well as Canadian, care must be exercised in the proportions and distribution of new settlement introduced into our national life.

"Seventh, that the National Chapter urge upon the primary chapters the desirability of active participation in the encouragement of British migration to this country."



The tie-dyed bag after the dye-bath, and tied for dipping. In tying bands for a sunburst, the windings should be planned so that the bands and the spaces in between are of various widths.

Magic in the Dye Pot

Continued from page 28

readily and so must be firmly wound or the pattern will be ruined. On the other hand, strong cottons and linens do not need such tight winding in order to exclude the dye. As a rule the more firmly the string is pulled, the more clear-cut the design will be. Navy patterns result when the windings permit the dye to seep in between the string or the folds of the cloth.

Uncovering the pattern after dyeing is a simple matter if a bow-knot or a slip-loop is used to secure the two ends of the string. The best plan is to allow the loose end to hang down, winding over this for the necessary depth, and then to cut off the string tying both ends in a bow-knot. If the

ordinary square knot is made, the undoing is not only difficult, but there is a danger of snipping the cloth with the scissors while cutting the string. Skill in tying is very easily acquired if this method is followed.

A VARIETY of designs can be made by sewing the cloth before tying. The bands on the canton flannel curtains were done in this way. Both edges of each band were marked with pencil dots, using a yardstick as a guide. The stick from a blind would do as a substitute. Long stitches were made with a strong thread which was pulled up and wound around the cloth a

Continued on page 65

few times. Then the bands were carefully wound with string. The lowest band should always be the deepest. The frequency of the waves depends upon the length of the stitches. It is quite possible to make this sort of decoration by pleating the cloth with the fingers, but the waves will be less regular.

When the design is completely tied and while the article is still dry, it must be weighed in order to determine how much dye to use. If insufficient is employed the colors will be pale. On the other hand, when too much is used the colors will not be clear. For instance, black in certain dyes takes on a rusty cast if more than the prescribed amount is used. In respect to the quantity of dye and all the other details in the dyeing process, the directions in the packages must be followed implicitly. After weighing, the article is soaked in warm water until thoroughly wet. This enables the dye to penetrate the fabric evenly. Silks absorb moisture rapidly and are ready in fifteen minutes, but cottons, especially the heavier qualities, require half an hour or more. The water should be squeezed out of the article so that it will not dilute the color solution.

The pan for the dye-bath must be large enough to allow the material to be completely covered by the solution. Either enamel or aluminum is satisfactory, but no matter which is used, it must be free from even the tiniest speck of dirt or grease. A wash-boiler will be needed for a counterpane or other large pieces. A small pan is necessary for dissolving the dye. This concentrated solution must be poured into the large pan through four thicknesses of cheesecloth laid in a strainer. Unless this is done, undissolved particles of dye may make unsightly specks on the material. Once the article is in the dye-bath it must be stirred constantly with a smooth stick. An old broom handle cut into convenient lengths is a good thing to use for stirring. If the material is very bulky two sticks will be needed. Boiling is necessary to produce fast colors in linens and cottons, but silks are best when done at simmering point.

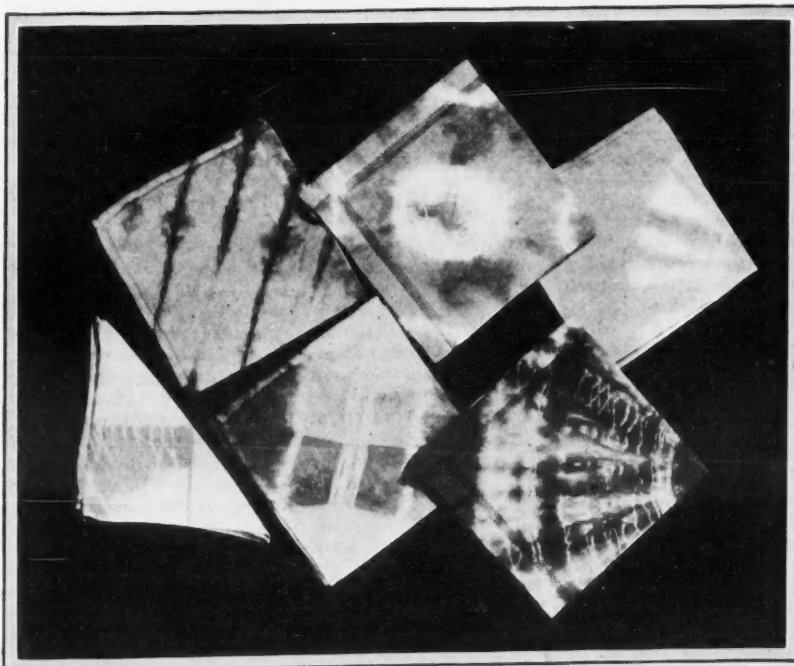
A beginner should only attempt one color, but after a little experience is gained more complicated schemes can be worked out. The kimono in the illustration was dyed twice to produce three colors. Originally it was white fugi which was tied according to a definite plan and dyed a soft orange. When the right depth of tone was secured it was removed from the dye and tied again to retain bands of the orange. At the same time a few strings were unwound so as to expose some of the cloth unaffected by the dye. The kimono was then immersed in a bath of blue dye which turned the orange

into a lovely green. The net result of the dyeing was a design composed of white, orange and blue on a sage green background.

Before the strings can be untied, the article must be rinsed several times until the water is clear. If loose dye remains it will "crack" or rub off on the clothes. After the water is squeezed out, the design can be uncovered. This is the most exciting moment in the whole process—oh, the thrills of watching the cob-webby patterns unfold in all their beauty! As soon as the untying is completed and the exclamations of delight have temporarily ceased, the article should be rolled in towels until it is just damp enough to press. In dyeing it should always be remembered that colors when wet are several tones lighter than when dry. If there is any doubt about the shade being the right one, it is wise to dye a sample first or else to hold the material up to the light. This is very important when trying to match colors.

ANYBODY who knows how to do tie-dyeing can have a dainty handkerchief for every costume—linen or fine cotton for sports clothing and silk for afternoon and evening gowns. The handkerchief in the illustration with a centre design and a light band across each corner was first folded in four. In the exact centre of the square the four thicknesses were pinched up and tied firmly. Each corner was wound half an inch from the tip and the hankie was then dyed violet.

The handkerchief with the crosswise streaks was laid flat on the table and pleated diagonally with an iron. It was then tied in a criss-cross manner instead of the usual bands and was dyed orange. The one with a circular design on the folded corner was tied over a clothes pin and was colored rose. A clothes pin was also used for the handkerchief with the wavy pattern and dark tips. The tying in this case consisted of bands connected with the string in a criss-cross manner. That is to say, instead of cutting off the string when each band was completed, it was carried on to the next. This gives the wavy effect. The hankie with the light and dark corners opposite each other was folded into four, then each corner was turned in to the centre. This was folded into a triangle with the light corners inside. After tying, it was dyed green. It is easy to see what a large variety of original designs can be produced by experimenting on handkerchiefs. No one can attempt tie-dyeing without coming under the spell of its magic, and the best of it is that the fascination does not wear off as time goes on. As a matter of fact, the more dyeing one does the more evident its possibilities become.



Tie-dyed handkerchiefs in rainbow colors—linen or fine cotton for sports clothing, and silk for afternoon and evening gowns.



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YOU may have had occasion to use a chocolate or chewing gum laxative heretofore. NOW you have an opportunity to try the very best in these forms. TRU-LAX, the pleasant laxative, may be obtained either in chewing gum or chocolate form. It contains a safe, mild, thorough-acting ingredient scientifically prepared in a new manner, which doctors constantly prescribe for proper elimination. TRU-LAX gently cleanses the intestines and rouses sluggish systems into activity. It clears and freshens your skin, and brings you that true youthful "Beauty from Within" that every woman craves. And Children love TRU-LAX too because of its pleasant, sweet taste. It acts so gently that it is perfectly suited to them.

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TRU-LAX, the chocolate laxative, is especially good for children. They love it! 15c and 30c sizes.

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TRU-LAX, the mint flavored chewing laxative for grown-ups and children. Very pleasant taste. 20c and 35c.



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Fill out and take this coupon to your neighborhood druggist, and he will give you FREE one 15c or 20c package of TRU-LAX the pleasant family laxative, either in chocolate or chewing form if you purchase one additional 15c (Chocolate) or 20c (Chewing) package.

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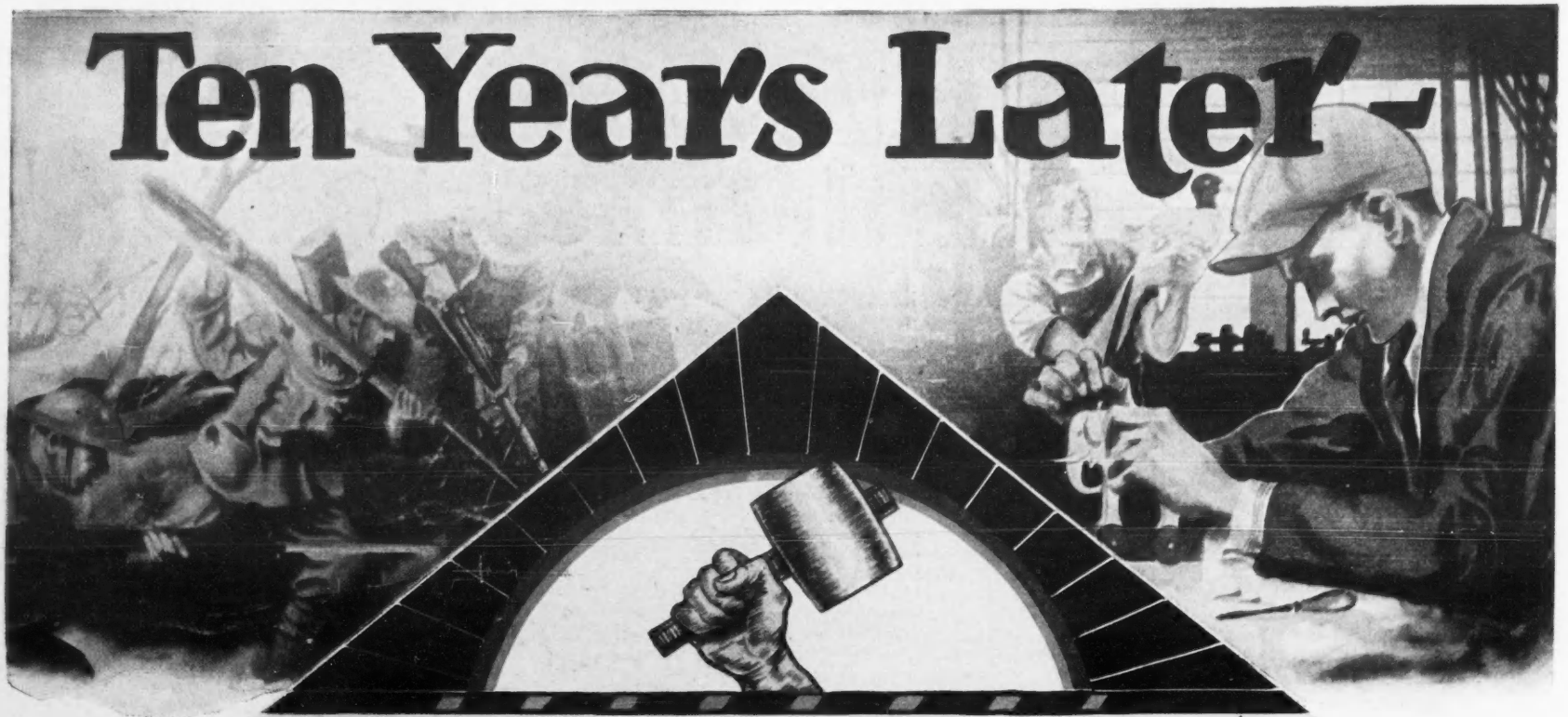
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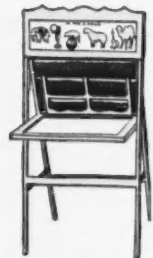
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Eight Sizes

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Your local furniture store, and toy dealer, and leading stores across Canada sell the products of the Vetcraft Shops—“Toys that Last” and furniture of sound construction and real value. Ask to see Vetcraft—and buy Vetcraft.



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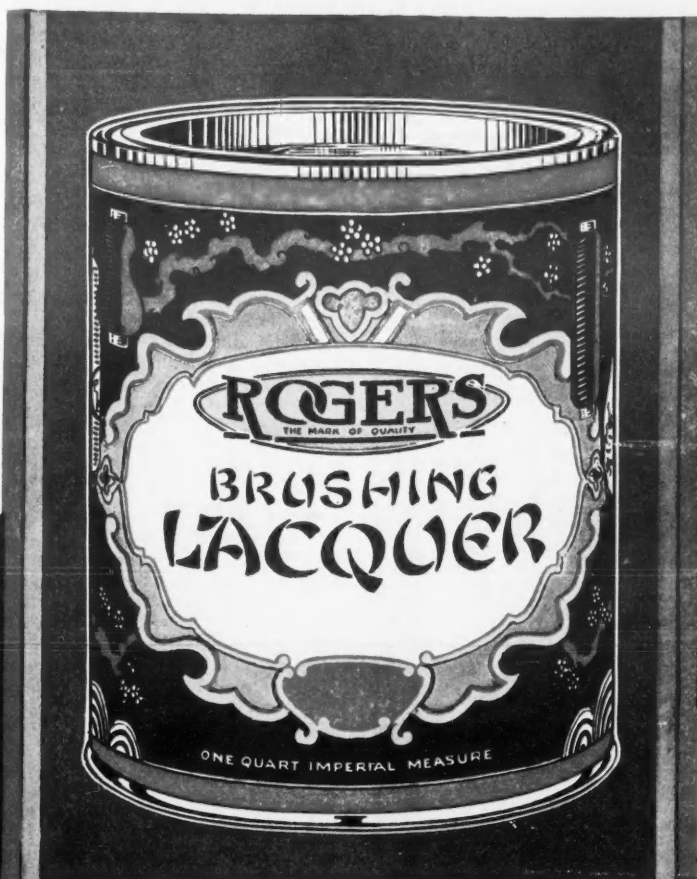


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Bulbs are such compact little parcels they are easily provided for. Just now they lie in heaps in the seed store.



Hyacinths are general favorites particularly with those whose space is limited, for they may be grown in glasses or vases.

BULBS *for* INDOOR BLOOMING

Now is the Time to Plant Your Indoor Garden

*"O little bulb, uncouth, ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth? Have you a crimson gown?"*

*"Plant me, and see what I shall be—
God's fine surprise, before your eyes."*

By ADA L. POTTS

FOR decoration indoors no other flowers can compare with bulbs in variety and brilliancy of coloring. The secret of the accommodating nature of bulbs, lies in the fact that, within the bulb, every petal of the coming flower is stored. During the five or six years of its life all the capacities of the bulb have been steadily conserved, and we have but to unfold its beauty. There is an immense difference, of course, as to quality in bulbs. They vary according to the season, and the most successful grower cannot ensure uniformity in any one variety, year after year.

Just now bulbs for winter flowering lie in heaps in the seed stores, and, because the growers have done their part so well, forcing some of these bulbs into bloom is a comparatively simple process.

IT IS easy to flower bulbs in the house if we meet three requirements. First, the bulb insists on being given time and opportunity to form its roots, to establish its base of supplies before the top is forced into action. Secondly, it must be allowed leisure to send up stems and foliage. Third, after the first and second requirements have been observed, it must have a place at a window, with more warmth and sunlight to develop its wonderful flowers.

Right here a warning should be given. The biggest bulbs rarely produce the largest and best flowers. The number of flowers on each spike, and also, to some extent, the size of the flowers, is determined by the cultivation the bulbs receive in the nurseries.

If the buyer handles the bulbs, it is possible to compare their quality. A small bulb, firm and heavy for its size, is better than a larger one, softer and with weight not in proportion to its size.

FOR the city dweller, without the cool room to store bulbs until they have time to get the root-growth essential to their success, there is no bulb equal to the freezias, since none is easier to grow in the house.

Freezias were formerly white or cream-colored, but to-day they can be obtained in a wide variety of colors, ranging from a soft delicate blush to a deep pink, and from a good scarlet to a deep maroon, as well as from soft lavender to an indigo blue. A new extra-large white flowered one has been introduced, the flowers of which grow in larger sprays, and on longer stems than the common kind.

Fill the container, into which they are to be planted, with good soil: one third loam, one third *well-rotted manure*, and one third sand, sifted and thoroughly mixed. Or get a box from a florist if it is impossible to prepare this, and plant the bulbs one and a half to two inches apart. Then place directly in the sun. If there is a room available where the heat is kept turned off, so much the better. A cool attic window is ideal until the buds come. The plants bloom in ten to twelve weeks from planting, under ordinary care. Keep cool and moist while growing.

After flowering, withhold water gradually, allowing the tops to dry down. Then shake out the roots and rest until time to plant them again next fall. Keep the bulbs dry.

HYACINTHS usually attract buyers, for they have a particular appeal to the person with limited accommodation as they may be grown in glasses or small vases to save space. In using this method, however, the sun must not be allowed to shine upon the receptacles, or the water will become too heated. We should remember that all potted plants are living under unnatural conditions, and an effort should be made to make life as easy for them as possible. Under ordinary circumstances, the roots of plants grow in the dark, and under definite conditions of heat and air. We must accommodate them as best we can, when demanding service from the flowers.

Bulbs are such compact little parcels of plant life that they are easily provided for. Five or six-inch pots may have from four to six tulip bulbs, and as many narcissi, a dozen freezias, eight or ten crocus, and ten or a dozen snowdrops, scillas or chionodoxias.

A little broken charcoal put in the bottom of the pots or pans is desirable, as well as a layer of broken bits of crocks, as this keeps the conditions sweeter and healthier for the roots. Over this, place some fibrous material, like moss, and, when the bulbs are in their places in the pots, press down the soil firmly, water thoroughly, and set away in a cool place to make the necessary root-growth.

It is a good plan sometimes, to pot a few at intervals of a week or ten days, (during October and November), in order to secure a succession of bloom, and thus prolong the flowering season. By receiving heat, a bulb is forced to make rapid development, while, by keeping it in a low temperature, this takes place slowly. Bulbs may be retarded so as to flower at Easter, and yet have others, from December, to enjoy.

After potting, if the temperature can be kept at about 50° until the pots are filled with roots, then the heat increased from 70° to 75°, the bulbs will repay their care. It is a good plan to cover the shoots at first with paper bags, to exclude light and prevent the flower-stalks from developing too quickly.

Nearly all bulbs go into a hibernation period, freezias and a few others being the exceptions, and this chrysalis state lasts from six to eight weeks, then, if brought forward a few pots at a time—at intervals of about three weeks, they will furnish a practically certain succession of gay blooms from Christmas to Easter.

After being taken out into the light, the plants will appreciate a treat of liquid fertilizer about once a week when actively growing. If they are planted in soil, give them an opportunity to die down after flowering, then rest them until potting time again. If grown in water or fibre, the bulb has spent all its stored force and is worthless.

BESIDES growing in fibre, small bulbs like crocus, have been inserted in sponges and kept moist, and I noted a very novel method lately, in cotton. A layer of absorbent cotton was laid on a dish, crocus bulbs were placed upon it, and then covered with another layer of the cotton. The under layer was kept moist, and from time to time, as the top layer became dusty or damp, it was removed and a fresh layer used. The shallow dish was placed where it received plenty of sunshine, and the crocus flowered through the cotton. This was used as a table centre.

Lily-of-the-valley is satisfactory for indoor planting, and few things are more delightful to the sense of smell and sight, than a well-grown pot of these flowers. During November or December plump pips, which are especially prepared for forcing, come from Holland. Procure some from the florist and wrap each pip in moss, wetting it thoroughly; place in boxes out of doors where they may experience the effect of freezing. If the wet moss should be frozen stiff, so much the better. Allow them to remain out of doors for two weeks or less; then arrange them in the pots, baskets, or boxes in which they are to bloom. Place broken charcoal in the bottom of the receptacle and cover with a thick layer of moss or sand. On this place the pips, and pack moss between them. They should be about an inch apart and the tips just reach the surface. Bank all about with moss and press down firmly. Water thoroughly and place where they will get bottom heat and darkness. It is a good plan to pack the pots in a box with a tight-fitting lid, and set this over a register or hot water coils. Warm water sufficient to keep the moss moist all the time should be given. *Never allow to become dry.*

In about twenty days from the time of planting, the buds will appear. Wait until they have long stems and the buds are quite large before removing to the light; then place in a cool room and near by a window with a particularly



Marianna, you must remember, was not quite right in her head. That accounts for the foolish way she had of pretending she understood these creatures. Tabby's efforts gained her a pat. And here in her own house Marianna said something that wild horses would not have gotten from her elsewhere. "Tabby," she whispered, "it's the gospel truth. I wouldn't be worried with the things myself!"

Some while later a soft wind began blowing and the clouds, that had been like floss along the horizon, drew together in knotted bulges that drove upward and darkened as they approached the sun. And the wind gathered strength. Still it was warm, but now it carried the unmistakable tang of the sea. It was going to storm.

Marianna thought of her pigs. They were in such fine fettle, almost ready for their journey. She certainly didn't intend to have any ill befall them. Once the pen had caved in with a storm and killed two perfectly healthy pigs.

These present two were big and heavy, but just the same she intended to bring them to the house. Reasoning thus, she got down a small leash attached to a leather collar. Pigs, Marianna would have said, had about as much intelligence, all things considered, as human beings. That is why she thought a collar and leash advisable.

As she entered the pen she talked to her "Little Souls" quite pleasantly and showed not the least impatience because the white pig did its best to elude her kind efforts. "Now, then, Little Soul," said she, "it's all for the best. How should I lead you to safety without a bit of a halter? Now be reasonable, Little Soul, and put on the collar and off we'll go to the place I've picked for you."

At last Little Soul consented to be lead, and eventually reached the safety of Marianna's kitchen. There remained Brother. Brother had a disposition as black as his hide. He didn't want to be saved, and said so with noisy irreverence. What's more, he ran as fast as his little feet permitted, away from old Marianna. And would you believe it, Marianna sat down, in the midst of the business, on a overturned bucket and laughed.

"Brother," said she, with tears in her crooked eyes, "brother, be reasonable. I can't let the storm get you. No, no, Brother, pork is too valuable in the Lofotten!" And at that she took advantage of poor Brother by pouncing on him when his eyes were turned skyward as though to test her prophecy, and so, with a

great deal of grunting and sniffing between them, Brother reached the kitchen too.

It was none too soon. Scarcely were the pigs settled down comfortably before Marianna saw that the shadows hung blue upon the pines and their top plumes swayed restlessly. Almost in the instant a blast of wind broke from the timber and thundered upon the little house. It lifted the thatch like an old man's hair and carried tufts of it away triumphantly. It battered at the walls and shrieked down the chimney and rattled the panes. But Marianna sat down contentedly, the ever-ready mending basket in her lap, the lighted lamp at her elbow. The old house had withstood half a century of storms there in the clearing; it might lose its thatch, but not security. It was rooted in the earth and one with the elements.

Marianna looked about her with affection. She loved the old house. Besides, her cats were all in—trust them for that!—and the pigs were snoring by the woodbox.

And this was Wednesday. With a benign smile Marianna scanned the Doctor's frock coat for the burn his Nina had discovered. Yes, there it was; a tiny hole, but needing delicate darning. "Anyway," Marianna told Tabby at her feet, "it's no so bad to be a mender of holes. No so bad at all. Thank God it's Wednesday."

THE wind rose steadily; raging and roaring it drove a cloud of waste before it. An old kettle and a milk pail rattled on in helpless company; last year's leaves, disembedded from some hollow, whirled on dankly; somebody's wash was borne from beyond the hill; an endless stream of paper flapped and floated like the ghosts of murdered birds. And the darkness fell as only the darkness falls in the orient and the little Norway villages.

Marianna could not recall such another storm for years past—not at this time of year. Wherever there was a crevice, the wind blew in. Marianna shivered, glanced at the cats together in a huddle and decided that she must light a fire. If not, everything would be damp and disagreeable by morning. It seemed a waste of fuel, but doubtless little Hans would help her get in more.

The bright flame was scarcely on its ways up the flue when the sound of racing feet and a body falling heavily against her door, frightened the good Marianna out of all complacency. "Herre Gud!" she gasped, "Oh, Herre Gud!"—for hard on the heels of her fear came a wild suspicion.

(To be concluded)



Torfeaco Bed Spreads

(With Comforters to Match, if Desired)

CAREFUL attention to color modes and the varying decrees of fashion in bedroom furnishings and decorations, has earned leadership for the various forms of bed coverings carrying the Torfeaco label.

Torfeaco Bed Spreads, sometimes called Overlays, were only introduced to the Canadian public this year, yet the sales have attained large proportions. These Bed Spreads are made with or without Bolsters, in Silk Taffetas, Silk Faille, Rayons, Lustrous Cotton and Combinations. The Colors are Rose, Blue, Green, Mauve, Gold and Shot Effects.

There is not a more popular Bed Spread on sale today than the line carrying the Torfeaco label. The quality and workmanship of Torfeaco Bed Spreads—with Comforters to match, if desired—are just what over half a million women in Canada have learned to expect from a line carrying the Torfeaco label.

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BEDSPREADS

The Toronto Feather and Down Company, Ltd.
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Makers of Comforters, Cushions and
Bed Pillows since 1894.

RT-41



The Black Cats' Hallowe'en Party

Continued from page 15

who first made black cats the fashion. I light." think your invitation said, "Come out and spend the night!" It's only half spent—come on now—Let's dance till morning

And so they danced upon a roof, quite safe but all unseen. No wonder people said, "How scarce cats are this Hallowe'en!"

SOMETHING NEW!

The Chatelaine is to be sold on a subscription basis by women.

The publishers of The Chatelaine feel that a woman's magazine should be presented to our Canadian woman by members of her own sex who are familiar with the problems that confront her.

Following out this plan, the permanent direct sales staff will be composed entirely of women of the best type and who will be assured of a splendid welcome wherever they may call.

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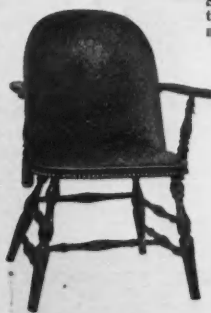
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good light (*but no sunshine*). The leaves will grow stronger and take on a deeper green, while the flower-stems will develop their buds. In a heated atmosphere and a sunny window the flower-stalks wither and the leaves curl up. Give *warm* water when required.

If the pips are kept in a cool place and are started in succession the flowering season will be prolonged.

BULBS for Christmas flowering should be given immediate attention. It is better to plant only one variety in a pot, since they may not bloom together.

The Chinese sacred lily, a polyanthus narcissus, placed in a bowl of water, with pebbles to hold it in place, needs only a few days in the dark, and blooms in thirty to forty days.

There are rooms with only northern exposure where "flowers will not bloom." Such places are not impossible after all. Good effects can be secured from the great creamy or yellow calla, or a "Bermuda Spice lily" (*Amaryllis Johnsonii*) and these, as sold by reputable dealers, are of flowering size, unless otherwise specified. Callas should have a good supply of water while making growth and still greater supply when flowering. It should be remembered that Callas are natives of a warm climate and

prefer heat. They sometimes revert, the large spathe, commonly called the flower, is a bract, or leaf from which the floral axis rises. In a return to green it is interesting, if not as attractive as the white form. Yellow varieties are available as well as the old-time white one.

It should be said that Callas require rich soil, roots cramped and an abundance of water (preferably warm). If a large pot is used there is a growth of foliage and scarcity of bloom. A six-inch pot is sufficient except for extra large bulbs or tubers. It can be grown throughout the year, by use of fertilizers, but to allow a rest period is the better way.

The amaryllis (*Bermuda lily*) has a tenacious vitality, and starts into growth on the least stimulation. It produces its showy red flowers readily if protected from the frost, but if demands a period of rest. It can be dried off in summer and be made to bloom in winter, or vice versa. As soon as the bulbs are procured from the dealer, place them in damp moss, in a temperature of about 60°, near a window. Watch until a growth starts, and then pot up in a six-inch pot for an ordinary size bulb. When first potted, give little water, only enough to keep the soil from drying out. Keep in a warm room, in a sunny window, and increase the water as the plant grows.



Little Souls

(Continued from page 5)

the stormy entrance of Vilmar—very scowling as to face and his eyes like pools of hot hate. Behind him came Hans, his red thatch on end, and his freckled face screwed up into as fierce an aspect as possible.

Marianna smiled. "Vilmar," said she with no preliminaries, "it's a stout arm you must have—Have you never thought of the sea?"

Vilmar stopped in his tracks. "What—what?"

"Have you never thought of the sea? It's no so bad following the sea. A captain, you know, Vilmar, is a wonder in his uniform."

Wave after wave of red surged to the boy's face, and the fierce anger gave way to pathetic hunger. "My God!" he burst out, with all the vehemence of youth, "what good are dreams to such as me? I never thought of the sea? What haven't I thought of? But who wants the son of a drunkard and a ne'er-do-well?"

Matilda covered her ears. The silly motion maddened her son. "Oh, you know it well enough, Mamma, and it's all this pretending and lying and never facing facts that has got us where we are. To sit still and fool yourself—what good is it? No wonder folks think we are what they say... Even my mother won't let us be honest!"

Marianna got up quickly, and hurrying to the boy's side laid her wrinkled old hand on his arm. "Just a month you wait, Vilmar. Four weeks only, or maybe five, and my pigs are fat as butter. You wait till then, Vilmar, and maybe get in the wood for your Mamma."

Vilmar's face was a study; incredulity, doubt and amusement struggled there. Of Marianna's sympathy he was well aware, but queer she certainly was—simple. "Thanks, Marianna, but I don't just see where the pigs come in."

"Well, no," sniffed Marianna, and patted him kindly, "but wait." Then smiling guilelessly she turned to the gibraltar-like Matilda. "Would you believe it? The berries promise better than ever this year."

Yes, almost every day I see Dame Christine's Milly going to the hill with her pails. . . . All over the dead timber where the fire swept there are those berries. Such a sight, you should see it, Matilda. The exercise would do you good."

ABOUT three weeks later on a Wednesday, as Marianna sat by her open window doing her mending, she saw Vilmar and Milly swinging along the road leading to the hill behind the cottage. Milly had a little basket in her hand and Vilmar flourished a willow stick, whisking at the grasses as they passed, and now that they were beyond the limits of the watchful village, laughter broke from them in happy gales. Marianna knew just the same that sighs followed that laughter—like clouds across the sun. And her heart warmed to Christine's Milly, who thus gallantly braved the wrath of the good villagers to spend an hour with the outcast. 'Twas a pity, she thought, that Ingeman's Tomi had not been wounded in the tongue rather than the neck and face. Poor Vilmar, even the minister saw nothing better ahead than a cell for him. Wild, bad-tempered, unsafe and untrustworthy . . . those were Dame Christine's words. And now Milly went laughing up the hill with him!

Marianna bent forward to see the young things better. On the window sill her big black Thomas was sunning himself, and at her feet lay sober Tabby. "What do you think of them?" asked the foolish old woman, tapping Tommy gently with her thimble finger. "What do you think of them, Herr Thomas?"

And would you credit it, that cat turned his green gaze upward and licked his whiskers quite as if he had been fed fresh cream! Marianna chuckled.

"Cats," she reaffirmed, "are a deal of comfort." But Tabby thought little of Thomas. Very indignant at being outshone, she arched her back, and yawned rudely, much as if to say: "Don't you believe him, Marianna, men are such deceivers."

And thus we named this charming new pattern

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA

Meals of the Month

Thirty-One Menus for October

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

I	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	17	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
	Sliced Peaches Puffed Wheat Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cheese Omelet Hot Biscuits Honey Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops, Mint Jelly Boiled Potatoes Corn on the Cob Orange Bread Pudding, Cream Coffee		Orange Juice Lamb Chops Jelly Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Lettuce with Mayonnaise Fruit Gelatine, Whipped Cream Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Roast Goose, Apple Sauce Boiled Potatoes Creamed Oyster Plant Spanish Cake Coffee
2	Iced Cantaloupe Bacon Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Corn Chowder Apple Sauce Gingerbread Tea or Cocoa	Stewed Chicken, with Dumplings Mashed Potatoes Lima Beans Lemon Foam Coffee	18	Plums Roman Meal Tea Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Cabbage, Green Pepper and Pimento Salad Johnny Cake Syrup Tea or Cocoa	Cold Roast Goose Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Beets Dutch Apple Cake Coffee
3	Grapes Cream of Wheat Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Chicken a la King Jellied Prunes with Walnuts Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Prime Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes, Creamed Carrots Glorified Rice Coffee	19	Bananas Pancakes and Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Scalloped Tomatoes with Macaroni Baked Pears Drop Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Mashed Sweet Potatoes Creamed Celery Cranberry Tarts Coffee
4	Pears Cornflakes Tea Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Stuffed Green Peppers Sliced Peaches Bran Gems Tea or Cocoa	Cold Sliced Beef Baked Sweet Potatoes Fried Tomatoes Steamed Fruit Pudding Coffee	20	Honeydew Melon Broiled Ham Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Fish on Toast Sliced Peaches Cake Tea or Cocoa	Fried Liver Creamed Potatoes Hubbard Squash Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee
5	Sliced Oranges Scrambled Eggs Rolls Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Noodles and Cheese Canned Pineapple Rocks Tea or Cocoa	Fried Trout Au Gratin Potatoes String Beans Apple Pie Coffee	21	Grapefruit Omelet Tea Coffee Cocoa	Mushroom Timbales Lettuce Sandwiches Celery Hearts Bavarian Cream Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Bread Stuffed Roast Lamb Franconia Potatoes Creamed Onions Sliced Cucumbers, French Dressing Ice Cream Coffee
6	Plums Cornmeal Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Stewed Green Tomatoes on Toast Cake Tea or Cocoa	Meat Pie French Fried Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Sautéed Peas, Chocolate Sauce Coffee	22	Baked Apples Grape Nuts Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Rice Croquettes, with Cheese Sauce Whole Wheat Biscuits Honey Tea or Cocoa	Lamb a la King Baked Sweet Potatoes Buttered Carrots Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee
7	Honeydew Melon Fried Mush and Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Lobster Salad Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Ice Cream Sponge Cake Tea or Cocoa	Roast Duck Mashed Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Sliced Tomatoes on Lettuce, Mayonnaise Coconut Custard with Whipped Cream Coffee	23	Casaba Melon Cream of Wheat Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Fried Oysters with Bacon Cucumbers Gingerbread with Marshmallow Sauce Tea or Cocoa	Roast Duck Scalloped Potatoes Fried Egg Plant Apple Snow, Custard Sauce Coffee
8	Apples Ham and Eggs Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Spanish Rice Cooked Peas Ginger Snaps Tea or Cocoa	Sirloin Steak, Mushrooms Creamed Potatoes, Summer Squash Cottage Pudding with Cinnamon Sauce Coffee	24	Stewed Prunes Small Steak Bran Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Lettuce, with Sliced Tomatoes, Dressing Chelsea Buns Tea or Cocoa	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Glazed Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cornstarch Pudding with Jam Coffee
9	Stewed Prunes Shredded Wheat Rolls Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Kidney and Beefsteak Pie Sliced Oranges and Bananas, with Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Baked Ham Scalloped Potatoes, Buttered Beets Caramelized Mince Coffee	25	Oranges Red River Cereal Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Crushed Pineapple Date Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Pot Roast, with Dumplings Boiled Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Coffee Jelly Coffee
10	Bananas Red River Cereal Tea Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Vegetable Salad Crackers and Cheese Tea or Cocoa	Cold Ham Lyonnaise Potatoes Stuffed Egg Plant Peach Shortcake Coffee	26	Grapes Shredded Wheat Creamed Fish on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Corn Fritters Baked Apples Tea or Cocoa	Fried Smelts Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Pumpkin Pie Coffee
11	Half Grapefruit Sausages Bran Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Finnan Haddie with Cream Sauce Baked Apples Tea or Cocoa	Fried Chicken Glazed Sweet Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Tapioca Cream Coffee	27	Baked Pears Rolled Oats with Bran Rolls Tea Coffee Cocoa	Club Sandwiches Prune Whip Tea or Cocoa	Casserole of Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Chocolate Junket Coffee
12	Casaba Melon Puffed Rice Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs with Mushrooms Hot Biscuits Jam Tea or Cocoa	Planked Fresh Fillet of Haddock Potato Croquettes Stuffed Tomatoes Steamed Chocolate Pudding, Hard Sauce Coffee	28	Bananas Puffed Wheat Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Jellied Vegetable Salad Ring Toasted Buns Apricot Fluff with Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Chicken Maryland Baked Sweet Potatoes Buttered Beets Cold Slaw Fruit Salad Coffee
13	Peaches Sunerva Cereal Rolls Spiced Gooseberries Tea Coffee Cocoa	Baked Beans Steamed Brown Bread Fruit Salad Tea or Cocoa	Hamburg Steak, Fried Onions Hashed Brown Potatoes Diced Turnips Apple Betty Coffee	29	Grapefruit Sunerva Cereal Corn Muffins Conserve Tea Coffee Cocoa	Spaghetti with Tomatoes and Cheese Preserves Cake Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Codfish, Sauce Tartare Potato Croquettes Summer Squash Cherry Tapioca with Cream Coffee
14	Grapes Bacon Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Tomato Salad, Stuffed with Cheese and Diced Cucumbers Toasted Muffins Sliced Peaches Tea or Cocoa	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes California Artichokes Jellied Beef Salad Banana Cream Coffee	30	Prunes Corn Flakes Grilled Kidneys on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Lobster and Mushrooms en Casserole Floating Island Nut Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Baked Sausages Mashed Sweet Potatoes Stuffed Green Peppers Pineapple Upside Down Cake Coffee
15	Pears Bran Flakes Soft Boiled Eggs Tea Coffee Cocoa	Chicken Patties Apple Sauce Oatmeal Macaroons Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef French Fried Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Raisin Pie Coffee	31	Apples Roman Meal Shirred Eggs Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Creamed Peas on Toast Cornmeal Muffins Honey Tea or Cocoa	Broiled Halibut French Fried Potatoes Creamed Onions Chocolate Souffle Coffee
16	Muskmelon Rolled Oats Corn Muffins Honey Tea Coffee Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit Cooked Plums Drop Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Veal Cutlets Baked Potatoes Summer Squash Carrot Pudding Coffee				

Fresh fruits and vegetables still play an important part in the October diet. Honey is also here frequently suggested. Fish and poultry are particularly stressed. (The last week in October is National Fish Week.)

juice if making prune jam) and stir until boiling. Cover kettle and simmer for a quarter of an hour. Add sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in commercial pectin. Skim, pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot melted paraffin.

Berries are, of course, always a great favorite with jam makers.

Ripe Peach Jelly

3 cupfuls (1½ lb.) of juice
6½ level cupfuls (2¾ lb.) of sugar
1 bottle of commercial pectin

Use about 3½ pounds of ripe fruit. Do not peel but remove pits, crush thoroughly and add ½ cupful of water. Stir until boiling, cover pan, and simmer 5 minutes. Place fruit in cheesecloth bag and squeeze out juice. Then drip juice through cotton flannel bag if a sparkling jelly is desired. Measure sugar and then juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add commercial pectin, stirring constantly and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin. If the peaches are deficient in flavor and tartness, add the juice of 1 lemon and ¼ teaspoonful of almond extract.

Plums and prunes are edible in any form, ut they are particularly pleasing when made into jelly.

Ripe Grape Jelly

4 cupfuls (2 lb.) of juice from cooked fruit
8 level cupfuls (3½ lb.) of sugar
1 bottle of commercial pectin

Stem and crush thoroughly about 3 pounds of ripe fruit. Add ½ cupful of water, stir until boiling, and simmer 10 minutes in closely covered saucepan. Place cooked fruit in cheesecloth bag and squeeze out juice. Then drip juice through cotton flannel bag if a sparkling jelly is desired. Measure sugar and then juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add commercial pectin, stirring constantly and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin.

Apricots, too, make into splendid jelly.

Ripe Apricot Jelly

¾ cupfuls of juice from cooked fruit
1 bottle of commercial pectin
8 level cupfuls (3½ lb.) of sugar

Use about 3½ pounds of ripe fruit. Remove pits but do not peel. Crush well and add 1 cupful of water. Stir until boiling, cover pan and simmer 5 minutes. Place in cheesecloth bag and squeeze out juice. Then drip juice through cotton flannel bag if a sparkling jelly is desired. Measure juice and then commercial pectin into large saucepan. Measure sugar into separate pan or bowl. Bring juice and commercial pectin just to a boil and begin to add sugar slowly with constant stirring, taking about 5 minutes to add sugar, and keeping juice nearly at the boil. Then bring to full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin.

This one, also is delicious.

Pomegranate Jelly

3 cupfuls (1½ lb.) of juice
6½ level cupfuls (2¾ lb.) of sugar
1 bottle of commercial pectin

Use 8 to 10 fruit according to size. Separate edible portion, crush, and press juice from raw fruit. Measure sugar and then juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add commercial pectin, stir-

ring constantly and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin.

When it is contemplated using jam or jelly for cake fillings, it is best to boil the preserve one or two minutes longer than the recipe calls for. Hard jams are necessary for cake fillings and only require breaking up with a fork to spread easily.

A new and thoroughly digestible way of serving bananas is to make them into butter and use as a filling for cakes and sandwiches.

Ripe Plum Jelly Ripe Prune Jelly

4 cupfuls (2 lb.) of juice from cooked fruit
7½ level cupfuls (3¼ lb.) of sugar
½ cupful of commercial pectin
Juice of 1 lemon should be added with prunes.

Do not peel fruit or remove pits. Crush well about 4 pounds of ripe fruit. Add 1 cupful of water (and lemon juice if making prune jelly), stir until boiling, and simmer 10 minutes in closely covered saucepan. Place cooked fruit in cheesecloth bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and then juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add commercial pectin, stirring constantly, and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin.

The same recipe may be used for three of the popular varieties of berries, and in this case serves a double purpose.

Banana Butter

3 level cupfuls of crushed bananas
7 level cupfuls (3 lb.) of sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
1 bottle of commercial pectin

Use mellow ripe bananas. Crush with masher to fine pulp and measure crushed fruit into large kettle. Add sugar and lemon juice, mix well and bring to a boil. At once add commercial pectin, stirring constantly and bring again to a full boil and boil for 1 minute. While boiling, stir constantly over entire bottom of kettle to prevent sticking. Remove from fire and stir frequently for 8 minutes to cool slightly, which prevents fruit floating. Then pour quickly and cover at once with hot melted paraffin.

The addition of cranberries to bananas makes an excellent jam, which may be used equally well as a filling.

Fruit Conserve

3 cupfuls of any desired combination of fruits or of fruits and fruit juices, fresh, canned, dried or bottled
1 level cupful of nut meats chopped very fine
½ lb. (½ package) of seeded raisins
Grated rind of 1 orange, if desired
Juice of 1 lemon, if desired
5 level cupfuls (2¼ lb.) of sugar
½ cupful of commercial pectin

Prepare the fruits for this recipe according to the directions in the jam recipe for that particular fruit. This includes pre-cooking, where directed, to make fruit tender. Mix the 3 cupfuls of prepared fruits, or fruits and juices, nutmeats, raisins, orange rind and lemon juice if used, and sugar in large kettle. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in commercial pectin. Skim and stir constantly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly, which prevents fruit floating. Then pour quickly and cover hot conserve at once with hot melted paraffin.

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BREAKFAST BRAN PAN

Sift three times 1¼ cups flour, 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, and 5 tablespoons brown sugar and add 1 cup bran. Add gradually, a little at a time, 6 tablespoons shortening melted, stirring the dry mixture constantly. The mixture is now a crumbly mass. Beat 3 egg yolks well and add 1½ cups milk. Add to the dry mixture. Add ¼ cup raisins, floured, and beat for five minutes. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread in a greased square pan about three-fourths inch thick and bake in a moderate oven at 350° F. fifty to sixty minutes. Makes twelve 2½-inch squares.



ORANGE SHORTCAKE

The Shortcake is made from the recipe at the top of page 21 of the Royal Cook Book, using oranges instead of strawberries. The dough is baked in a deep tin, split, and orange sections placed between and on top of layers. The top is sprinkled with powdered sugar before serving.

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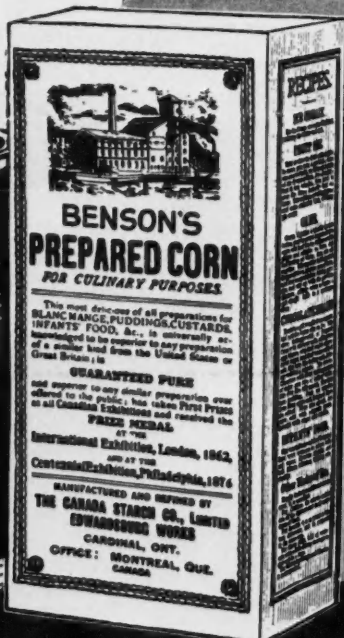
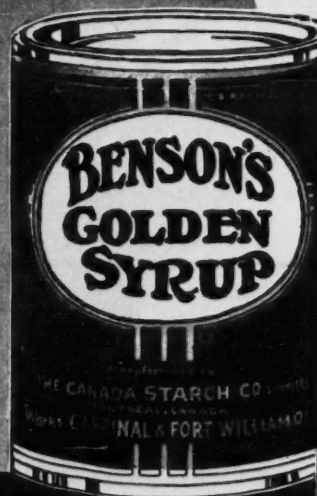
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WHEN THE JELLY WILL NOT JELL

Some Seasonal Recipes for Quick Cooking

By VERA E. WELCH

WHAT happens when preserves simply will not jell? Modern research lays this at the door of the fruit itself, for unless it contains sufficient of that elusive, jelly-making property called "pectin," it is useless for preserving purposes. Pectin is present to the highest degree in currants, grapes, lemons, sour and bitter oranges, crabapples, tartapples, and cranberries with their skins. It is highest too when fruit of any kind is just ripe or slightly under-ripe. As the fruit ripens and its flavor increases, so does its jelly-making content lessen. That is why even time-tried recipes sometimes fail to achieve the best results when fruit is employed at the wrong stage of its development.

Fruit may, of course, be tested for its jelly-making qualities. After the strained fruit juice has boiled for ten to fifteen minutes, add one teaspoonful of alcohol to one teaspoonful of juice. If a mass is formed, which may be gathered out of the mixture, the juice contains sufficient pectin to form a jelly. If not, on must go the juice again for a further ten or fifteen minutes of boiling. This process is necessarily tedious and wasteful, for in an effort to concentrate the natural jellifying substance of the fruit to a point sufficient to jell, half the juice is being boiled away, taking with it much of the natural fresh-fruit color and flavor.

Perhaps the outstanding benefit derived from the use of commercial pectin in preserving is that the process is shortened, for it is only necessary to boil the juice for one or two minutes instead of ten, twenty, or perhaps thirty minutes, when the natural method is used. As a result, more jam or jelly is obtained, for all, not half, the juice is jelled, and it is better in color, flavor and texture, for thoroughly ripe fruit may be used. More sugar is, of course, required when commercial pectin is used, but most of this extra sugar goes to jell the fifty per cent

of the juice which would otherwise be boiled away, and so while the correct and what might at first sight appear large amounts of sugar are absolutely necessary, there is more than compensation in the knowledge that more and better jam or jelly is the consequence.

Some delicious and unusual jams may be made with the use of commercial pectin. Take this one, for instance:

Ripe Peach Jam

4 solid cupfuls (2 lb.) of sliced, crushed or ground fruit
7½ level cupfuls (3¼ lb.) of sugar
1 bottle commercial pectin

Peel and pit about three pounds of ripe peaches. Cut into very thin slices (as thin as half a dollar), or put through food chopper or crush to fine pulp. Measure prepared fruit into large kettle. Add sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in commercial pectin. Skim, pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot melted paraffin.

If the peaches are deficient in flavor and tartness, add the juice of one lemon to the recipe.

Here is another made from the commoner fruits, which is nevertheless really luscious.

Ripe Plum Jam Ripe Prune Jam

4 level cupfuls (2 lb.) of crushed fruit
½ cupful of water
7½ level cupfuls (3¼ lb.) of sugar
½ cupful of commercial pectin

Juice of one lemon should be added with prunes.

Do not peel fruit. Remove pits, cut into small pieces and crush well about 2½ pounds of ripe fruit. Measure crushed fruit into large kettle, add water (and lemon

THE YOUNG GIRL FAVORS THE FULL SKIRT

Frocks Which Emphasize Her Youthful Charm

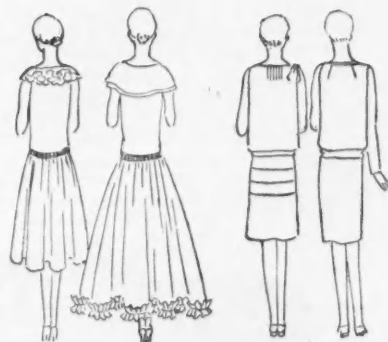
Junior Misses' Frock No. 9524
(Below, left) Simple and smart is this frock of sheer crêpe with a full, shirred skirt, longer in the back, joining the bodice in a curved line. The dress, which may be sleeveless, is worn with a shaped lace collar. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 65 cents.

Junior Misses' Frock No. 9525
(Below, right) The down-in-back line of this taffeta evening frock, with an adjustable scarf, is emphasized by ruchings. The front of the skirt is in one with the bodice, while the back and sides are shirred and joined. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 65 cents.



Junior Misses' Frock No. 9481
Horizontal tucks on this youthful one-piece frock of printed silk effect a sectional skirt, which is slashed and gathered in front. There is fullness at the shoulders and tucks at the back of the neck. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 65 cents.

Junior Misses' Frock No. 9488
The pleated skirt is cut in one with the left side front of this silk crêpe frock. The belt, in one with the right front, continues across the straight back. The bow is in one with the frock. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years. Price, 65 cents.



WOOL FROCKS AND SUITS ARE SMART FOR SCHOOL

Diagonal Tucks and Scarf Collars



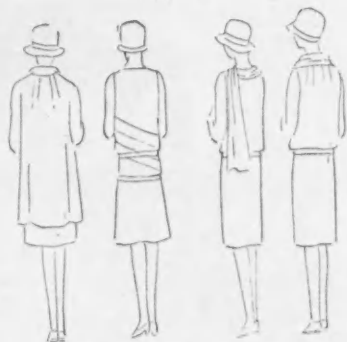
Junior Misses' Frock No. 9482
(Below, left) This one-piece frock of wool crêpe is smartly wrapped and has a pleated insert at the side. The adjustable scarf is in one with the front, and the unusual set-in sleeves flare above tight-fitting wrists. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years.
Price, 65 cents.

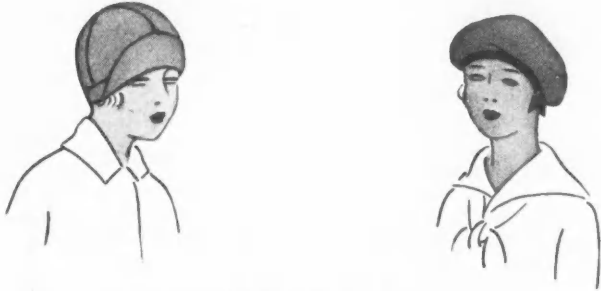
Junior Misses' Coat No. 9497
(Below, right) This belted cashmere coat has an adjustable scarf, which is cut in one with the vest, from which it rolls back very smartly. The patch pockets and strap trimming are distinctive. The sleeves are set in. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years.
Price, 65 cents.



Junior Misses' Coat No. 9530
The tweed coat worn with the frock at the right may be full or seven-eighths length. The well-cut sleeves are raglan in front and kimono in back. A fur collar may be added, if one prefers. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years.
Price, 65 cents.

Junior Misses' Frock No. 9531
Correct for school is this jersey blouse worn with a tweed skirt. The belted overblouse is trimmed with pin tucks and has pointed-top sleeves. The circular skirt is joined to a yoke. Sizes 13, 15 and 17 years.
Price, 65 cents.





Hat Set No. 2849
Two hats are included in pattern. The visor hat with sectional crown is shown at the left, made of velveteen, and at the right is a broadcloth tam in two sections. Sizes 19, 20, 21 and 22 inches. Price, 40 cents.

Smart Toggery for the Youngster



Coat No. 2853
Tweed fashions this coat with an inverted pleat in back. The sleeves are kimono in front and raglan in back. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.



Coat No. 2853
The left view of the coat shows the double-breasted effect, the notched collar, and patch pockets. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.



Coat No. 2854
Scallops trim the front opening, the cuffs, and the pockets of this little broadcloth coat. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Price, 40 cents.



Frock No. 2851
This challis frock with bloomers is shirred in front and has a scalloped collar, cuffs, and front closing. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Price, 40 cents.



Frock No. 2850
This georgette crepe bloomer frock has a ruffle on the yoke, which is in one with the dress. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Price, 40 cents.

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.



Makes Life Sweeter

Because of the way we live to-day, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet, take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Does a hearty meal give you an uncomfortable sense of fullness? Do rich foods disagree, or bring on sour stomach? Don't suffer, and don't diet. Try this universal sweetener that

every physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acrid skin tells you the system needs sweetening.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptive product physicians endorse; the name is important.



Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Care For Your Hair With Cuticura Soap

And Cuticura Ointment. Before shampooing anoint the scalp with Cuticura Ointment, letting it remain on over night when possible. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stanhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.



End Gray Hair

Test free this amazing NEW SAFE WAY at home



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

INSTEAD of dangerous "crude dyes" that do not fool anyone, you now call back the original girlhood color to your hair. Simply comb in a clear water-like liquid containing elements that give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn—if black, black returns.

This scientific way defies detection. 3,000,000 women have used it. Makes hair gleam. Will not wash off. May be applied only to gray parts. Keeps hair easy to curl.

Make amazing test. See for yourself what it

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean . . . safe. Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

will do. Few cents' worth gives complete restoration. Get full-size bottle from druggist. He will return every penny if not delighted.

Or write for free test supply (give color hair) Mary T. Goldman Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer

FAMOUS FEET



© B. & R., 1928

how they're kept
free from corns

MITZI'S Dancing Feet

"Keeping a corn is an odd idea, with Blue-jay as easy to get as postage stamps" . . . So writes Mitzi, beautiful star in the Broadway production, "The Madcap."

Praise like this from the owner of million dollar feet is echoed by millions of Blue-jay users. They know that the soft and velvety "plaster way" is the safe and gentle way to end a corn. Relieving the shoe-pressure and stopping the pain at once.

But all Blue-jay's friends will be delighted with its new refinements. A creamy-white pad instead of the old-style blue one. A more flexible disc to cover even the odd shaped corn. And an improved package. At all drug stores, at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE new
Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE
WAY TO END A CORN



The Tragedy of GREY HAIR

banished quickly . . . easily

You can reclaim the original shade and lustre of your hair with INECTO-Rapid—a tried and proven recolorative used and endorsed by leading hairdressers and beauty specialists of Europe and America.

INECTO-Rapid is a Canadian hair tint, made for Canadian people, by Canadians. It may be used with safety on any healthy scalp to match every shade of hair. Contains no harmful zinc, copper, lead or mineral bases of any description. For sale at all good hair goods stores, beauty parlors, drug stores and department stores or direct by mail.

The Prices Are:

Small Size, \$1.65 by mail.
Medium Size, \$3.25 by mail.
Large Size, \$5.50 by mail.

The
W. T. Pember
Stores Limited

129 Yonge St.
Toronto

JOHN A. HUSTON CO.
Distributors to the
Drug Trade



Hat Set No. 2848

Two hats are included in this pattern. A velvet bonnet with grosgrain ribbon band and bow is shown at the left, and at the right is a sectional beret of felt. Sizes 19, 20, 21 and 22 inches. Price, 40 cents.

Pleats and Tucks in Abundance



Frock No. 2852
A bow and a novel belt fastening are smart details of this printed crêpe de Chine frock. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.



Frock No. 2845
(Right) This one-piece frock of wool crêpe has two styles of collar and inverted pleats. The sleeves are finished with a buttoned cuff. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Price, 40 cents.

Girl's Coat No. 2847 Tam No. 2849

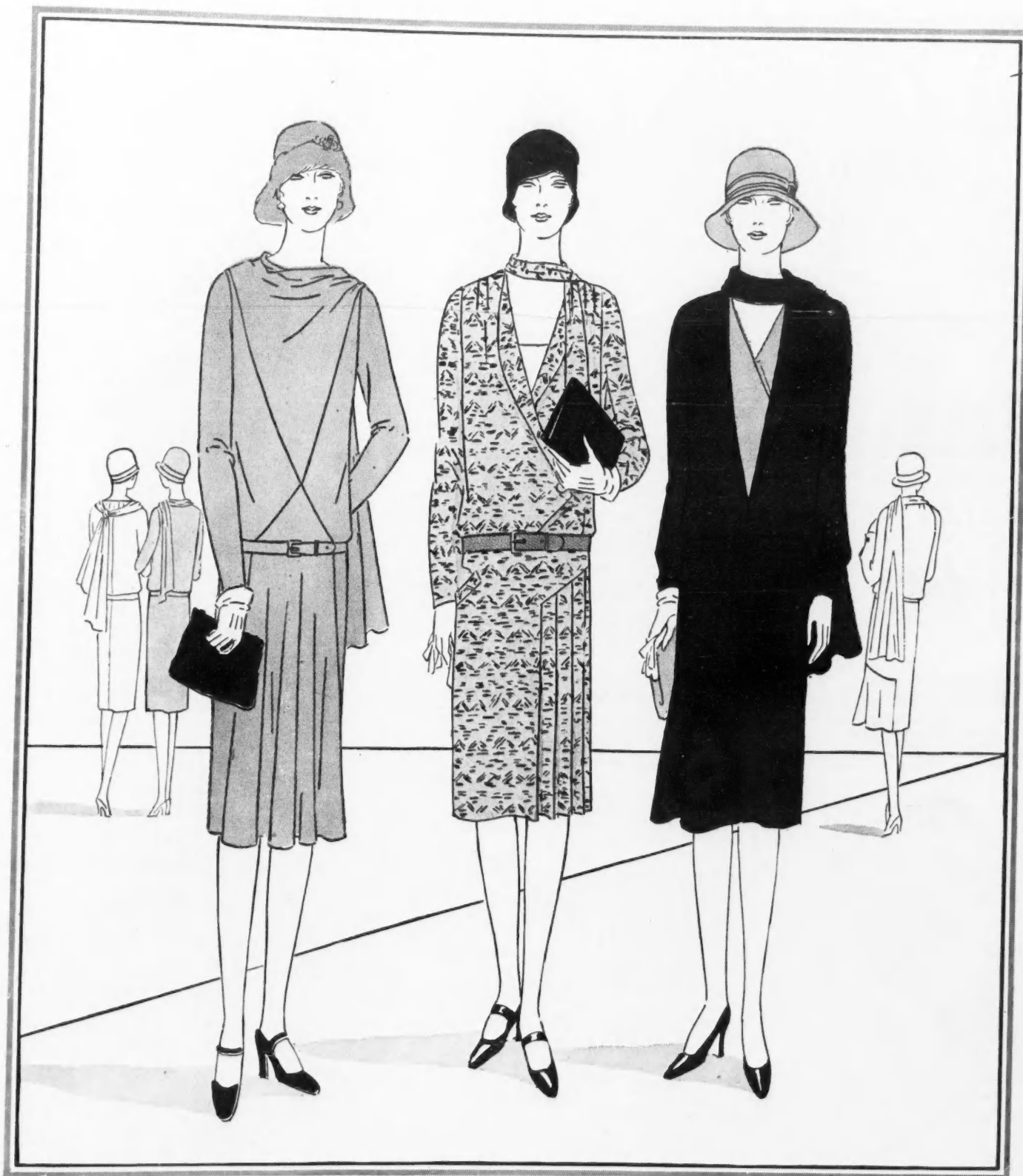
This single-breasted coat of tweed has raglan sleeves, patch pockets, and a notched collar. It is worn with a tam. Designed for sizes 4 to 12 years.

Price, 40 cents each.

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

VARIATIONS OF THE TAILORED MODE

In Fall Attire



Frock No. 9472
A scarf cut in one with the V-shaped blouse section is a feature of this frock of silk crêpe. The circular front section of the skirt extends above the belt to meet the shaped blouse. The plain sleeves are set in. Sizes 14 to 42.
Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9510
The smart neck-line of this one-piece novelty woollen frock is collarless, with shaped lapels and an adjustable scarf. At the left side of the skirt is a pleated insert. There is a tailored welt pocket at the right hip. Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 65 cents.

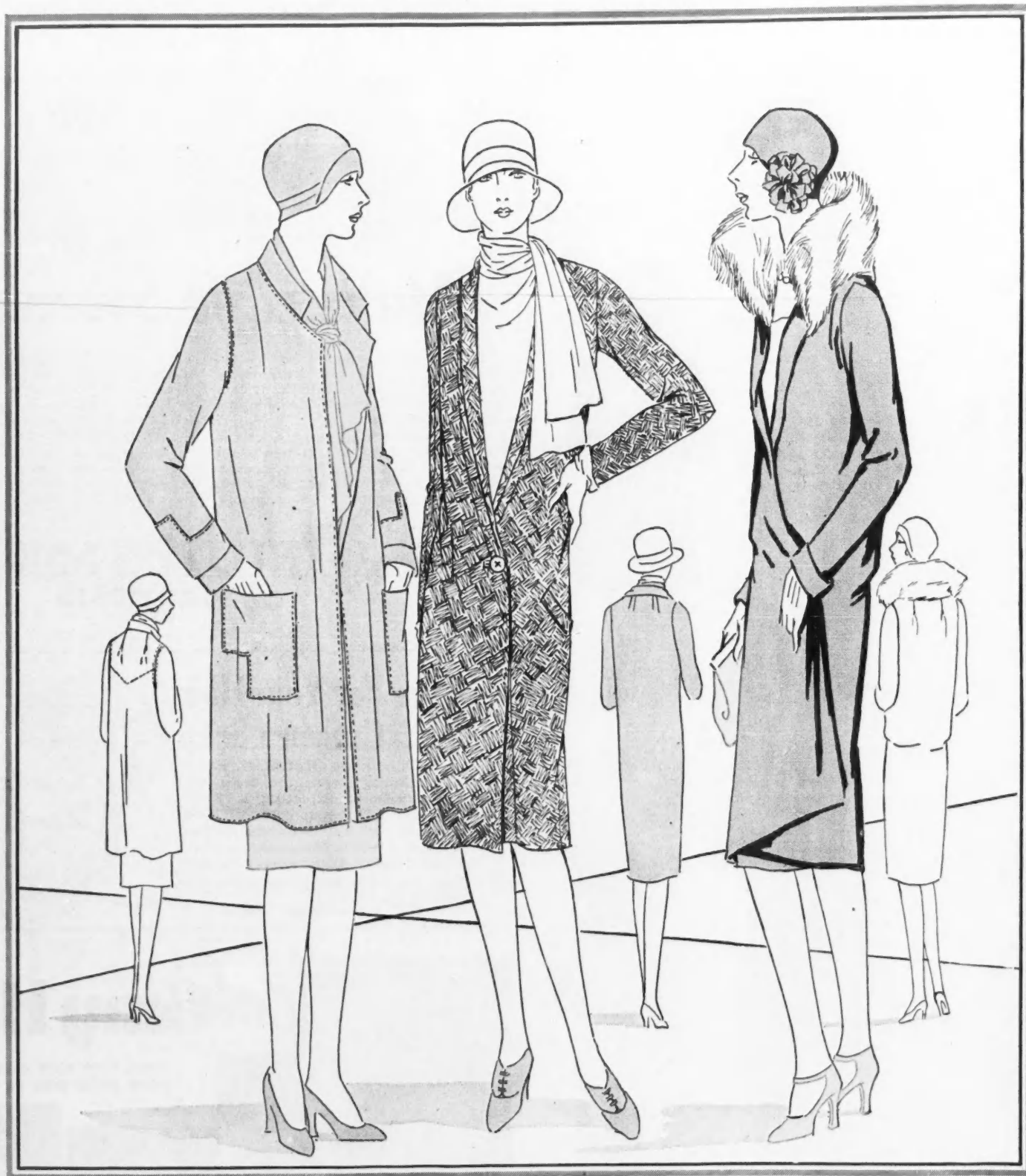
Frock No. 9512
Fullness is given to the skirt of this wool poplin frock by means of a circular flounce, and to the adjustable scarf by means of an inserted godet. The sleeves are kimono in front and raglan in back. Sizes 14 to 44.
Price, 65 cents.

THREE STREET FROCKS ADOPT SCARFS

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

STYLES FOR SPORT AND DRESS WEAR

Offer a Wide Selection



Coat No. 9503

Seven-eighths is a smart length for a homespun coat, featuring a standing collar and detachable scarf tie. Details include patch pockets, shaped cuffs applied to the set-in sleeves, and a yoke-line stitched in the back. Sizes 14 to 46. Price, 65 cents.

Coat No. 9504

This long, straight coat of tweed is worn with crêpe frock No. 9472. It has a single-button closing, below a narrow shawl collar, welt pockets, and tucks in back. A design for a fur collar is provided. Sizes 14 to 44. Price, 65 cents.

Coat No. 9505

For dress wear, this good-looking coat with straight lines is developed in broad-cloth and has a standing fur collar. In the back, there is a slight blouse at the waist-line. The set-in sleeves are smartly cuffed. Sizes 14 to 46. Price, 65 cents.

COATS ARE SIMPLE FOR AUTUMN DAYS



"Hurry Up With Your Rapid Oats"

Robin Hood Rapid Oats is the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake. It comes in a NON-PREMIUM package; also in a package marked CHINAWARE which contains a piece of high grade beautifully decorated china.



EDWARD is late to breakfast as usual. Most boys are. His sister Alice has finished her Rapid Oats and is ready for school. Like Alice and Edward, most children in Canada now start their school day with Robin Hood Rapid Oats. Their mothers see to that.

In summer time, with its freedom and outdoor life, short cuts to breakfast are all right, for there's always a chance for a ten o'clock lunch. But school days and crisp October weather demand a breakfast of COOKED cereal. Then it is that mothers choose Rapid Oats, the "PAN-DRIED" quick cooking porridge oats.

The scientific "PAN-DRIED" process developed by the Robin Hood Mills Limited and used exclusively by them has revolutionized the making of porridge oats. It brings out the full natural flavor of the oats, giving a porridge superior in taste to all others.

Dainty China for the Home

The table shown in this picture is set with chinaware taken from regular packages of "CHINAWARE" Rapid Oats. Here you see two attractive porridge bowls, a cream pitcher and a sugar bowl. Every package of Rapid Oats holds a delightful surprise for you. Perhaps it will be a cup and saucer, a fruit dish or else one of the pieces shown in the picture that peeks out at you when you open your package.

Robin Hood chinaware is exceptionally high grade. It is decorated with a dainty flower design. You will be proud to use it on your table and to show it to your friends.

Ask for Robin Hood Rapid Oats—the "CHINAWARE" package. Then you are sure to get genuine "PAN-DRIED" oats, besides adding to your collection of china.

ROBIN HOOD MILLS LIMITED

Moose Jaw - Calgary - Saskatoon - Vancouver - Toronto - Saint John
Eastern Sales Office - Montreal

Start the day with

Robin Hood Rapid Oats (PAN-DRIED)



DEMAND

BAYER

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If the name Bayer appears, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

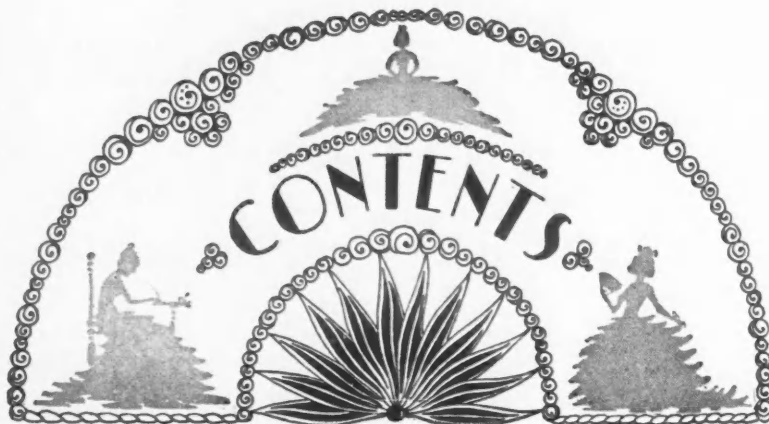
Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade-mark.

for
first aid



Absorbine Jr.

At all DRUGGISTS . \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W.F. YOUNG, Inc.,
344 St. Paul St., Montreal, Canada



H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director

Chatelaine
A Magazine for Canadian Women

ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON
Editor

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

Volume 1.

OCTOBER, 1928

Number 8

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Sunset Beauty

THE delicate, myriad colours of a beautiful sunset suggest to the artistic soul what marvellous loveliness can be achieved in decorative fabrics with the man-made namesake—Sunset Dyes.

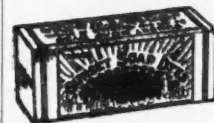
No mere printed advertisement in finest colour can present the story of Sunset possibilities as does the setting Sun in all its Western Glory!

Sunset Dyes colour every dyeable fabric—silk, wool, cotton, linen—at one time in the same dye bath. Ask the woman who uses Sunset and she will tell you this is true.

She'll tell you, too, that Sunset dyeing is easy—quick—clean. And she'll be very apt to say that you cannot believe what beauty there is in Sunset-dyeing till you have tried it yourself—it's a revelation!

SUNSET SOAP DYES

Made in Canada "Standard Everywhere"
Fast to light and moisture



15c
A Cake
All Colours

Manufacturers:
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION, LTD.
Dept. 128, Toronto, Ont.

Sales Representatives:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dytint

Beautiful Pastel Shades

NEW!

for tinting cotton, linen, silk and most artificial silks.

A Large Package

10c

The easy-to-use tint
Mad- and Guaranteed by makers of Sunset

Remember—at Drug, Department, Grocery and General Stores

STEPPING OUT TONIGHT?

Are there going to be any regrets tomorrow about that good meal you're all set to stow away to-night? The first thing in the world to keep that stomach of yours in tip-top shape is 15 to 30 drops of Seigel's Syrup in a glass of water. It just knocks those old enemies—gas acidity, pain and discomfort for a fare-thee-well. Try it and prove it to yourself. Any drug store.

BLONDES

Heed this warning

BLONDE HAIR quickly darkens and fades unless given special care. That's why nearly a million blondes now use Blondex, the new special shampoo for light hair only. Keeps blonde hair from fading or streaking—brings back true golden beauty to even dulled hair. No dyes. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Leaves hair soft and silky. Get Blondex at any Drug or Department Store today.





The old-fashioned mother who "bakes her own"

SOME people say that modern mothers are not such good home-makers as were the mothers of olden days. But that's not true. Human nature doesn't change a great deal.

The world is still full of good mothers whose chief aim in life is to make their children comfortable and happy and to set them forth in life with sane minds and healthy, well-nourished bodies.

There is, perhaps, less cooking by mothers in the larger cities, where more "boughten" delicacies are used on the table. But the ever-increasing sales of Magic Baking Powder prove that Canadian children are still eating plenty of tasty, wholesome, "mother-made" cakes, biscuits, etc., just as they did in the good old days.

All over this broad Dominion, when the children romp home from school on baking day, eager eyes brighten with hopeful expectation, and hungry little mouths water for the dainties just fresh from mother's oven.

And there's a vast legion of modern mothers who are old-fashioned enough to take a joyful pride in their baking skill and to feel a deep glow of satisfaction at their power to protect and promote the health of their children with good, wholesome, home-made food.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

1/2 cup butter	3 teaspoons
1 cup fine sugar	Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups pastry flour	1/2 cup milk
	1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, gradually adding sugar, beat till light; add beaten yolks; mix and sift thoroughly flour, baking powder and salt, add to first mixture alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs, add flavoring. Turn into well greased layer cake pans. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven 375° F. When cool, spread between layers and cover top and sides of cake with chocolate icing

ICING

1 1/2 cups icing sugar	1 teaspoon butter
1/4 cup chocolate powder	2 tablespoons milk
	1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix thoroughly together sugar and chocolate powder; bring milk to boiling point, add butter; remove from stove; add sugar mixture, and vanilla, beat well, till of a consistency to spread.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER